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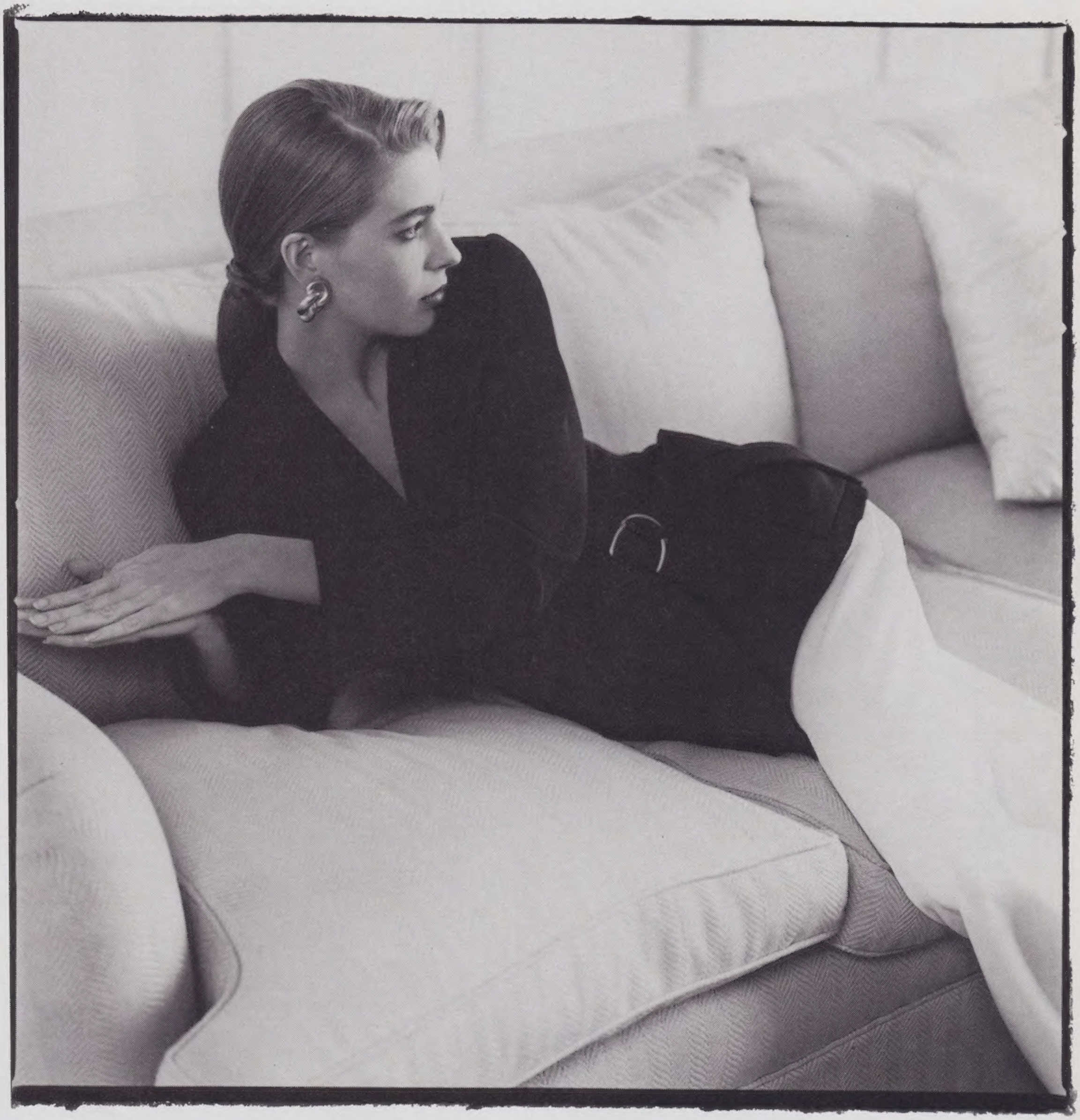

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february 1989

The Palm Beach story. Page 274.

COVER LOOK The basics for spring: on cover model Elaine Irwin—Poudre Majeur loose powder, Le Crayon brow definer in Taupe, and Forticils fortifying lash conditioner on brows. All from Lancôme. Giving hair light control: Studio Line's alcohol-free Flexible Modeling Gel. Hair by Eric Gabriel for Oribe at Parachute; makeup by Kevyn Aucoin. Fashion Editor: Grace Coddington. Photographer: Penn.

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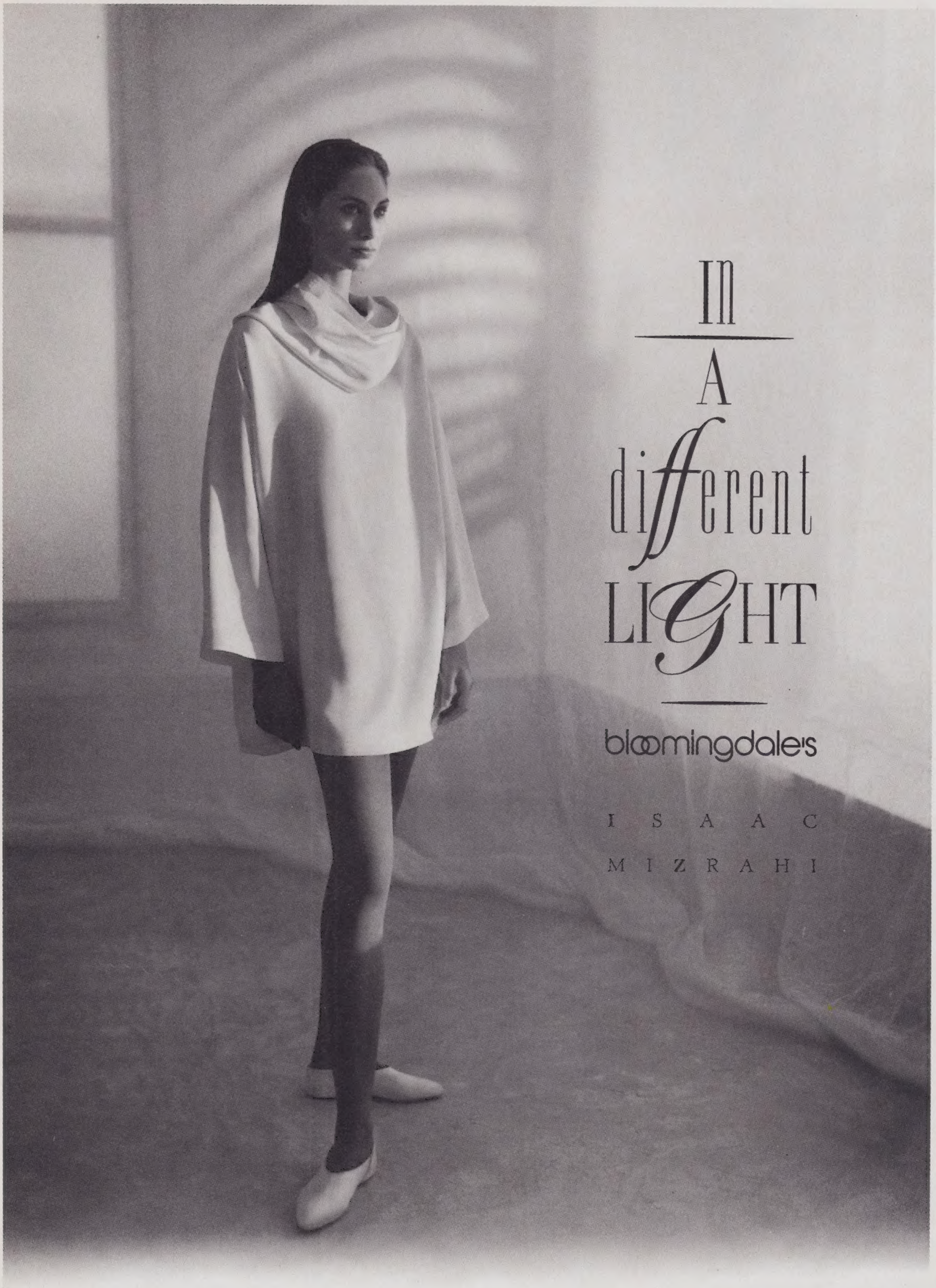
ARTHUR ELGORT



Always a light touch, now virtually weightless, Isaac Mizrahi soars to new heights. Hooded dress in White Moroccan silk, from a collection in Paradox on Boulevard Four, New York and Chicago.

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Top, STEPHEN SHORE; *bottom,* OBERTO GILI

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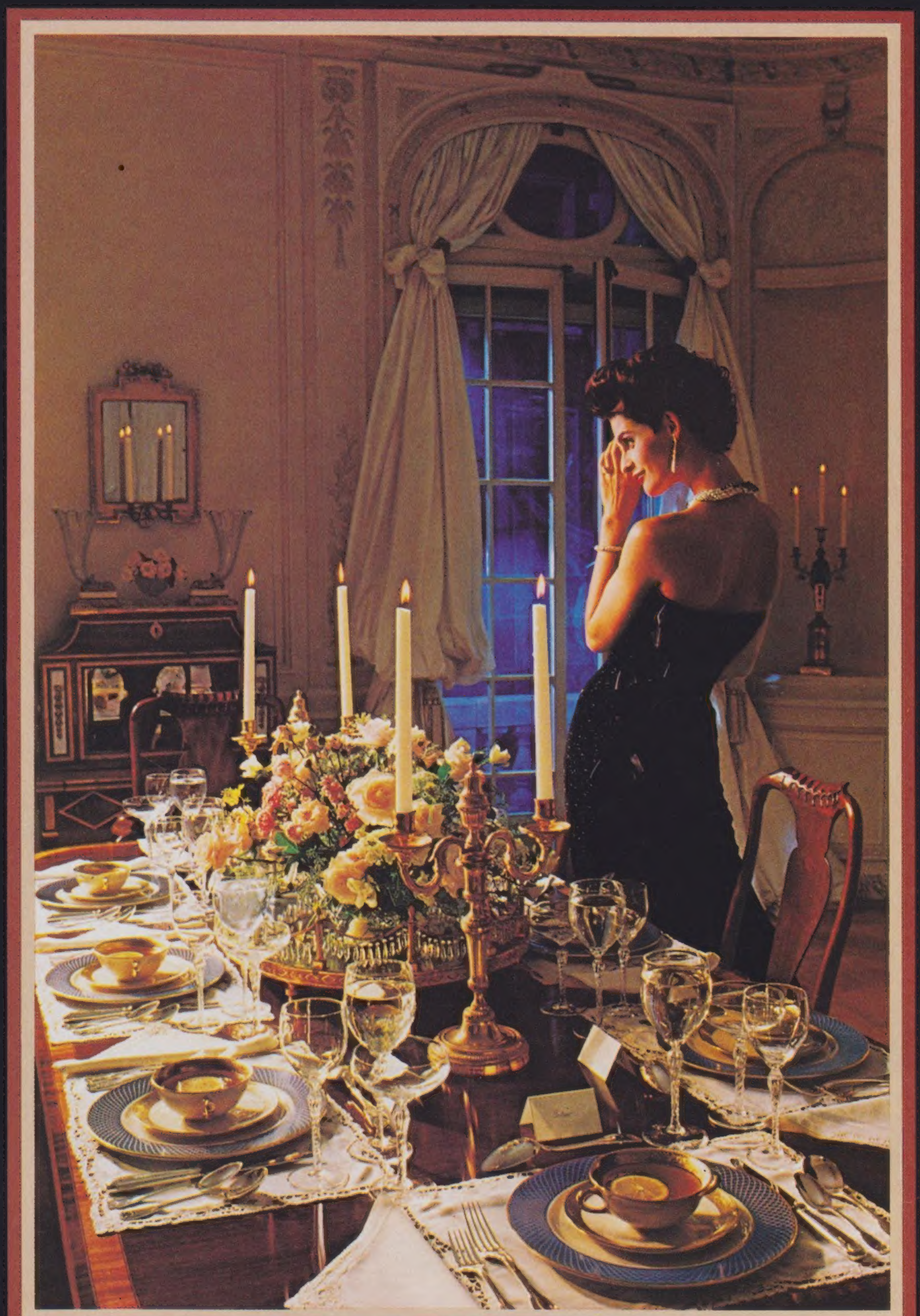

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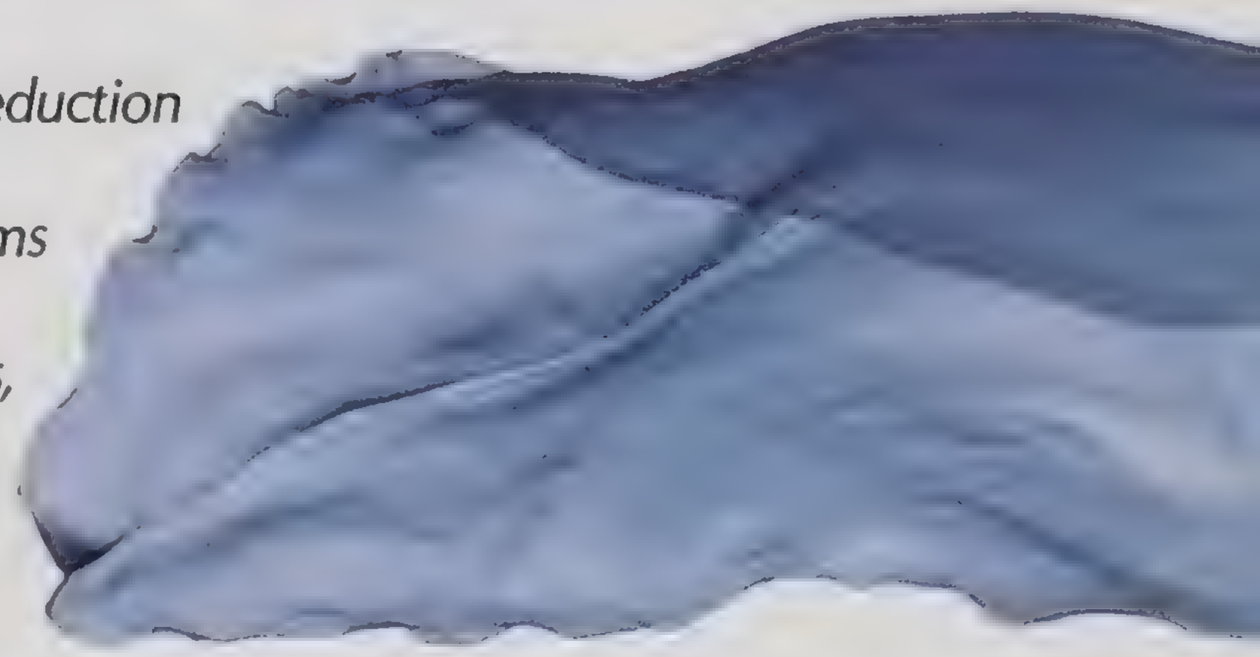

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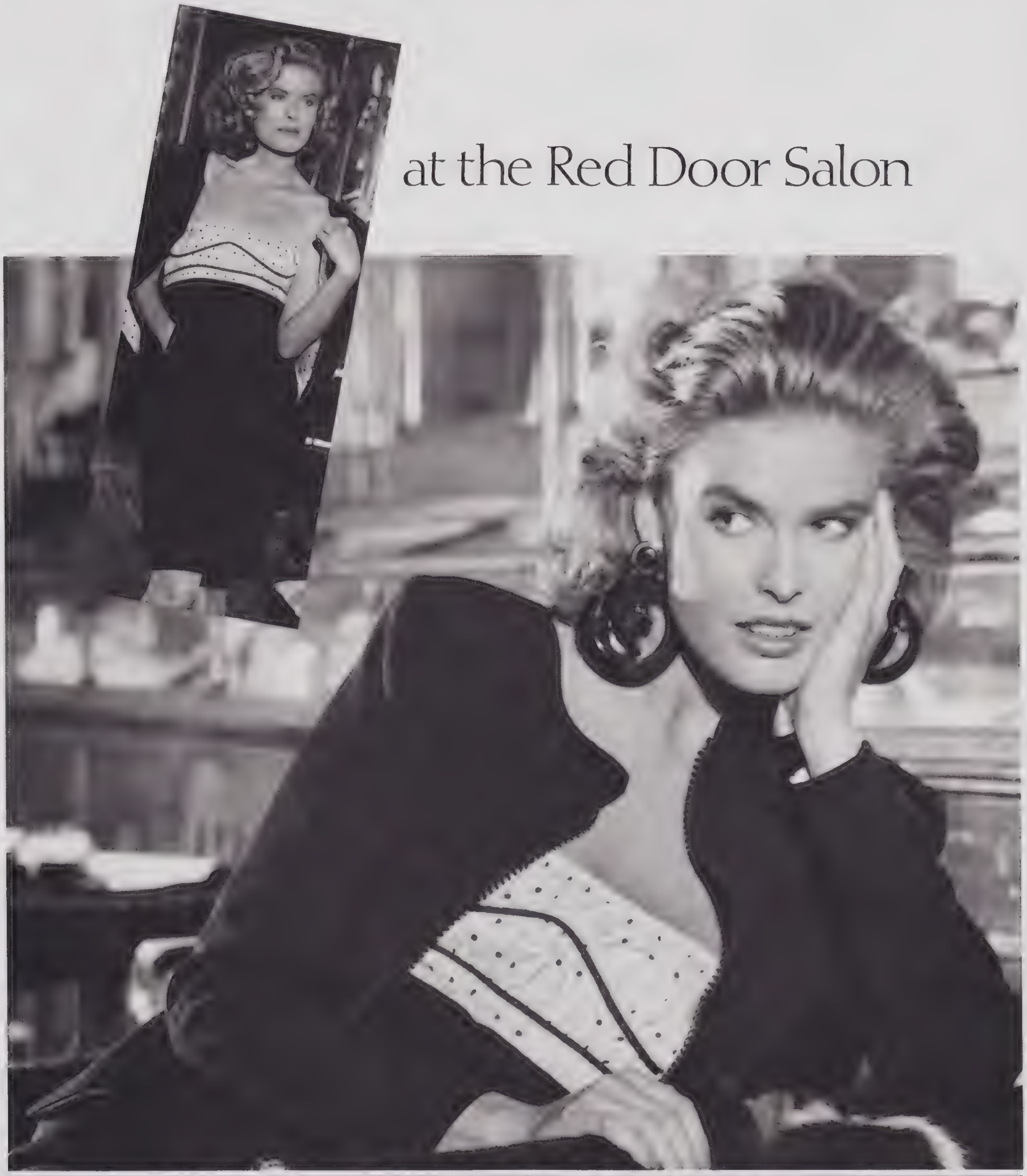

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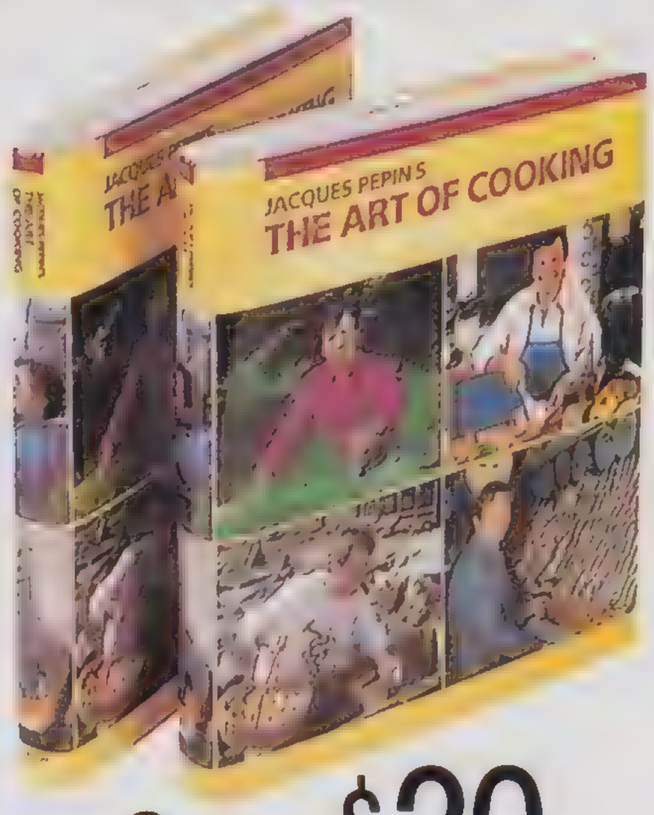

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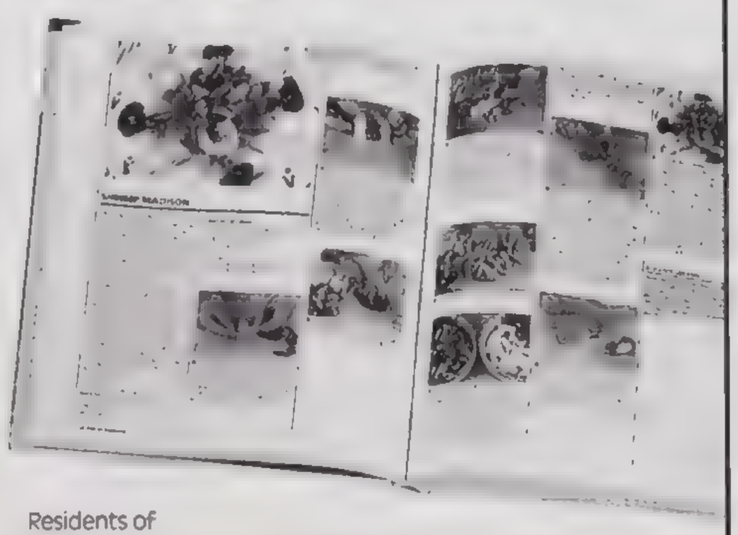

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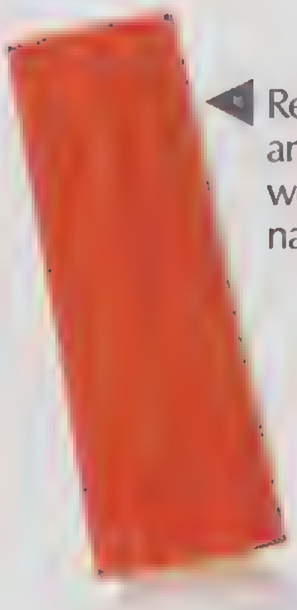

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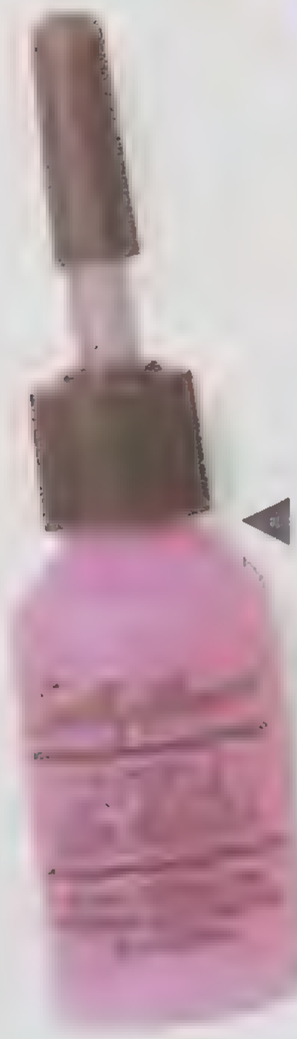

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VOGUE

Contributors

Arthur Elgort

"You can take a picture or you can *make* a picture. I much prefer the latter," says Arthur Elgort who went to Palm Beach to *make* his pictures for Vogue this month. "When I got started in the sixties there were great photographers who lit everything in a studio, so that's part of my repertoire, but maybe not my best song. I'm much more comfortable with natural light, and *comfortability* is what it's all about. It comes from years of shooting opera singers, jazz musicians, and dancers. There'd be all that movement going on, and then, when they came to a rest, that was the picture for me. 'Why are you shooting us leaning on the barre?' dancers would ask. 'Because that's really you,' I'd answer. Fashion photography is simply an extension of that. The clothes are the costumes and I'm there to make it all look good. And when it comes to clothes, I like what I call 'lumbago clothes': unstructured stuff that you can lie around in and still look great. When the world runs out of shoulder pads, I won't be upset in the least." (Contributors *continues, page 50*)

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Scarf & Earrings: Angela Cummings.
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Quote by Louis Dell'Olio

Spring collection by Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein

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YVES SAINT LAURENT

VOGUE

Contributors

Stephanie Mansfield

Although she'd never interviewed a fashion designer before, Stephanie Mansfield approached Isaac Mizrahi for us this month as just another celebrity, somewhere between Cary Grant and Cher. "The key is to find that little secret inside that makes them who they are. With Izzy, his clothes are so fluid, so lush. They're a fantasy, and then behind them there is this little nebbish. But so-o sweet. And smart. That's important. Interviewing is a two-way street. I can't work with bimbos of any sex." Mansfield, who joined the staff of *The Washington Post* in 1976, "came up through the ranks of food, fires, and floods to what I do best, interview celebrities. I often wonder if this is a job for an adult, but even as a kid I used to go through my father's sock drawer, so I guess I'm doomed to spending the rest of my life asking embarrassing questions."

Top PHILIP SMITH, bottom, LIZ NAPLES

Paul Rudnick

Although he admits to "wearing anything I can sit on the floor in," Paul Rudnick has a fascination with fashion and his tongue-in-teeth take on the WASP look in this month's issue is not his first satirical swipe at what he calls "the last defensible prejudice." That came in his 1982 play *Poor Little Lambs,* which dished the Yale Whiffenpoofs, and in his 1986 novel *Social Disease* (Knopf). His new novel, *I'll Take It,* moves onto a new social substratum. "It's a tribute to Jewish women shopping."

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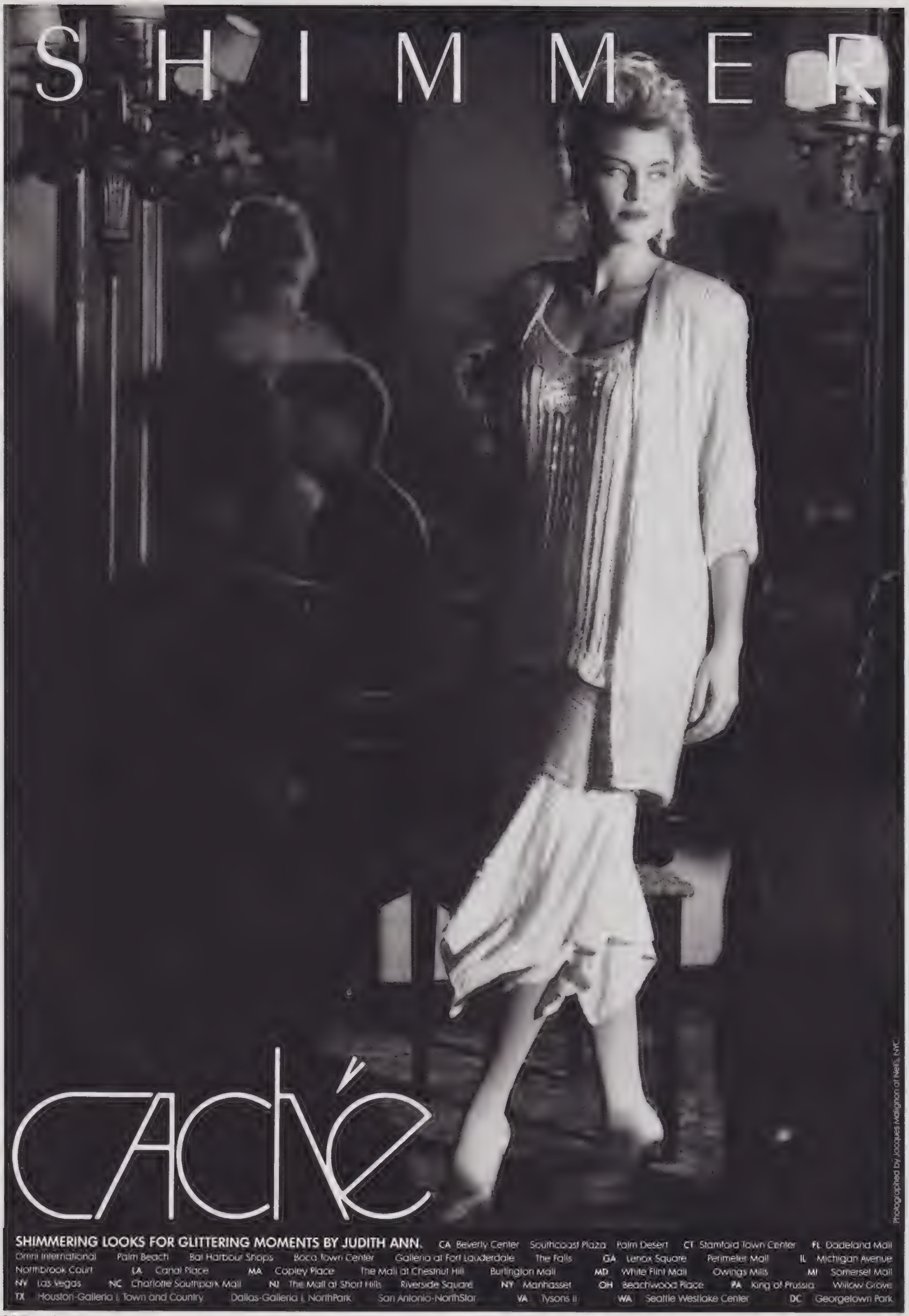

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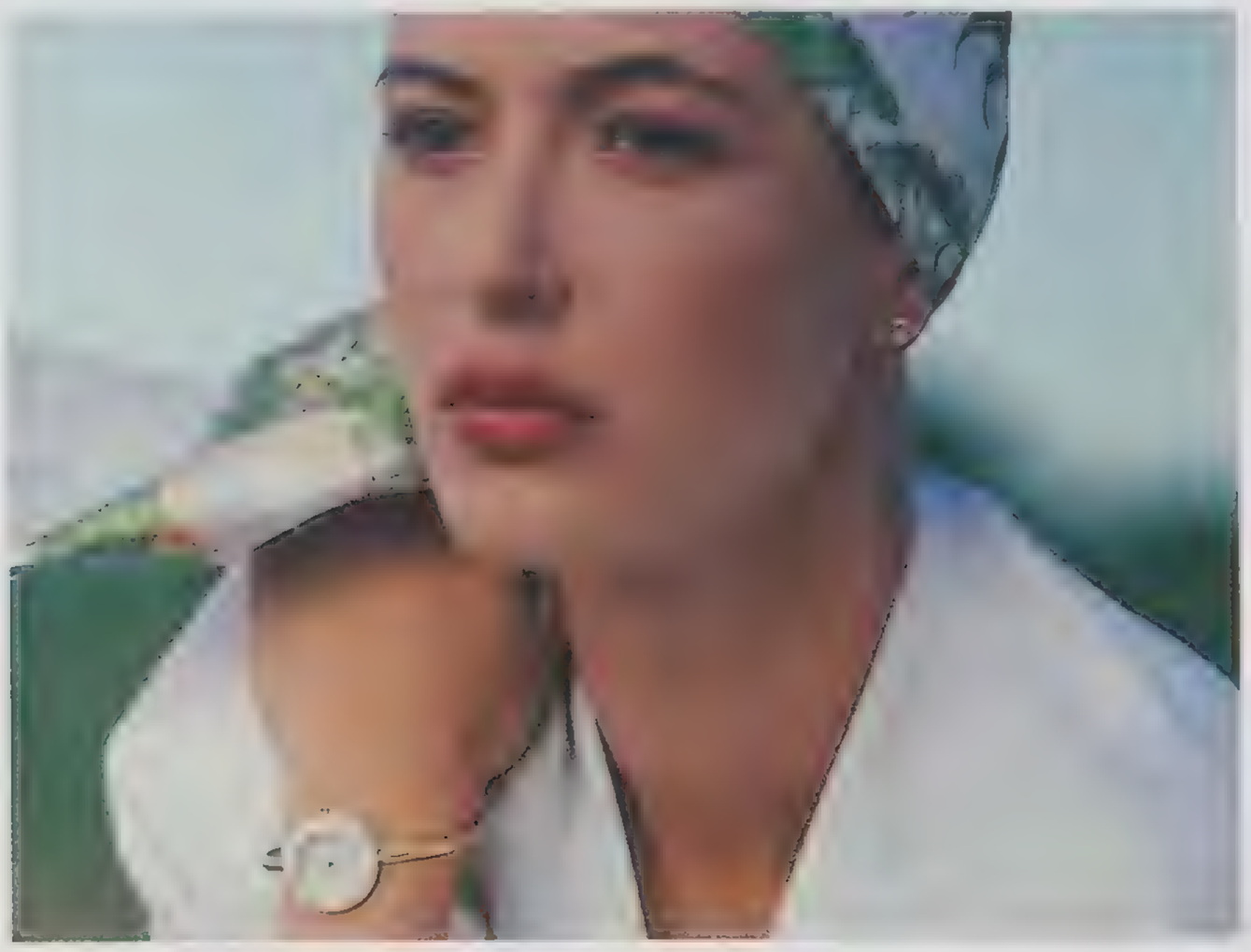

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Overseen and overheard

local color

Last winter, colors got mixed up as never before. Yves Saint Laurent tossed emerald, turquoise, and royal blue together on a harlequin-patterned satin jacket, added purple gloves, a black skirt. Now, for spring, shoes get into the act. At Genny, tiny floral Provençal prints—in orange and red—brighten open-toed flats. At Perry Ellis America, linen slingbacks are striped in turquoise, purple, yellow, and green. Tread Imports electrifies yellow satin ballerina flats with oversized jade and orange polka dots. Prada boldly "paints" mules with color blocks of royal blue, chrome yellow. Even Andrea Pfister's bare thongs are shot with red; a cluster of fuchsia and orange calla lilies gather at the toes.

sequins for the shy

A whole generation of women who grew up in jeans and T-shirts would die before slipping into slinky, "Hollywood" sequins. For them, designers are creating a new breed of sequined clothes—with a casual and deliberately naive look. Geoffrey Beene whips up rugby shirts in sequins; Bill Blass translates a cabled tennis sweater into sequined silk chiffon. And Marc Jacobs turns "borrowed" hotel towels from The Breakers and Fontainebleau into sequined silk crepe evening dresses (they wrap, not surprisingly, just like towels)....Designers favorite spring item? The white dinner jacket (there wasn't a collection without one). It may be sleeveless and in linen (at Michael Kors), or strong shouldered with a draped front (at Donna Karan). It could even become the season's basic white T-shirt....If skirt hems can predict the climate on Wall Street, could the abundance of shells, leaves, trees, and birds showing up in spring collections signal a growing environmental awareness? "No," says Geoffrey Beene. "Now is just a time when things are less than perfect; and one thing that's perfect is nature. We've taken it for granted for too long." For Beene, even the lowly blade of grass is the subject of a beaded floor-length organza dress.

tropical wave

For New Yorkers who can't afford the plane fare or find the time, an escape to the tropics is actually within reach. In Manhattan, on Sixth Street, the store Back from Guatemala stays open until 11:00 P.M. filling the demand for handknit Peruvian sweaters, wool scarves from Bolivia, colorful batik shirts and pants from Indonesia. Ibiza, on University Place—with an interior that resembles a villa on the Spanish Island of the same name—sells long floral skirts, lacy blouses. Tropica Island Traders on Fifth Avenue lures shoppers with orchid-filled windows, raises spirits with Hawaiian brew from the coffee bar, and tempts shoppers with ikat-printed scarves from South America and scanty bikinis from Hawaii. Even travel videos of Kauai and Oahu are on hand. What's next? A mini beach with sand and shells?

"well-seasoned" designs

One of the marvels of the fashion industry is the way in which, just as you're about to break down and buy more winter clothes in February, the stores are suddenly stocking nothing but spring. Not only is this frustrating for shoppers brought up on the idea of instant gratification, but retailers are starting to question its business sense. Designers have begun to fight back. Donna Karan—leader of the movement—postpones her spring collection, shipping it a month after most everyone else. Agnès B. adds warm leather "cardigans" and pants to her collection of cotton clothes. Benetton offers wool skirts through April. And Ricky Vider creates suede jackets expressly for February delivery....When it's freezing on street corners, it's often subtropical in overheated restaurants, offices. Comfort, then, depends on layers. The good news: this season, pieces to layer turn up everywhere and with new inventiveness. Romeo Gigli's beaded vests slip over silk shirts; Michael Kors's wool tunics layer on top of button-up cotton shirts. And hefty shawls or light scarves become the peel-away accessory of choice. **—PAGE HILL STARZINGER**

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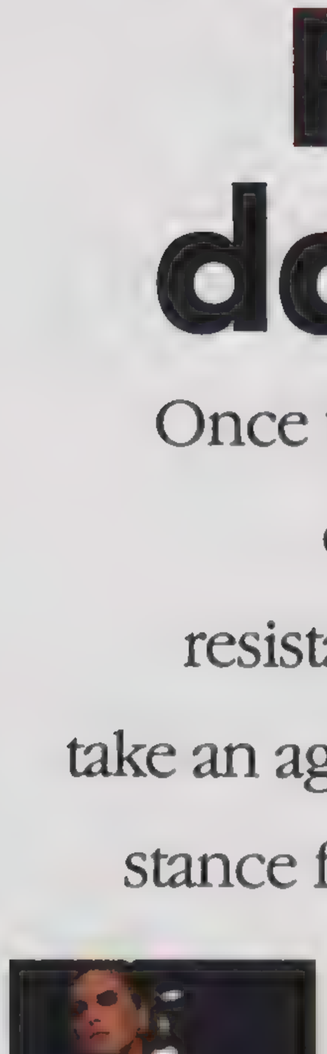
pushing daisies

Once the symbol of hippies' passive resistance, daisies take an aggressive stance for spring



Here's an irony: although Parisian florists report that the French regularly snub the demure daisy for real bouquets (roses are the flower of choice), designers from Ungaro to Sonia Rykiel have splashed daisies of all sorts across spring dresses, suits, and coats. In America, where florists send daisies by the dozens, Charlotte Neuville is one of the few designers who used a daisy print. "It's a real sixties and seventies flower," she says, "I just rework it in an elegant way." In Milan, young girls are already wearing stockings printed with sixties-style Day-Glo crazy daisies with shorts and matching shoes.

—LAURIE JAMES

In full bloom: 1. Patrick Kelly's dress, straw boater with attached flowers. 2., 3. Oversized daisies at Dior—on a wrapped skirt, on a dress. 4. Field day at Ungaro. 5. Bold graphics at Rykiel. Details, last pages.

(View *continues, page 78)*

GUY MARINEAU

boyish good looks

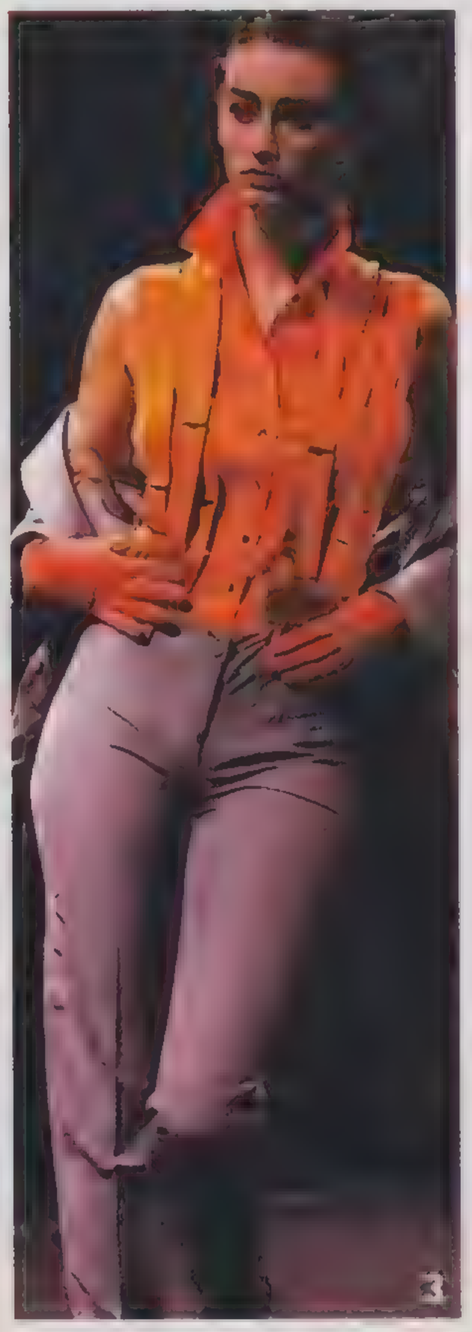
Women may be tired of being "one of the boys" —but they still want to raid their closets

1. Ebel's aviator watch.
2. Ralph Lauren's navy rowing blazer; tie-knotted waist.
3. Gaultier's triple strand suspenders.
4. An Eisenhower aviator jacket at Shamask.
5. Carolyne Roehm's tailored cotton shirt with silk chiffon ascot.
6. The tie as belt—at DKNY.

If the suit makes the man, so it must be that the suit makes the woman. Or so young female executives of the seventies must have reasoned as they toiled their way toward the boardroom bound up in gray flannel skirts, oxford cloth shirts, and little bow ties. A decade later, as they began to break through the "invisible ceiling" into upper management, they cast off those "yuppie suits" in favor of more feminine attire. Ironically, at just the same moment, menswear touches have begun to surface on runways all over America.

"Menswear is now used in a feminine way. It's not hard-edged," says Donna Karan, who takes the classic trench coat Humphrey Bogart wore in *Casablanca*, elongates it, loosens it, and revamps it in white silk shantung. A wool jumpsuit ties at the side like a man's dressing gown. For the showing of her new, lower-priced collection of casual clothes, DKNY, Karan works men's accessories in unconventional ways: silk ties double as belts looped through shorts; oxford cloth shirts knot at the waist, fifties' style, over skirts.

Menswear touches are being used in a softer, more feminine way



At Carolyne Roehm, striped menswear shirts turn up with black satin collars and cuffs, gigantic cufflinks. "My husband, Henry, is quite relieved," she says. "Whatever I don't make I borrow from him. It's always a shirt—usually his newest and favorite." Roehm confesses she is equally unable to keep her hands off his "little gray tweed" socks ("they will appear in a collection for fall") and his silk foulard cravats: "I use them to tie back my ponytail" (Roehm's models showed exactly the same idea on the runway for spring).

Ralph Lauren also reinvents the menswear belt in the manner of fashionable male tennis players of the thirties, who wore silk ties to hold up their pleated pants; he tops them with the kind of grosgrain-edged navy blazers young men on college rowing teams wore in Edwardian England. Lauren softens up the conventional man's ascot: at Polo, it's transparent,

2, 4, 6, 10 PIERRE SCHERMAN; 3, 7 GUY MARINEAU; 1, 8 MONICA STEVENSON; 5, 9 PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. Hair by Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup by Giorgio for Suga salon, NYC. Details, last pages

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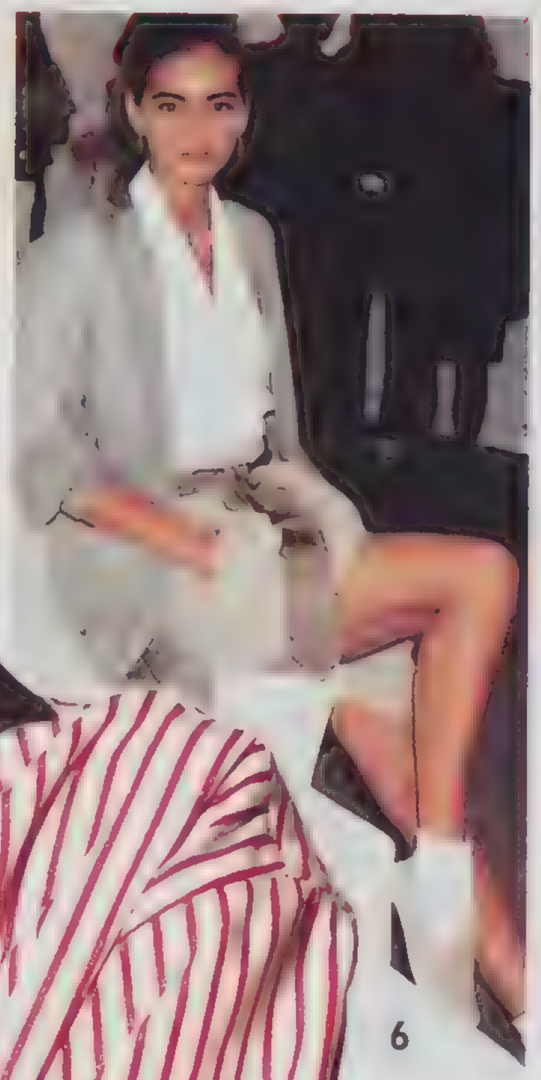


6

7

7. A newsboy cap from Dolce e Gabbana. 8. A handpainted tie at Paul Smith—one that tells time (almost). 9. An antique bathrobe as jacket from Norma Kamali. 10. Donna Karan's dressing gown-inspired jumpsuit.

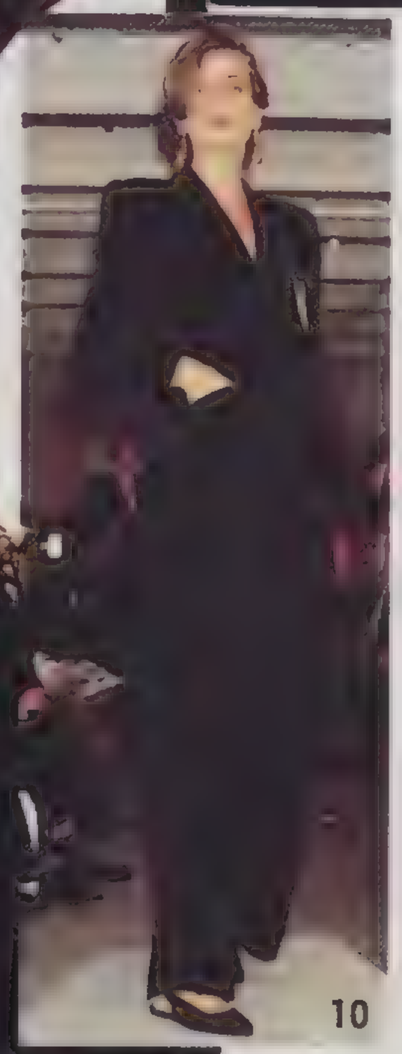
8

in a pastel floral chiffon.

Not only does Ronald Shamask pair soft, feminine crepe de chine skirts with classic men's black-and-white houndstooth jackets, but he redyes traditional linens into unusual shades of yellow and green. "Even men don't wear mens-wear head to toe anymore," the designer explains. "Armani will show suits with jackets and pants in different fabrics. Everything is more casual and nonchalant."

—BART BOEHLERT

(View *continues, page 84*)



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PALM BEACH, HONOLULU, SAN FRANCISCO

on the Marc

Twenty-five-year-old designer Marc Jacobs spends a frantic second day on the job at Perry Ellis. CYNTHIA HEIMEL reports

On his second day at work, Marc Jacobs wafts through the huge design room of Perry Ellis like a small, black-pony-tailed cloud of confusion. "I don't know how to get downstairs!" he whispers and then disappears.

A girl sketching at a table watches him go with narrowed eyes. Ten seconds elapse. "I really like his boots," she pronounces. "Square-toed motorcycle boots. Very cool."

"Who? What?" asks a boy intently drawing a masterpiece of Paisley.

"Marc Jacobs, his boots," says the girl.

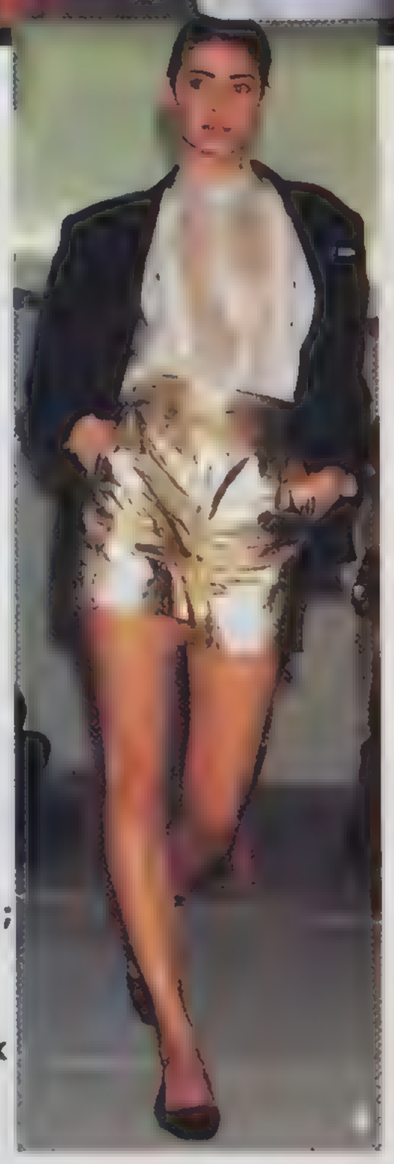
"Oh, I don't know who he is yet," says the boy.

He is only the new designer of Perry Ellis womenswear, that's all. He only has to design and/or oversee every single item from the collection, from Portfolio, from America, plus he's already got a few ideas about sheets, that's all. He is only twenty-five, that's all.

The powers-that-be at Perry Ellis met with Jacobs once, for an hour and twenty minutes, and decided he was the guy who could give their company urgently needed design coherence.

Marc Jacobs was born, raised, and is aesthetically pure Manhattan: public school, High School of Art and Design, and Parsons, where he was Student of the Year and presciently won the Perry Ellis Golden Thimble award. His first job was folding shirts for Charivari, moments later he was designing sweaters for them. His is not a mainstream talent. He is funny, offbeat, downtown. (The powers-that-be have warned him against attending any more fashion events wearing a tuxedo jacket and boxer shorts.)

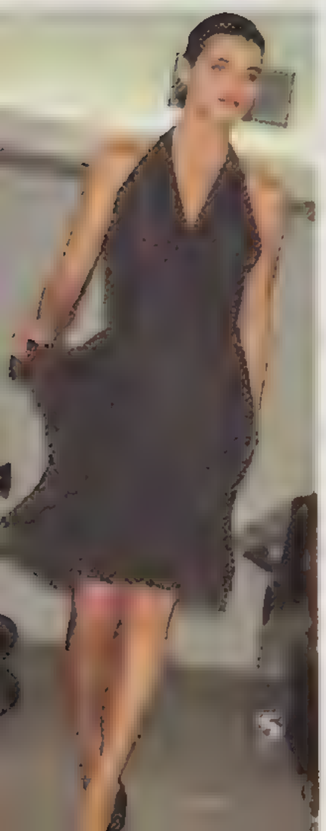
His last collection (for Kashiyama) was a Miami-inspired celebration of kitsch and color. "I love taking something cheap and tacky and making it luxe," says Jacobs. This waif of a man in his Land's End poppy-hued turtleneck and blue jeans, brought out all his own



From the collection that attracted attention from the people at Perry Ellis: Marc Jacobs's Miami-inspired Latino look.
1. A sweater dress striped and shaped like a beach ball.
2. A Cuban man's shirt, reworked in transparent gazaar, wool capris.
3. A romper not meant for romping; it's in sequins.
4. Gold leather walking shorts, silk shirt, navy blazer.

1 MARC JACOBS, 2,4,5,6,8,10 PIERRE SCHERMAN, 3 MICHAEL O'BRIEN. Hair and makeup by Judith O'Connor for Bumble & Bumble, NYC. 7 JACKIE NICKERSON, 9 LARS KLOVE
Details, last pages

5. The barest halter dress—in sheer silk. 6. Beach bound: in polka dots. 7. Jacobs, on the job. 8. Sequined bubbles on silk. 9. The collage Jacobs used for inspiration: "Latin style has a sexiness, something hot."



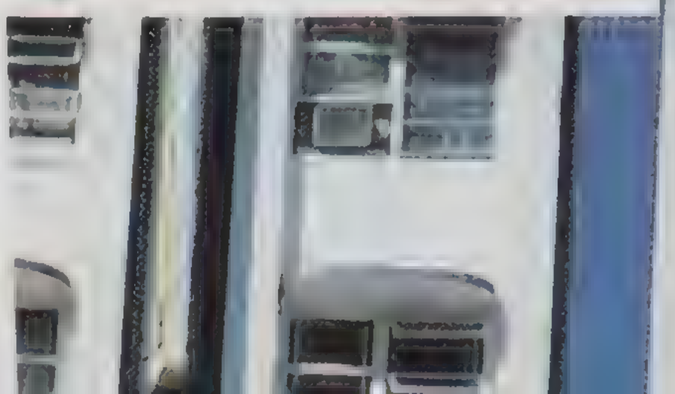
collections on a shoestring, pounded pavements in dire search for fabrics, begged the dealers to please let him look at their wares. He and his partner, Robert Duffy (both have been named vice presidents of Perry Ellis Women's Collection), built runways, dealt with the press, sewed clothes, went out of business twice, scrabbled incessantly. Marc once hand-painted thirty pairs of shoes the week before a show.

And now this.

Right now, he's in his office, talking about, go figure, menswear. "Silver collar stays?" Jacobs asks Elliot Lavigne, president of menswear.

"The greatest shirt ever in the world," says Lavigne, "I'm not giving it to Bloomingdale's. Or Macy's. I'll give it to *(continues, page 100)*

The powers-that-be at Perry Ellis met with Jacobs once, and decided he was the guy to give their company design coherence



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The evidence is overwhelming that even minimal sunlight ages your skin faster than birthdays. And it's no secret that daily moisture loss makes every little line more visible.

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*Experts say SPF 15 is a total block and higher numbers just put unnecessary chemicals on your skin, not more protection.

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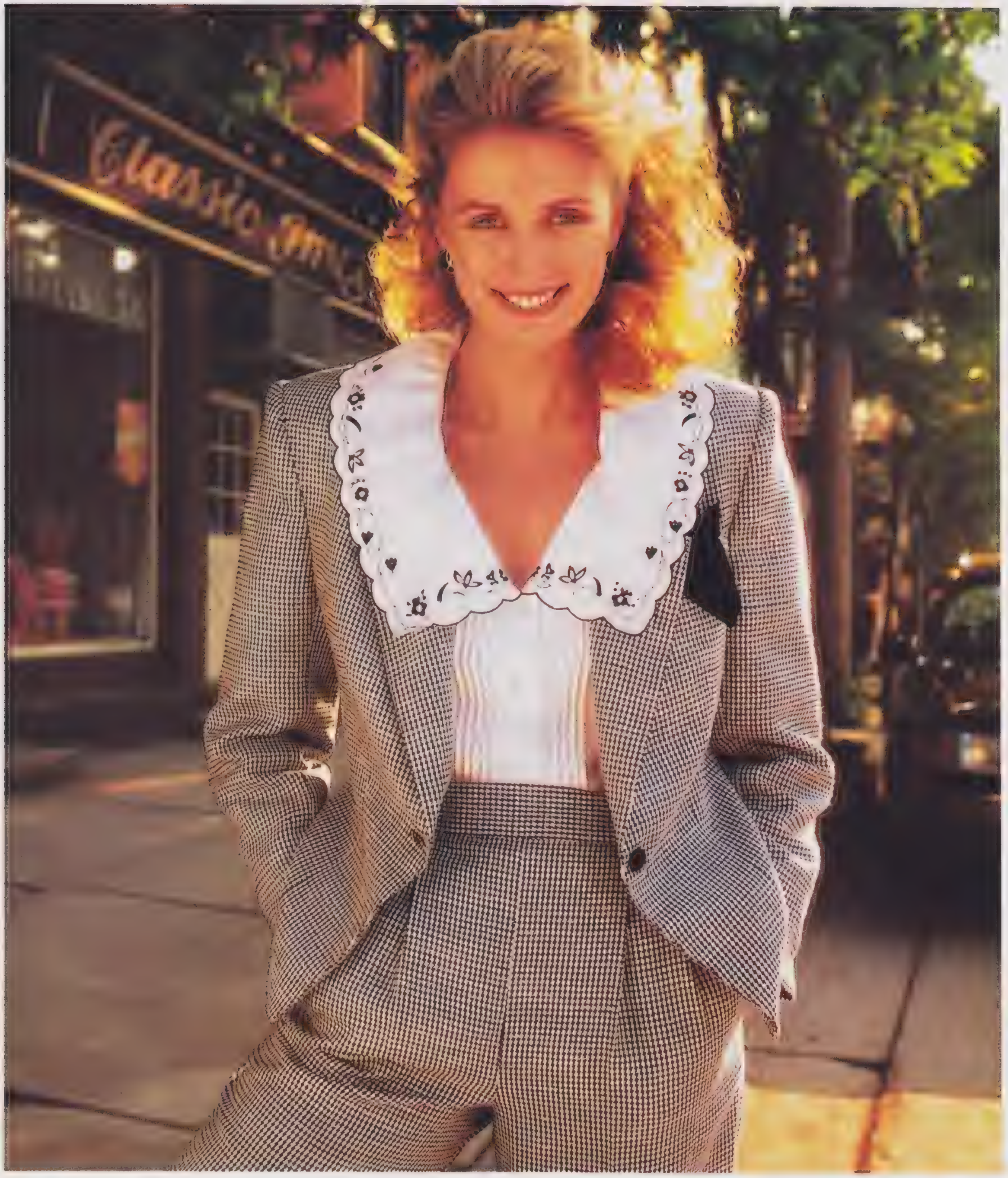

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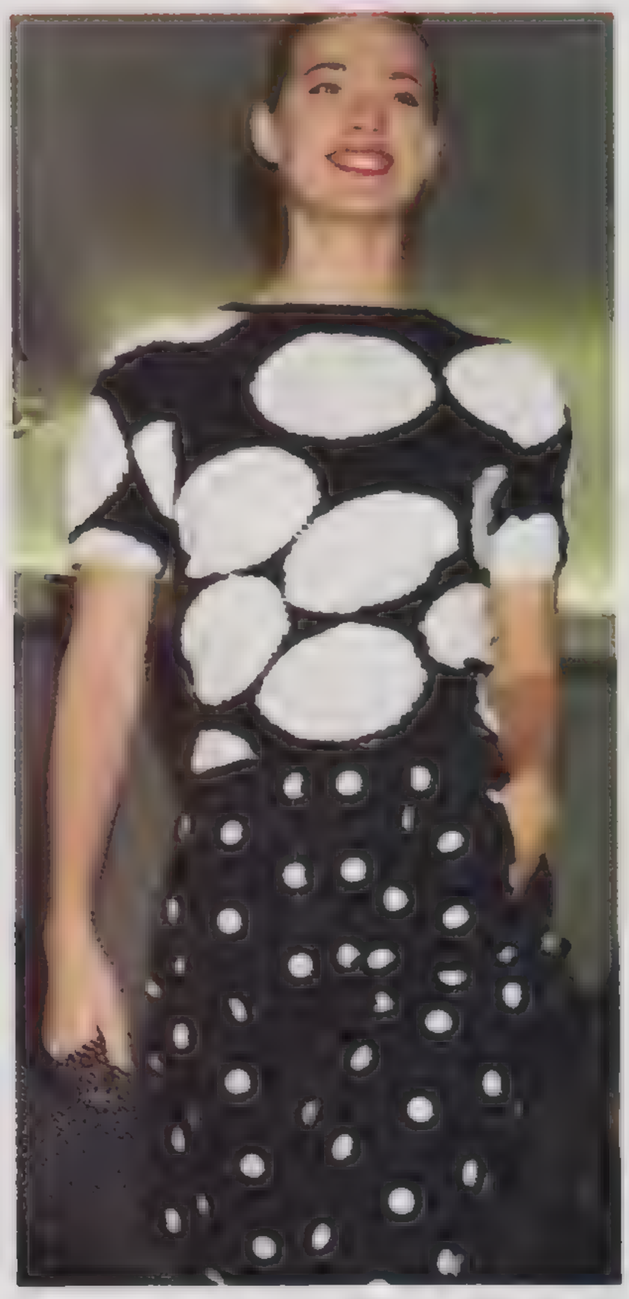

On the dot: tiny knit sweater, capri pants

Bergdorf's, and Barneys. Ah, I'll give it to Saks, they're friends of mine."

"Listen, I gotta know," says Jacobs, "can the shirt factory make women's shirts? Every woman wants a plain white shirt. Men's shirts are much cheaper and better made. I want to do a tuxedo shirt with leather buttons."

"No problem," says Lavigne.

And Marc is in heaven.

Jacobs calls to his secretary and asks her to stamp thank-you notes—his office is thick with flowers.

"I'll give them to the mailroom," his secretary says. "We have a mailroom?" Marc asks. "I wish we had some music. Patti Smith! Do I have a tape deck?" "Yes," says his secretary. "Do I have a CD player?" "No," says his secretary.

Wearing a hilarious pig-emblazoned sweater, Robert McDonald, Perry Ellis's longtime friend, and president of Perry Ellis International, pokes his head in the room. "I wanted to see if you're all right," he says softly.

A woman pops a video of Jacobs into the VCR.

Mark Waldrop and Sarah Lord come in with cases of fabric samples. Jacobs immediately lights a cigarette, throws off his boots, gets down on the floor already awash with fabric, and begins to caress cashmere. "I want to do everything in cashmere," he says. "What about these?" asks Sarah. "Too Chanel-ly," says Jacobs. "These?" "Too Alexander Julian-ish." "I got damask, you were muttering about damask," says Lord. "I love this," says Jacobs. "Some of the classics are the sickest, most twisted things around."

"Tasmanian shirting," says Lord, "you could make a beautiful . . ." "Yeah, a shirt for $750." "You're not supposed to worry about that."

"Now these, I don't think they're nineties," Jacobs says, absentmindedly wrapping a cashmere scarf around his head. "Poor boy seems very right . . . God, we've got to do this so fast, the show is on April tenth. We want to make sure the models smile. And we want *stylish*, the ultimate customer is stylish, not fashionable. To be fashionable all you need is money."

"Now listen," says Lavigne, "retailers will try and dictate colors to you, fabrics to you. Never let them."

"That would be private label," says Jacobs. "Trying to address the customer is a mistake. We can't think, 'How can we make Perry Ellis clothes for the Donna Karan customer?' We can't. Donna Karan people want Donna Karan. We need our own attitude and point of view. Perry's clothes were always warm, friendly, whimsical, accessible, bohemian. I want to do that. Back to Perry to go forward."

"It's gotta come from you, down and across," says Lavigne, and Jacobs looks scared to death. ▽ (View *continues page 112*)

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West Coast shops have a cachet all their own.

BETTY GOODWIN takes a tour

1. Modern Objects: custom-made suits for Adam Ant, for women who wear menswear.
2. Max Studio: career suits, "event" dresses for the twentysomething crowd.
3. Mickey & Joey's: a soda pop shop, newsstand, bad-boy biker hangout—owned by Mickey Rourke and brother Joey. 4. Madeleine Gallay: the latest installment on the store-wars circuit.

CHARLIE DANIELS

A couple of years ago you couldn't give a hardcore shopper a plane ticket to Los Angeles. Now L.A. has a mystique all its own. There are the outrageous excesses of Rodeo Drive: you can valet-park your Jeep and gape at the stores that give glitz a good name. There is the low-key, low-rent chic of Melrose Avenue that stretches for miles. There is even the flea-market scene: Sunday mornings at Pasadena's Rose Bowl you're as likely to fight over Fiestaware as Tupperware.

Shopping in L.A. is better than any star tour. You can cruise exclusive shops on *(Continues, page 118)*

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JOAN & DAVID

Sunset Boulevard, or speed over to the heart of West Hollywood and try on vintage clothing next to Bruce Springsteen and Catherine Deneuve. With so many trends getting started here, everyone is catching on to L.A.'s cachet. All it takes is a car with a full tank of gas (convertibles are preferred) and a map to keep up.

AGNÈS B. (100 N. Robertson Blvd.; 271-9643) You'll find the same French-made classics at the New York and Paris stores. But there is a difference: seasonless linen suits, cotton sweaters are available all year and there isn't a warm winter coat in sight.

AMERICAN RAG CIE YOUTH (136 S. La Brea Ave.; 965-1404) Adults who prowl through the original American Rag Cie (150 S. La Brea Ave.), known for its vintage, used, and unused clothing, will have a field day at this off-shoot, located up the street, provided they have children. The store is a hoot to look at. It's filled with strange old carved furniture (movie props for midgets, or so we're told) and a painting of frolicking dwarfs. Owners Margot and Mark Werts like everything from English schoolchildren's shoes ($39 to $64) and English University blazers to used Tyrolean jackets in mint condition (starting at $38) and beat-up Levi jackets and jeans.

Livestock: "potswear" and other accessories with a typically irreverent West Coast twist. Owner Judy Kameon, right, and hats she designed.

ARMANI (436 N. Rodeo Dr.; 271-5555) When this shop opened last August, it drew a crowd worthy of an Oscar-bound movie. The reason? the shop is the biggest, most extravagant retailing statement Armani's ever made. Restaurateur Michael Chow created the interior with gold-leaf panels, Deco furniture, glass walls. Steven Spielberg buys his suits and Elton John picks up wool and mohair tails at Armani.

COZMOPOLE (654 N. Larchmont Blvd.; 463-0377) Theatrically presented against Pompeian frescos and steel columns are furniture and accessories ($120 and up) in a "romantic futuristic" mode created primarily by Larry Totah. His "wave sofa" (with an undulating back, copper-leaf legs) is covered in hot pink and red Neoprene, the same material used for divers' wet suits. Dining tables combine crude steel slabs with gently tapered legs; wrought-iron chairs are sinuous, delicate. L.A.'s Robert Miller provides minimalistic steel lighting; local designer Daniel O'Driscoll offers elegant hand-forged silverware.

ECRU (7428 Melrose Ave.; 653-8761) is the ultimate concession to the L.A. car/star culture: the storefront, with ECRU spelled out in thirty-foot-high letters, beckons passersby as well as drivers stuck in gridlock; display windows are angled for a view from a car. Actors (Amy Irving, Jodie Foster, Richard Dreyfus, Corbin Bernsen) and upscale "creative professionals" are often the ones who invade the stark, imposing space. When the store first opened in 1986, you could *(Continues, page 124)*

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find only private-label T-shirts, sweaters, shirts in basic "non-colors." Now there's Ecru Couture: Philippe Model hats, Robert Clergerie shoes, men's and women's European clothes.

ELIZABETH MARCEL'S HAT GALLERY (5632 Melrose Ave.; 463-3163) is an old-fashioned millinery shop with splatter-painted walls, furniture suited for the Roman Empire. A one-time clothes pattern maker, Marcel stumbled across one hundred hat blocks from the thirties and forties at an antique dealer, and found herself in a new business. The shapes, ribbons, flowers are old-world; but the hats (starting at $120) are new.

LIVESTOCK (708 N. Heliotrope; 622-8886) Judy Kameon fills a fading storefront off-off Melrose with eccentric accessories from young L.A. unknowns (she designs her own hats as well). And the girl has a sense of humor. Check out Julie Vogel's pillbox hats covered with ants, rats, or cows. Charm bracelets, earrings, and tiaras by J.M. Reva and Maia Norman are made from dentures, thermometers, dice, zipper parts.

MADELEINE GALLAY (8710 Sunset Blvd.; 657-9888) Follow closely: Madeleine Gallay was coproprietor of the Charles Gallay boutique. But Madeleine divorced Charles and opened for business directly across from Charles's relocated, renamed boutique Gallay. The ambience: fan-fluttering romantic with shawl-draped chairs, Dutch doors, an English rose garden on the side. The clientele: titled Europeans and "rock wives." Clothes come from nonmainstream European designers Rifat Ozbek, Sybilla, John Galliano. And Madeleine's mad for mad accessories: faux mink handbags, black kid gloves with mink pom-poms, Manolo Blahnik mules.

MARK FOX (7326 Melrose Ave.; 936-1619) Talk about specializing. Merchandise is limited to vintage bomber jackets and zippered motorcycle jackets, western boots, shirts of the forties, fifties, sixties ($345 and up). "People are starting to appreciate American history," notes Fox. His best patrons include Bruce Springsteen, Faye Dunaway.

MAX STUDIO (2712 Main St.; 396-3963) On weekends the twentysomething set crowds Max Studio for career suits, "event" dresses. The clean, architectural space with a grand winding staircase often outdazzles the clothes. On tap: shapes by L.A. designer Leon Max. Best items include: black cotton bicycle shorts ($40) and cropped turtlenecks ($55).

MICKEY & JOEY'S (350 N. Canon Dr. #21; 273-9494) This retro "New York" newsstand (it carries *The London Times*, *Il Giornale*, Hollywood trade papers) in the heart of Beverly Hills is a hip new hangout; owners actor Mickey Rourke and his brother Joey are the prime hanger-outers. "We cater to the riffraff," cracks Mickey. The look: as big as a shoe box, lined with rosewood paneling, and Harley-Davidson motorcycle paraphernalia (Mickey is a big biker). At the soda fountain: $2 egg creams and $2.50 ice cream sodas. Also available: comics, X-rated magazines, French condoms.

MODERN OBJECTS (4355 Melrose Ave.; 669-8309) Restaurateur and now men's clothier Mario Tamayo (of Cafe Mambo, Cha Cha Cha fame) and partner Jef Huereque turn out polka-dot shirts, iridescent neckties, and bespoke forties-inspired suits, starting at $500. The store is in the eastern end of Hollywood, the so-called new "Lower East Side." Who might appear: Adam Ant, Lindsay Buckingham, Aileen Getty. This is where the New Monkees ordered their pony-printed Ultrasuede suits. ▽

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Author Susan Sommers is an international fashion journalist and stylist and creative director for a prominent French cosmetic company. *French Chic* is hardbound, with 224 pages, 104 photos and 20 illustrations.

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Spiegel

Editor: Candy Pratts Price

shrunken treasures

Fashion plays the shrink this season: accessories are made up in miniature and worn in multiple

remember the recent baby vegetable/nouvelle cuisine craze? The same precious miniaturization has hit fashion: some hats today have been reduced to the size of artichokes. A five-inch-high topper on an elastic band may be too small to block the sun, but it's worn in the spirit of a headband. This isn't the first time around for miniature mad caps. Back in the 1930s, little "doll hats" for grown-ups were a big hit for couturier Elsa Schiaparelli, who showed them pinned and fastened to the front of the head. She also sparked another fashion boomlet: bracelets and necklaces spiked with tiny charms. Elsa, the "Queen of Fashion" was just playing off another monarch's fancy: Queen Victoria also loved jewelry with charms. From the 1930s through the 1950s, charm bracelets were an accessory staple in every woman's jewelry box. Even Hollywood charmers Liz Taylor and Bette Davis wore heavyweight bracelets. Today, charms have been put to other decorative uses, studding bags and belts. It's been said that smaller is better, and sometimes more is better, too: Chanel's classic baby bags are worn in multiple around the waist. ▽

1. Miniature hat, by Anne Moore. 2. Chanel jewelry, minibags. Movado watch. 3. The edge of charm—by Maud Frizon. Gloves by La Crasia. 4., 5. Liz Taylor, Bette Davis showing their charms. 6. L.L. Bean's mini-totes.

7. Charmed bracelets: left, Hervé Van Der Straeten; right: Isabel Canovas. Bag by Dominique Aurientis. 8. Baubles and belt: Isabel Canovas. Details, stores, last pages.

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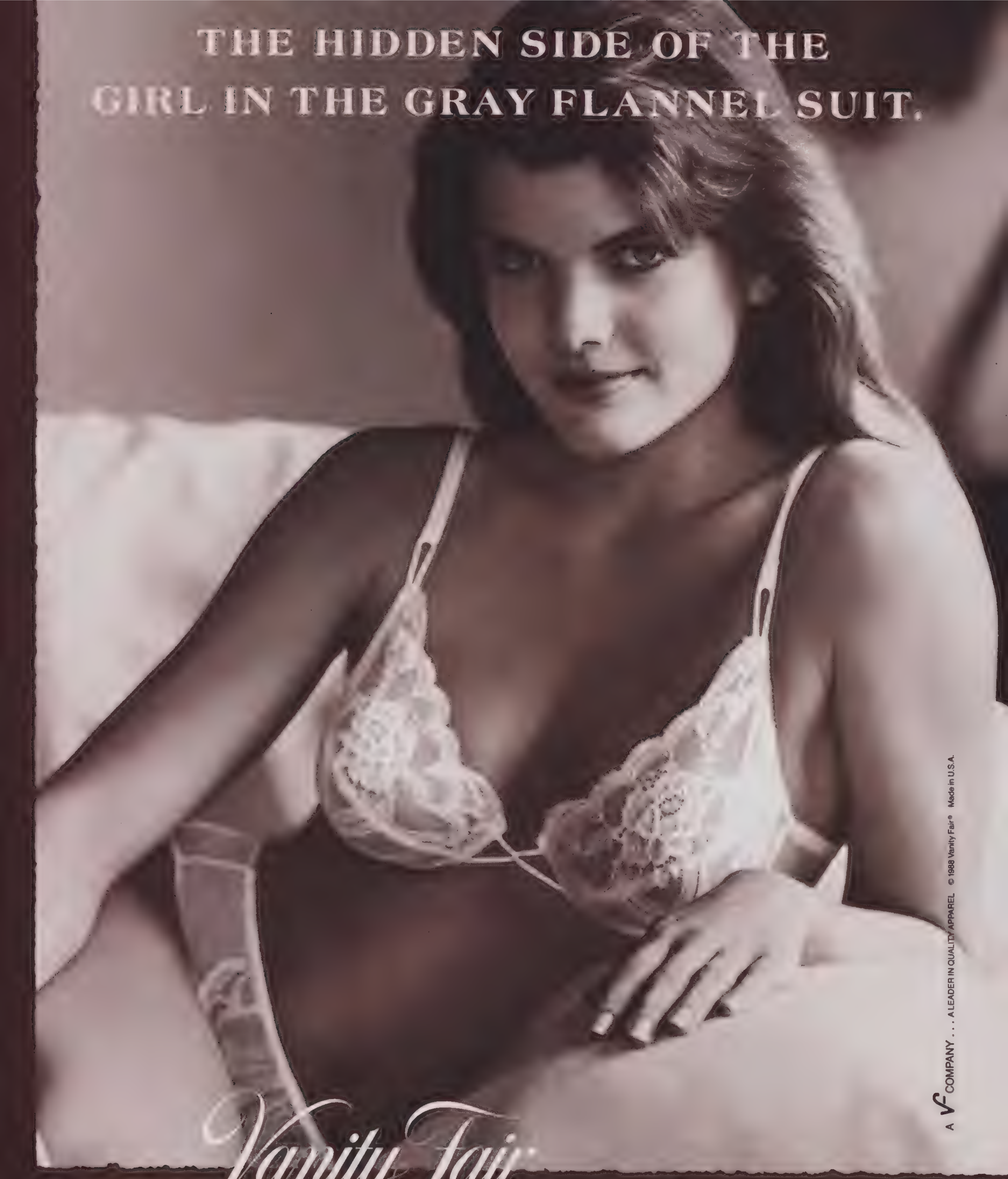

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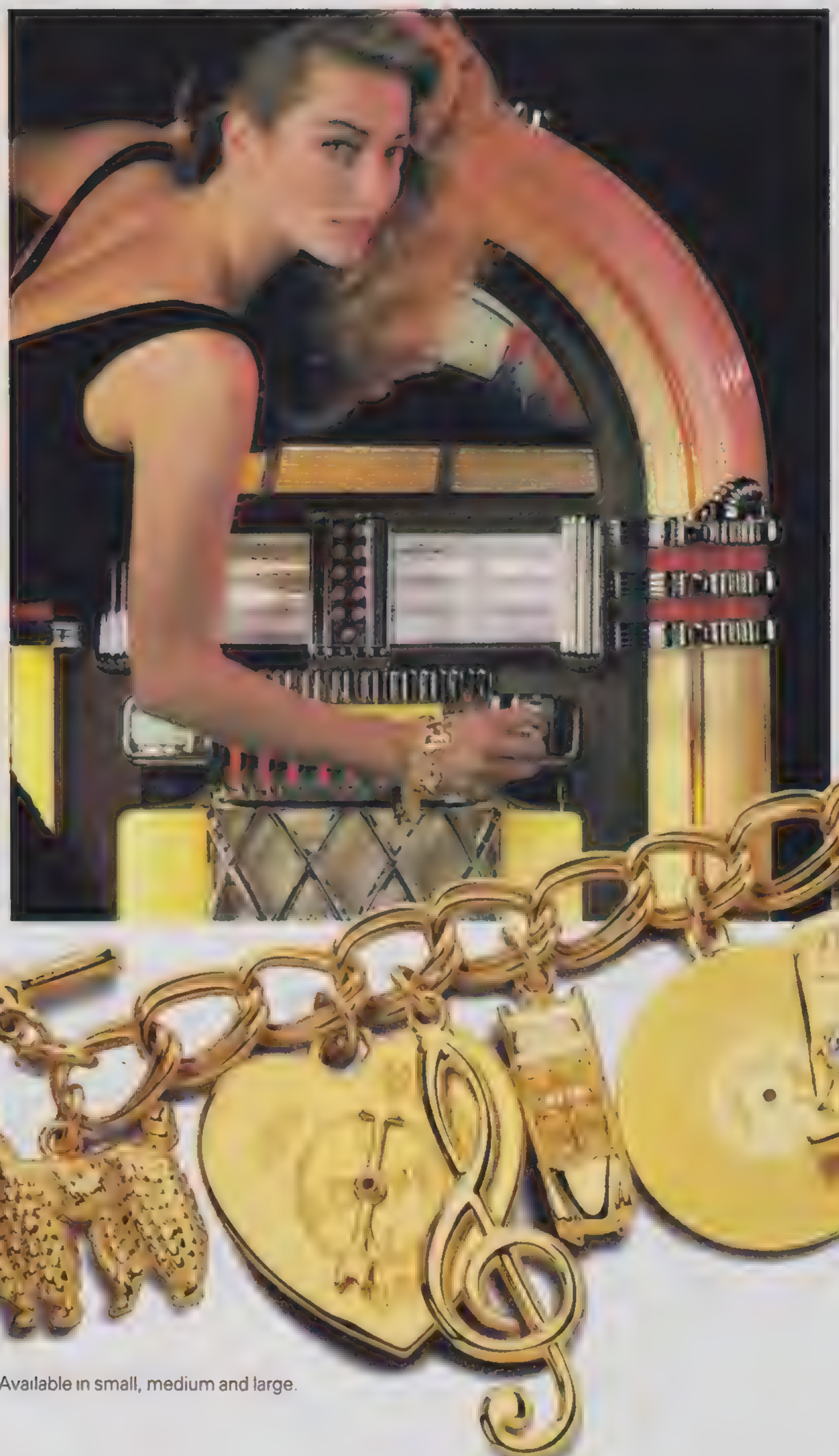

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6:00pm - 8:00pm
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Dallas, TX

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11:00am
Fairmont Hotel
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Charlotte Apparel Mart
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hair by design

On the runway: the neater head, with hair slicked back or tucked under

A reigning beauty trend—long hair, minimal makeup—is being reassessed. Encouraged by designers (who now influence hair lengths as well as skirt lengths), runway models in Milan, New York City, and Paris are cutting off or pinning up their long hair and looking beyond invisible makeup to a smaller, more controlled head and well-groomed brows and lashes reminiscent of the forties.

Short hair—or the illusion of short hair—shows up in a variety of ways in every spring collection, often paired with eye makeup (or dark glasses) that directs attention to the eyes. The effect is polished, feminine.

"Designers are requesting tailored, neat hair. Short is the modern answer," says Danilo, of New York City's Oribe at Parachute salon, who styles models' hair at Calvin Klein, Adrienne Vittadini, and other designer shows. "Far from the punk-inspired cuts of the early eighties, short hair now always looks clean-cut, whether it's a one-length bob or a cropped shag," he adds.

At Sonia Rykiel, hair is put away under a King Tut-style straw hat.

Short hair, or the illusion of short hair, shows up in a variety of ways in spring collections in Paris, London, Milan, and New York

One way stylists create the new, tight small head of hair: with gel. At Gianfranco Ferre, Workers for Freedom, and Sonia Rykiel, hair is sleek, wet-looking, and close to the head. At Gianni Versace, model Linda Evangelista's "boy cut" gets slicked back and ends in a ducktail at the nape. In London, Jasper Conran's models have a sultry, retro look: hair is parted on one side, then swept over the face and ear into a low bun. (Gels and sprays that work well: Finesse Gel by Helene Curtis, Sculpturing Gel by Pantene, Sebastian's Wet Styling Gel, Lamaur Sprayage Designing Spray.)

At Isaac Mizrahi and Comme des Garçons, short hair is fuller, softer, and slightly rounded—with or without a dense layer of bangs. "A style doesn't have to be all one length for control; think about strategic layers," says Max Pinnell of Manhattan's Bumble + Bumble salon. "The old Mia Farrow cut—short, layered, yet neat—is reemerging as a big trend from the New York collections."

Long hair is often hidden—tied or held off the face, disguised as a shorter length. At John Galliano, models wear a new version of pigtails, each one knotted in a gentle loop. There are chignons and French twists at Christian Dior, Carolina Herrera. And a loose ponytail

GUY MARINEAU

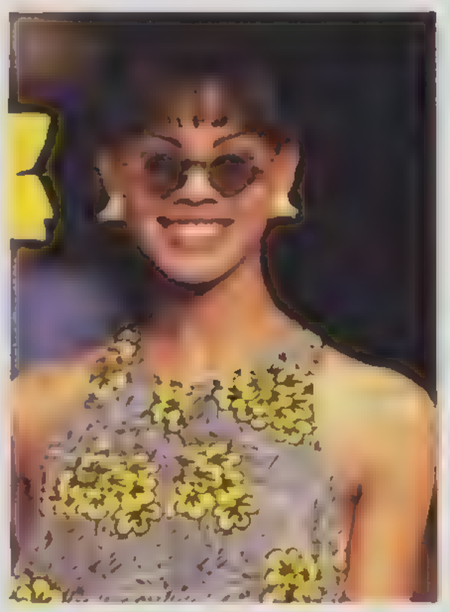
"The Mia Farrow cut—short, neat, and layered—is reemerging"

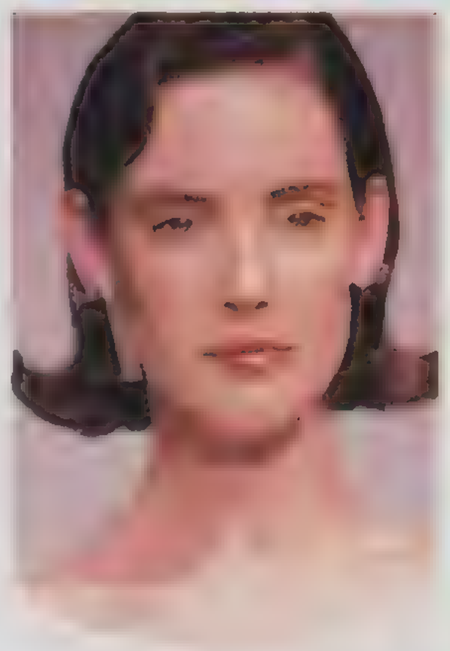
with tendrils makes long hair seem chin-length at Dolce & Gabbana.

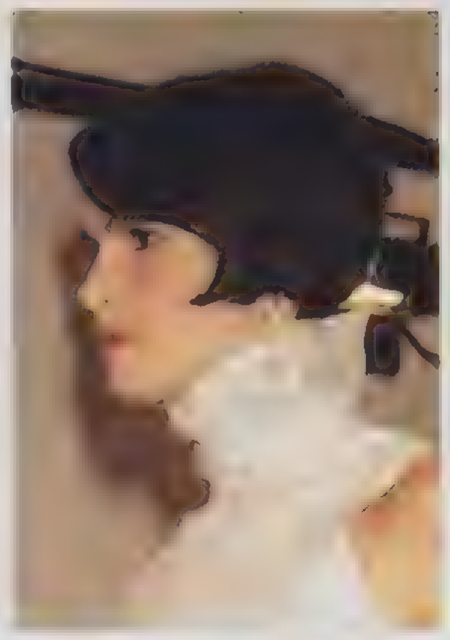
Short hair that frames the face makes eyes a focal point; hence, there is more emphatic, although not necessarily colorful, eye makeup. (See right, "The New Eye.") "When hair is pulled away from the face, no matter what its length, the eyes become more noticeable," says Alexandre, who styles hair for fifteen French fashion houses.

Dark eyes and brows (whether accented by makeup or by the season's number-one accessory—dark glasses) complement short styles at collections as diverse as Bob Mackie and Pour Toi. "Now hair and makeup work together," says stylist Danilo.

Other hair news from the runway: touches of ornamentation. Striped scarves wrap a bun at Marc Jacobs; a stretch headband hugs the forehead at Christian Lacroix. Leaves and branches decorate topknots at Mary McFadden. And at Angel Estrada, a bouffant beehive deliberately conceals half the model's real hair—making a wig an interesting accessory again. —HELEN LEE

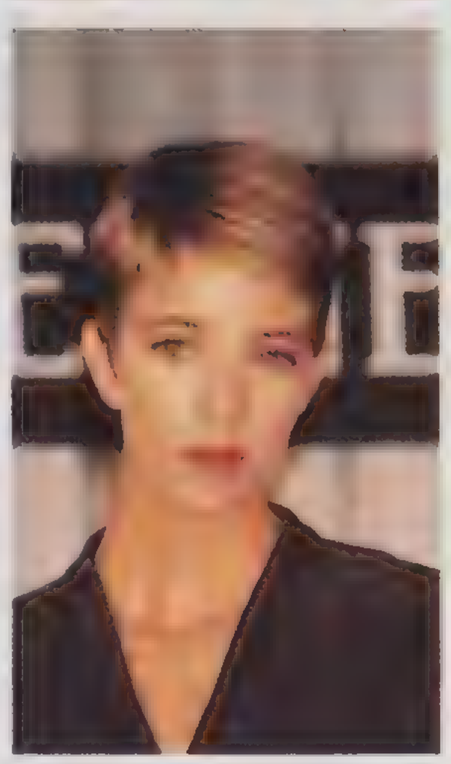






At John Galliano, loops of hair are gently knotted into pigtails, below. Right, top to bottom: At Sonia Rykiel, tailored hair, close to the head with a fringe of bangs; at Valentino, another version of the fifties flip; a gentle bob at Isaac Mizrahi frames the face; hair is shorter still and then sculpted to the head at Diane Pernet.

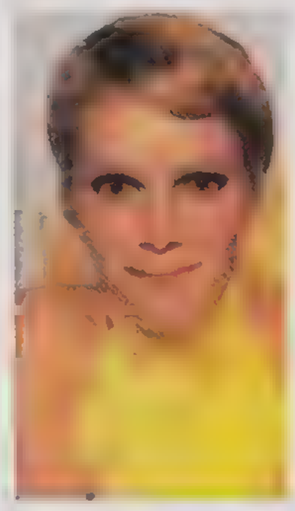
Photo, bottom right: PIERRE SCHERMAN. All others, GUY MARINEAU.



the new

Eye makeup becomes more natural than ever, adding texture and shape

In a cosmetics industry full of color, there's a refreshing, cool new look for the eyes that emphasizes natural eye color, yet still brings eyes dramatically into focus. "Makeup isn't tricky anymore," says makeup artist Kevyn Aucoin. "Color is barely there. Eye makeup has strength through simplicity." But where there is color, it's a lot easier to handle. Mascaras are colorless. Brow pencils are colorless. Their objective: to define by adding texture and gloss, thickening lashes and shaping brows.



The new eye makeup was evident at the Paris, London, and New York spring shows. In New York, Norma Kamali, who always does the makeup for her shows herself, says, "This year, I didn't want to give my models a look. I wanted to emphasize—through their eyes—what they already had. For my pale models' brows and lashes, I used colorless mascara to give texture. For darker models, I used dark brown mascara—I never use black. For all models, a pale rose-colored blush substituted for eye shadow—and that was it."

In London, at Jasper Conran's spring collection, the models' brows were exaggerated, extended, curving down toward the cheek. "Not only can an eyebrow reflect character, it can also reflect a time period," says Conran's makeup artist, Laurie Sparrett, who was inspired this time by the champagne-toting, partygoing woman of the 1930s.

Ronnie Specter, makeup artist for Meg Ryan and Dennis Quaid in *D.O.A.* and now working on the television series *Dirty Dancing*, says, "An eyebrow does the same thing for the eye as a frame does for a picture—it completes the eye, finishes the look. The biggest difference between eye makeup for film, TV, and real life is that everything on the screen appears so much larger than life. A face can literally be the size of an automobile, an eye the size of someone's front door. Because of that I always pay special attention to

From top: DAVID BAILEY; JERRY SCHATZBERG; DAVID BAILEY

eye

Here, makeup artist Kevyn Aucoin defines brows the new way, with Max Factor's No Color Mascara, and uses Aziza's Contact Lens Eyeliner in black to give the softest, most natural outline to the eye. At left, top to bottom, dark eyes from the sixties: Mia Farrow, Faye Dunaway, Marisa Berenson.

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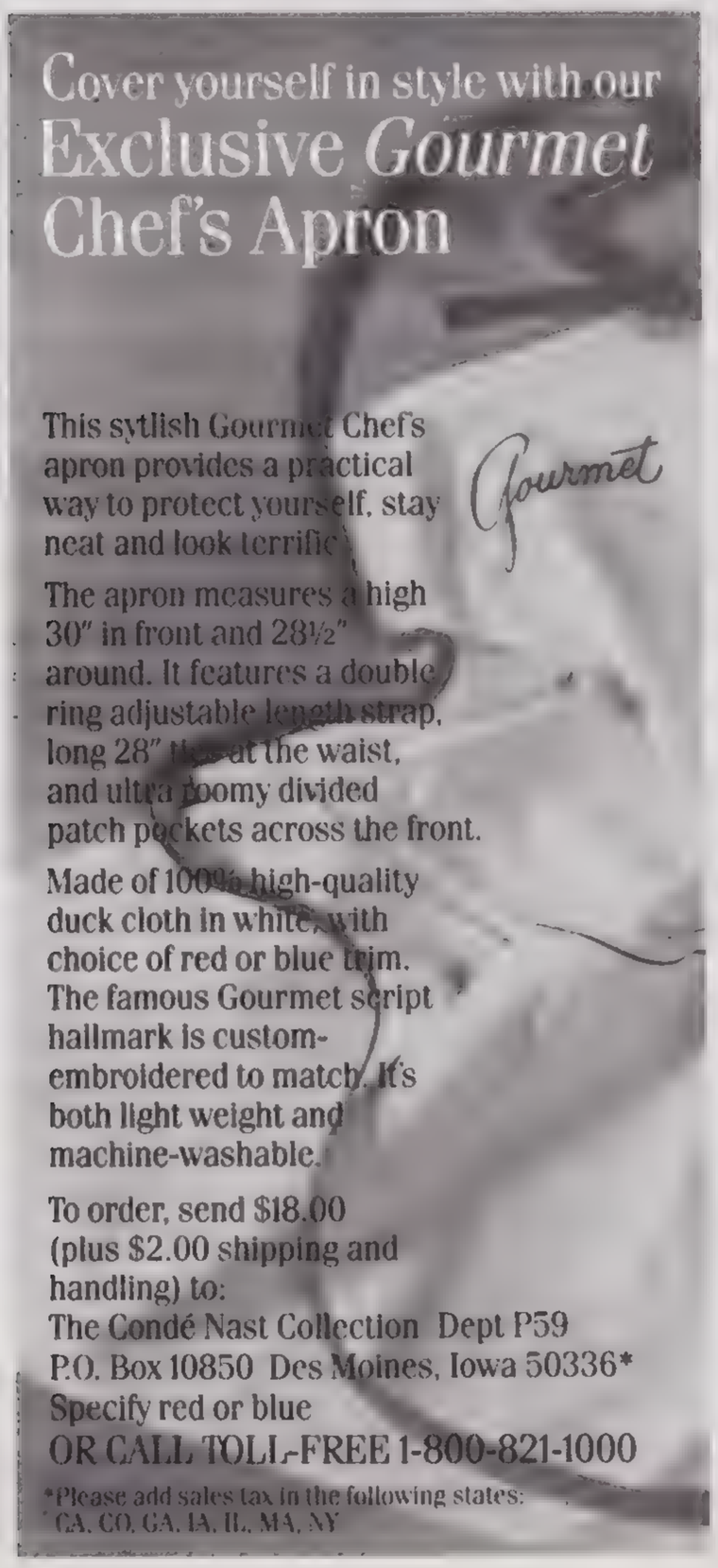

Images

brows. Brows reflect the character the actress is portraying, just as brows affect everyone's looks in real life. The new clear mascaras are perfect for shaping and holding brows in place." (The first—Max Factor's No Color Mascara. Other brow shapers: Chanel's Eyebrow Groomer, Guerlain's Eyebrow Pencil.)

"I am not surprised that brow makeup has become so important," says Michele O'Callaghan, who is now one of the makeup artists for *Saturday Night Live*, following her work with Michael Crawford in *The Phantom of the Opera*. "An eyebrow can be perceived as anything from criminal to compassionate. For *Phantom*, we disguised the one brow Michael showed to the audience, because the exposed brow represented the gentle, likable side of the phantom. Michael's natural brow comes off too strong, so every night we painted on a 'tender' brow."

On *Saturday Night Live*, O'Callaghan starts her work when most people are finishing theirs. "I'm used to working on faces at midnight, when there are often dark circles beneath the eyes. Today's eye shadows are transparent, easier to layer and blend. I can use them as concealers because colors can counteract one another. For example, a dark-blue circle under the eye can be camouflaged with an orange shadow, a purple circle with a yellow one." (New this month, Capture For Eyes by Christian Dior helps alleviate puffiness due to stress and fatigue.)

"The new clear mascaras are perfect for shaping and holding brows in place"

Eye shadows are changing. The pigments and talcs used are "coated" with silicones to ensure a smooth application and to preclude creasing, and so wear longer. The new Shadows Milano from Princess Marcella Borghese, which debut in April, look like the minerals you would probe in Geology 101. They actually protrude from the pan in crystal chunks. "It's a very new textural advancement," says Maria Corbiscello, director of creative marketing and product development for Princess Marcella Borghese. "A gemstone has height, depth. To create this in our Shadow Milano Quartetto, we split the shadow to show dimensional color."

Pick up an eyeliner today. The color is often so compacted that it can also be used as a shadow. Pencils look hard but work soft—like kohl but without the problem of smudging. Estée Lauder has introduced Signature Automatic Pencil For Eyes in eight shades. Lancôme's new state-of-the-art Liner Plume is a water-resistant, felt-tip pen for extra control.

The news in mascara is that it's so "hypo-hyper-anti-non-everything" that any foreseeable allergy-causing bacteria will be wiped out before the mascara's plastic seal is ever broken. Maybelline recently announced that all their mascaras (there are fourteen, including Great Lash, Expert Eyes, and Dial-a-Lash) are safe for sensitive eyes. Elizabeth Arden is introducing Two Brush Mascara, a double-ended mascara with one brush to lengthen and separate lashes and a smaller brush to define hard-to-reach corner lashes.

Today's eye makeup direction is toward one product with more than one purpose, whether it's a liner that works as a shadow, or a mascara that works for lashes as well as brows.

—COLLEEN SULLIVAN

(Images *continues, page 160)*

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art of the part

This spring, hairstyles are built around zigzag or arrow-straight lines

It was turn-fashion-on-its-ear time again for Jean Paul Gaultier. For spring '89, he showed satin-lingerie daywear, high-heeled sneakers, and fringed umbrellas. Sure to be just as prophetic were Gaultier's runway hairdos: New Wave cornrows created by Jean Louis David and his team of Paris stylists, who crisscrossed multiple partings and braids all over the models' heads. On one, six parts crossed the head from forehead to nape, with each section of parted hair woven into sculptural, scalp-hugging braids; leftover hair was gathered into a back ponytail.

Faux multiple parts also are showing up as funky street fashion in New York City: guys and girls decorate their heads with buzz-cut, close-to-the-scalp fake parts.

The flip side: Christian Lacroix's spring show, where models wore lanky, could-be-1960s hair, with a side or center part as its only ornamentation. It was a plain-Jane hairstyle, but it signaled a return to more polished, controlled hair, with the part acting as its backbone.

Armani styles the part: dead center with intricate back braids. Just as intricate: his beaded evening blouse Details, last pages.

A part can make a face look longer or shorter; make hair look fuller or thinner

The single, straight part is a changeless look for both sexes in conservative circles. It is epitomized by the men in the Ralph Lauren ads, who wear what might be called vintage *Masterpiece Theatre* hairstyles. *Nightline* newscaster Ted Koppel is stuck in history, too, with his 1960s side part.

Every head has a natural part, determined by the way the hair grows. Kenneth of New York City's Kenneth Salon has a method for finding that part: comb wet hair straight back. With palm of hand, push hair gently forward from the crown, and voilà! hair will break into its natural part. John Sahag of the John Sahag Salon in New York City has a technique to set a perfectly flat part in wet hair. Hold down the hair on both sides of the part with two fingers; use a blow dryer to dry hair in place. Of course, more fingers are needed for the multiple-part hairdo, à la Gaultier. ▽

(Images *continues, page 166)*

GUY MARINEAU

IN THE DARK ABOUT WHO'S LOWEST IN TAR AND NICOTINE?

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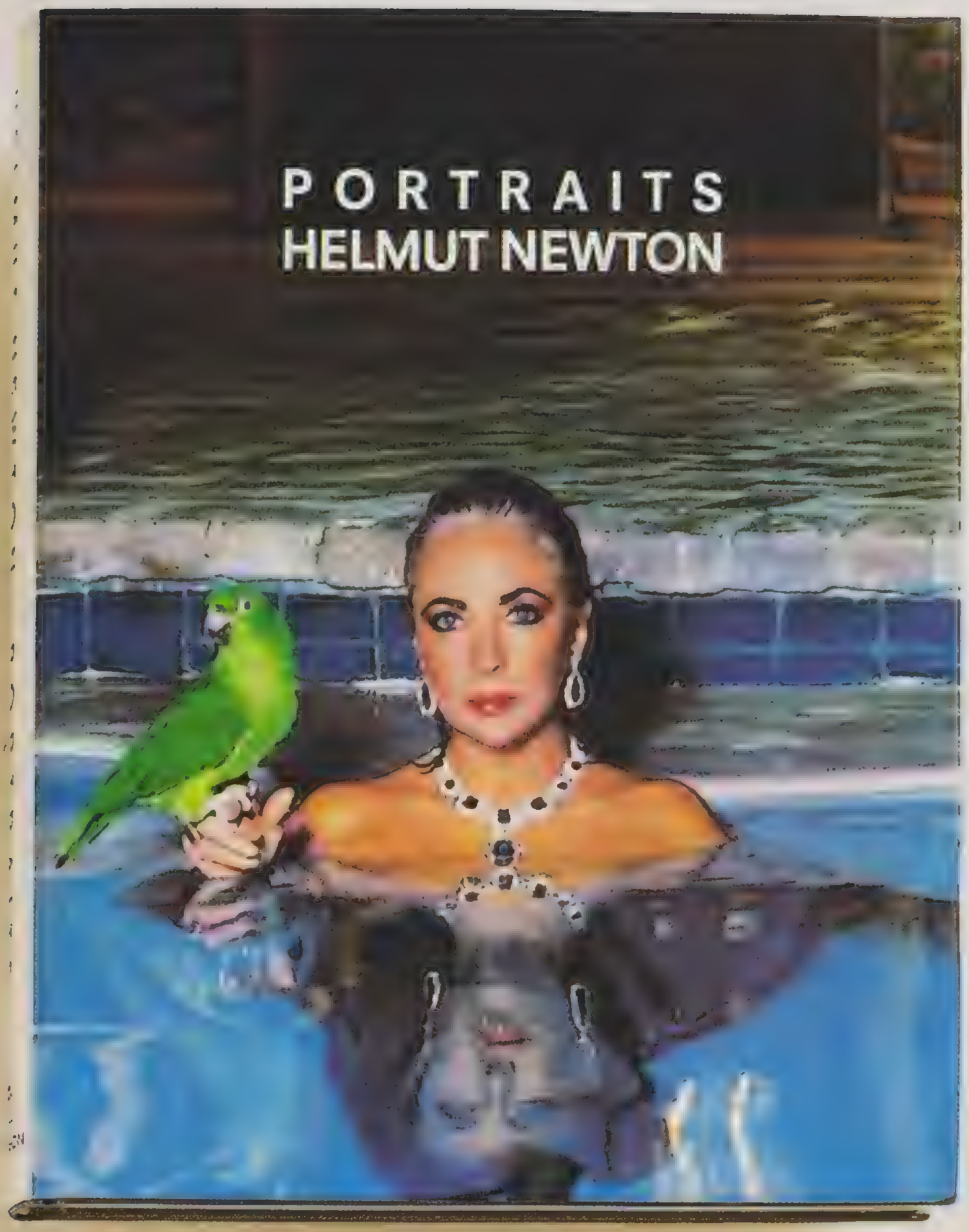

Margaux Hemingway bared. Paloma Picasso bored. Helmut Berger frontal. Grace Jones rear. Julian Schnabel starry-eyed. Raquel Welch attacked. David Lee Roth in chains. Sigourney Weaver in drag.

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active-duty skin care

Indoors and outdoors, skin can take a beating from the environment. Now, a new kind of help

The "canned air" of the workplace usually lacks humidity, can dry skin out just as thoroughly as frigid air outside. Geoffrey Beene navy jumpsuit; Barry Kieselstein-Cord gold decorated cuff bracelets; Mark Cross black handbag. Details, last pages.

"If you lived your whole life in a closet, the chances are you would have very nice skin. A very dull life. Very nice skin." Dermatologists Arnold W. Klein, M.D., and James H. Sternberg, M.D., were totally in accord on that point in *The Skin Book* (Macmillan), which they wrote together with author Paul Bernstein. That one quotation pretty much sums up how all light, but particularly sunlight, ages the skin.

Everyone has the same number of skin layers (unless there is a genetic malfunction), but fair people with light eyes tend to have more transparent layers than those with dark skin/dark eyes. So the fair, thinner-skinned tend to wrinkle faster, because they have less natural defense against the elements.

Wrinkle patterns may be inherited, but their visibility depends on the amount of time your skin is exposed to the elements without any protection

Wrinkle patterns may be passed from one generation to the next, but the degree your skin wrinkles depends on your lifestyle and, in particular, the amount of time your skin is exposed without protection to the environment—primarily sun but also wind, cold, pollution, and the often seesawing difference between outdoor and indoor temperatures.

It's been estimated by the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) that Americans spend up to 90 percent of their time indoors, much of it in the "canned air" of the workplace where heating and cooling systems don't usually provide any humidity control. Gary L. Grove, Ph.D., director of Philadelphia's Skin Study Center, describes the average office as "a hostile environment for the skin, particularly in winter when skin is at its most vulnerable and sensitive.

"After only a few hours of low humidity, skin, an interchanging membrane, totally responsive to whatever environment it encounters, starts to harden and lose flexibility. Ultrasonic cold-water humidifiers help; so does keeping plants in the office and spraying them from time to time. Obviously, moisturizers are important. After a few hours in the office, a moisturizer can even be applied over makeup to slow the transepidermal moisture loss. Better still, in humectant form, a moisturizer will attract any moisture in the atmosphere

(Continues, *page 170*)

WAYNE MASER. Hair by Kevin Mancuso, makeup by Bobbi Brown

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TOP LOOKS 89

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to your skin and nowhere else. Let the furniture suffer."

It makes sense for those who work in such environments and who are predisposed to dryness to take advantage of the new skin-care artillery aimed at the weather and the world your skin has to live in. In the space of a few months, all the leading companies have introduced or are about to introduce powerful new moisturizers to help defend the skin in its daily battle against the elements. Late last year, Estée Lauder presented Skin Defender, a major offensive against "the onslaught of irritants, chemicals from pollution, wind and sun" and also (a first) a desensitizer with a new, patented chemical chain to help block out the major allergies skin is subject to. Walter Smith, Ph.D., senior vice president of research and development for Estée Lauder, Inc., adds weight to the story, telling the beauty press that only about 20 percent of visible aging is chronological; 80 percent is environmental.

Lancaster's Competence and Clinique's Moisture Surge came next: the former, a regime of five products formulated in Europe; the latter, a home-grown, high-tech product that delivers moisture to the skin, which retains it to a degree once thought impossible.

Take advantage of new skin-care artillery to give skin a better defense against the weather

Biotherm runs a state-of-the-art skin, scalp, and body spa beside the Atlantic Ocean in Deauville, France, and carries out on-the-spot surveys among its health-conscious clientele. The results, they say, get translated eventually into new product ideas. One of them, Réducteur Rides (Wrinkle Smoother), arrives here this month—to help reduce and prevent premature lines caused by exposure to the environment. "We're not saying it's a cure. We are saying it's a reliever," says Dr. Lucien Aubert, who heads Biotherm's research and development.

Already this year, Shiseido and Elizabeth Arden have released major new moisture salvos. Shiseido's Bio-Performance goes to work with twin Bio-Capsules; Elizabeth Arden's Micro 2000 Stressed Skin Concentrate uses microscopic moisture particles that are two thousand times smaller than those used in conventional moisturizers and thus faster and more efficient, says Gary Dugan, Ph.D., Arden's senior vice president, research and development.

Next month, Ultima II promises The Moisturizer. In April, after intensive research, Chanel will introduce Hydra-Système, which, again, not only adds moisture more efficiently but has the ability to stay put through a twelve-hour working day.

Amplitude? No, Plénitude is the name of L'Oréal's first venture into skin care, now being test-marketed but available across the country by next fall. A line of straightforward skin care, it starts with a fresh, water-soluble cleanser and ends with, you've guessed it—a Wrinkle Defense Cream.

Do they work? The sophisticated testing methods now used by the cosmetics industry produce a never-ending flow of statistics and comparison studies—"before and after use"—to prove they definitely make a difference.

What you have to remember is the *purpose* of these new products: resistance to damage, not retrieval. **—SHIRLEY LORD**

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FOR SOFT, SILKY GLAMOUR. Use Mink Difference Liquid Stylizer on wet hair and comb into place. Blow-dry with round brush, directing dryer to base of hair for shape and fullness. Apply Mink Difference Gel at roots, for added height. Spritz on Mink Difference Hair Spray all over, for a soft hold that lasts all day.

FOR SOFT, SILKY ROMANCE. Apply Mink Difference Mousse for body and fullness. While blow-drying, finger-fluff hair to achieve an airy look. When dry, use Mink Difference Gel and fingers to redirect wisps of hair in desired directions.

The Mink Difference® Styling Collection.

Images

hair answers:

Keeping color-treated hair healthy, soft, manageable

Although haircoloring products have improved enormously in recent years—offering many more shades than Mother Nature provides—women still have two nagging questions: is it really possible to color your hair without harming its health? How can one ensure really natural-looking results?

Haircolor vs. hair health

Whether colored hair can be as healthy as virgin hair depends on the type of color you use. Semipermanent haircolors do not chemically change the hair shaft, so are thought not to damage hair. "But once you change hair color permanently, there is always some degree of damage," says David Cannell, Ph.D., Redken's group vice president of International and Product Concepts Worldwide. "All permanent haircolors contain peroxide in their developers; and peroxide weakens hair structure, making it drier, prone to breakage. Hair lighteners tend to be harsher than darker haircolors because they contain more alkali to accelerate the bleaching action. Hair frosting and bleaches are especially alkaline."

The verdict? To color hair and keep it soft and easy to manage, choose haircolor with as little peroxide as possible. At-home haircolor is about 3 to 6 percent peroxide; salon color ranges from 2 to 12 percent peroxide.

Conditioning colored hair

Keep in mind that the more you deviate from your natural hair color, the more you need to condition your hair. Other tips: when combing wet hair, use a wide-toothed comb, working from the ends up, back toward the roots to minimize damage. When dry, use a brush with round-ended bristles.

Today, many at-home coloring kits (Clairol's Ultress, Clairol's Nice 'n Easy) are already packaged with conditioners meant to be used immediately after coloring. "Some of these conditioners are especially formulated to take advantage of the fact that hair is negatively charged after coloring," says John Corbett, Ph.D., vice president of technology for Clairol. "The conditioners are positively charged to adhere to the hair more easily, and so protect it better. If a woman waits a day or more to apply conditioner, she'll find that it won't work as well. Use right after coloring."

Keeping hair natural-looking

For the most natural-looking results, never go more than two or three shades away from your natural color.

When touching up already colored hair, to avoid compounding damage, try highlighting. When not all strands are colored, a colorist can apply solution only to virgin strands. This minimizes damage, makes for less obvious regrowth at the roots, too.

If all-out color is preferred, make sure only roots are touched up. Never try to correct a color mistake yourself. "When coloring gray hair, most women try to *cover* the gray rather than blending gray with hair color," says Dr. Cannell.

"They usually choose a darker shade than they really need, resulting in a one-color matte look—very unnatural since no hair is one color. A better idea: choose a color one shade lighter than natural hair. This blends better, doesn't look flat, brightens hair."

—LAURA FLYNN McCARTY

(Images *continues, page 176*)

HAIR THAT HOLDS LIKE THIS

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I can't resist making waves. Or flirting with curls that won't quit. But I still want hair touchably soft and silky. They say the natural mink oil in Mink Difference® products turns up the holding power. I'm no scientist, but I do know there's less of what makes hair sticky and stiff. More of what makes it look and feel irresistibly soft and silky.

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beauty answers:

Getting and maintaining a good manicure

Nail products: how many do you really need?

By the time a woman exits a nail salon today, her nails may have more layers than Fergie's wedding cake. Does she need that base coat, hardener, ridge filler, strengthener, growth treatment, and top coat? Help! As new nail treatments become widespread, so can corresponding nail problems.

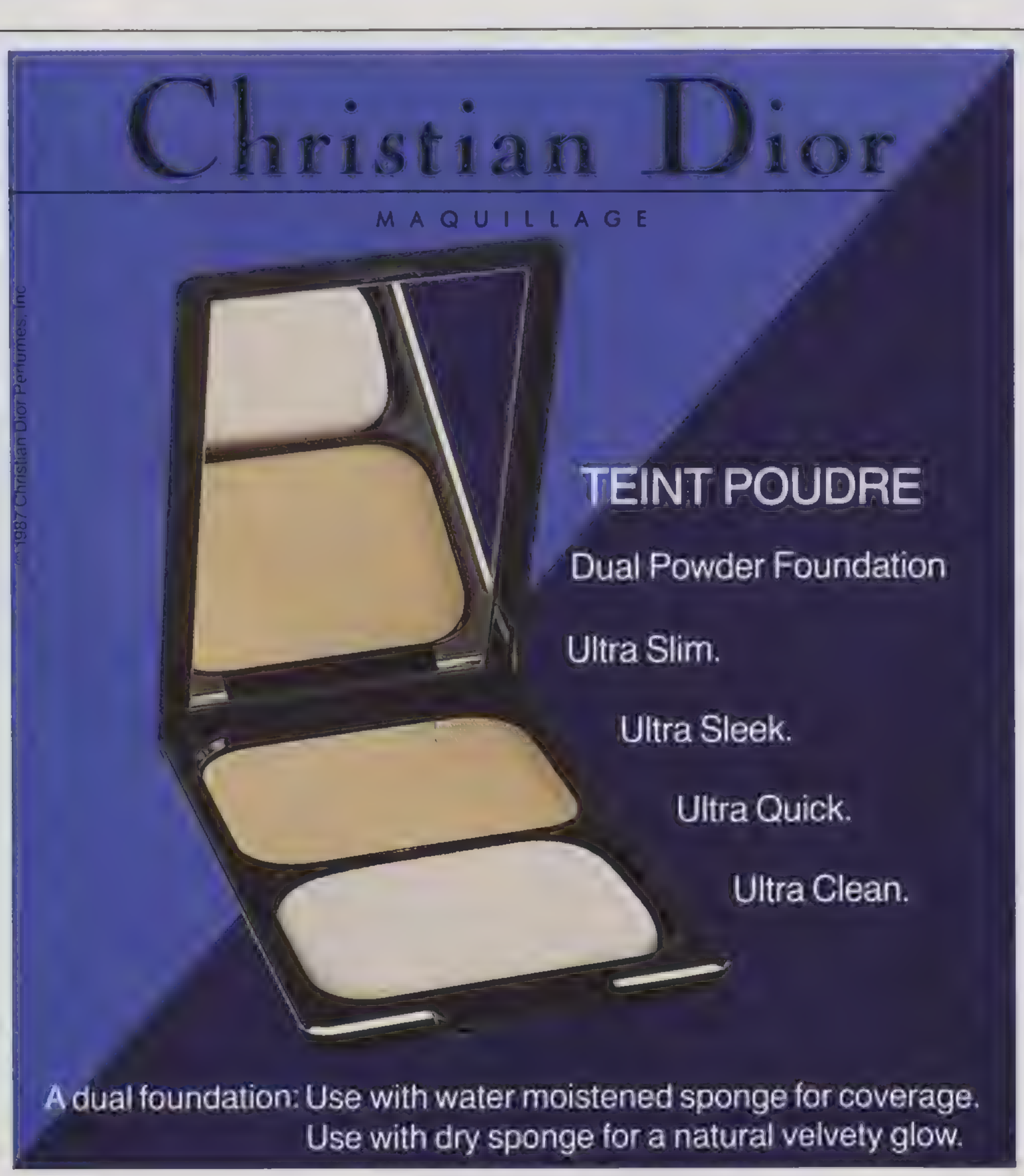
Of course, it depends on the nails concerned. What makes a good manicure? "A base coat, two coats of enamel, and a top coat," says Valarie Mazzotti, marketing vice president of Cosmyl, which offers a nail line of more than one hundred items and runs nail clinics in major department stores across the country. Too many coats of polish can make a manicure less durable than too few, because the nail polish peels off more readily. Be wary: many women overapply pale polish to achieve an opaque look; this can be counterproductive. It's better to use one slightly deeper shade on top of the first pale coat.

"To extend a manicure's life," says Mazzotti, "reapply a touch of top coat every other night, dabbing a bit under the nail edge to help prevent chipping. A professional manicure should take a minimum of forty-five minutes and last at least seven to ten days."

Nail procedures: unexpected reactions

Nail wrapping is an increasingly popular procedure. The linen strip used either to elongate or provide a totally new nail shape is harmless, but doctors report that there is an increase in allergies to the glues used in the technique. "The glues contain the allergen ethyl cyanoacrylate. When newly wrapped nails are filed, the resulting nail dust can go into eyes, on hands, causing a rash," says Donald Belsito, M.D., associate professor of dermatology at New York University Medical School.

Artificial nail tips can provide an environment for other nail infections. Because the nail tip is applied to the end of the natural nail, manicurists often lift the natural nail too far off the nail bed, allowing entry of bacteria under the nail. Overzealous cleaning causes the same problems.



Hand care: beyond the manicure

Even busy women may indulge in a hand treatment, such as a warm paraffin dip or a black lava exfoliation, which acts like a "hand lift," removing dead skin, softening calluses. Both treatments are available at the new Cosmyl Spa Institute in Coral Gables, Florida. "Hand calluses have become common as women spend more time writing, typing, and using computers," says Valarie Mazzotti of Cosmyl.

Does moisturizing help nails? Yes and no. Says Donald Belsito, M.D., of New York University Medical School, "Water in nails is so tightly bonded with calcium that it can't be removed or added to; but daily moisturizing can help prevent calluses and hangnails."

—LAURA FLYNN McCARTY

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Fitness

By Dorothy Schefer

The latest in at-home fitness equipment is the lightweight, portable, scaled-down rowing machine, such as this one from Precor (about $250).

no-frills fitness

Less is more as experts struggle to keep exercisers going

"Boring." "Hate it." "Takes too much time." Ask someone if they exercise and that's what you'll hear. Yet diet and exercise are still *the* topics at cocktail and dinner parties. People exchange the names of private trainers the way they once traded stock tips. Everyone's interested in exercise. And we spend the money to prove it. But one thing none of us wants to spend on exercise is too much time.

Enter the concept of pared-down fitness: exercise that is fast, easy, simple to do—and minimizes boredom. "Most people tend to overtrain at the start of a fitness program; they think they have to do more than they really need to to become fit," admits Dan Isaacson of Winning Results, Los Angeles.

New fitness thinking now suggests a more basic, less complicated approach. Experts now promote walking as the exercise for the modern age. Isaacson claims walking significantly improves aerobic capacity within four to six weeks and says a beginner need spend no more than forty-five minutes three times a week, with five to fifteen minutes devoted to warm-ups and cooling down. Who can't find *that* kind of time?

Another strategy to maximize exercise time/results is to work out at home with a machine that provides resistance, increases strength as well as aerobic fitness. Isaacson thinks the days of overly equipped home gyms are over. "Because of equipment changes and innovations, most machine models are substantially improved within five years of purchase. No one," he says, "should feel they need to spend more than fifteen hundred dollars on a home gym."

The equipment he now recommends: 1) a flat bench (to use for weight work; about $80); 2) a light set of dumbbells (three to fifteen pounds) for toning muscle; 3) stretching charts (he likes those in *Stretching*, by Bob Anderson, Random House/Shelter Publications, $9.95); and 4) an inexpensive, compact aerobics machine, such as a stationary bike or treadmill.

These new machines—from exercise entrepreneurs such as Tunturi and Monarch—are smaller, lightweight, more efficient. They can be stored out of the way, don't take up too much room, and can even fold up for travel. With their new technology (using aircraft-quality aluminum) and modern approach (industrial designers now put clunky flywheels under the seat), they've left big guns like Nautilus behind.

The new high-tech stationary bikes and rowing machines—smaller, lighter, more efficient—have left big guns like Nautilus behind

Of course, the biggest obstacle to exercise is motivation. One thing is sure: overdoing kills one's enthusiasm as well as one's body. One answer is to distract oneself from the aerobic task at hand, e.g., walking, stationary biking/rowing. (This only applies to aerobic exercise; resistance/weight work demands attention to avoid injury.) Read, listen to music, watch TV. It's where the Era of Exercise and the Age of Communication come together. ▽ ("Fitness" *continues, page 186*)

CHRISTOPHER MICAUD. Hair and makeup, Sandra Bocas for Benjamin Salon; Robert Mannino unitard; Armando Pollini Design shoes, Precor rowing machine from The Fitness Source, Inc. Details, last pages

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pumping rubber

The low-tech alternative to pumping iron is the latest fitness movement

In pursuit of easier ways of keeping fit, exercisers—and experts—have discovered fitness's newest toy: rubber bands. Like weights, rubber bands provide added resistance; and they get results. Based on a physical-therapy technique, rubber-band workouts make muscles work harder than they would on their own, but not as hard as with free weights. Their real value, however, may be in their portability and low price.

Not only do rubber bands add intensity to regular stretch/strengthen routines, they also provide *negative* as well as positive resistance. "When you stretch a rubber band during a biceps curl, you pull against the band's elasticity," explains Fred Daniels of NYC's Sports Training Institute. "As you bring the arm back down, the band makes you do it faster, providing negative resistance. A dumbbell doesn't do that nearly as effectively."

Should everyone trade in free weights for rubber bands? Not necessarily. The intensity of a rubber-band workout depends on how far an elastic is stretched, which makes it difficult for an exerciser to measure progress. But for travelers and beginners, it's the exercise of choice.

Portable, pared down, and inexpensive, rubber bands stretch and tone muscles without adding bulk.

Stretch strategies

VIDEOS

- **Kathy Smith's ToneUp.** Comes with coupon for free Diversified Products Resistance Bands. ($14.95)
- **Pumping Rubber.** SPRI Products Inc. fitness director David Essel uses exercise elastics that come with the tape. ($24.95)

RUBBER BANDS

- **Dyna-Bands** (or Thera-Bands) come in four strengths. $6.95 for the set. Fitness Wholesale, Inc. (800/537-5512)
- **Quik-Fit's** rubber tubing is sports-specific. $9.95-$29.95. Advantage Health and Fitness. (800/548-TONE)
- **Lifeline International's** latex exercise elastics are color-coded according to intensity. $19.95-$23.95. (800/553-6633)

JACKIE NICKERSON. Hair and makeup, Sandra Bocas for Benjamin salon; Robert Mannino T-shirt, Barysh nikov Bodywear pants, L A Gear shoes. Details, last pages

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RALPH LAUREN

COUNTRY

People are talking about...

By Tracy Young

Writers In San Francisco, drinking and driving don't mix, but recently twelve streets were renamed after local artists and authors, some of whom had been cited for writing while intoxicated. To help celebrate City Lights Bookstore's thirty-fifth anniversary, Monroe Street was changed to Dashiell Hammett Street, and other thoroughfares now bear the names of **Jack Kerouac,** Jack London, William Saroyan, etc. . . . New York City has its own unique literary heritage—like the headlines in the *Post*. And if media mavens worried that the new editor, Jane Amsterdam, late of *Manhattan, Inc.*, would up-scale the beloved **sleaze,** they were right. The great tradition of KHADAFY HUNTS REAGAN'S KIDS, MODEL KILLED BY CROCODILE, and KILLER CADDY RAMS K-MART is now herstory. So much for type-casting. . . . Is **David Letterman** really planning a series of "Stupid Poet Tricks"? . . .

Bad guys What's been bugging computers lately? MacPlaymate, a **porno** computer program that allows the user to manipulate a cartoon woman in grossly explicit ways, has been causing a furor—and not only among women. MacroMind, the Chicago company whose **animation** technology enabled MacPlaymate to be developed—without MacroMind's consent—reached an agreement forcing the program's creator to donate part of the profits to the Chicago Abused Women Coalition. And *Playboy* magazine, whose motives were possibly less pristine, requested that the final "e" be dropped from MacPlaymate's name. None of which has stopped MacPlaymat from being what one industry expert called "probably the most often pirated" program around. . . . America is not the only place where **religious** fanatics would like to silence certain writers. In India, Moslem leaders have banned Salman Rushdie's new book, an epic drama of good and evil called *The Satanic Verses,* which Viking Penguin will publish here this month. . . . "She's been trampled and stepped on so many times/And I hate to admit it but the last footprint's mine." Those lines from an Eddie Rabbitt tune could be sung by **George Bush** to the American farmer—or the Montana rancher, who began growing pot in an attempt to bail out his spread. Maybe the battle cry of the nineties should be: "Legalize pot and save the family farm." . . .

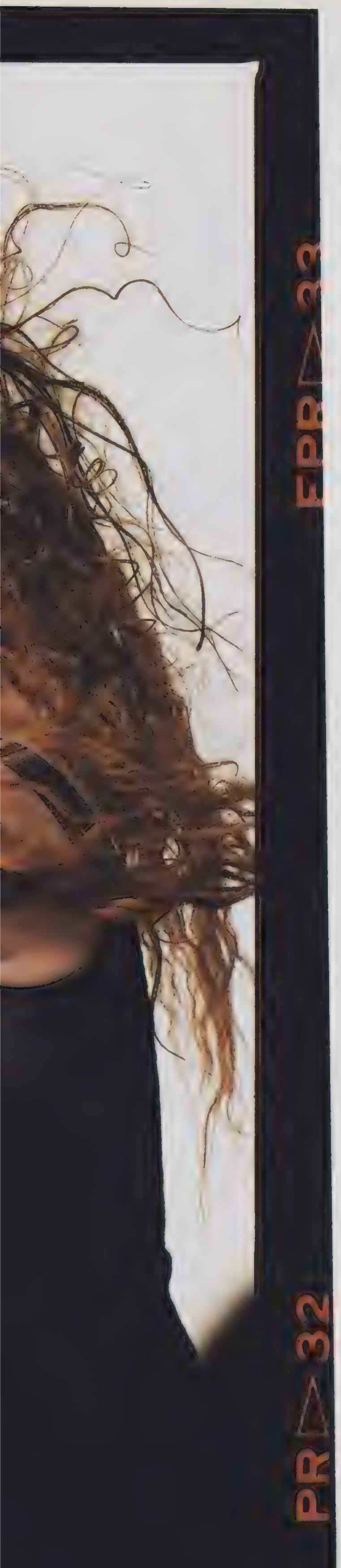
Hot stuff Ralph Lauren's isn't the only vision of **cowboy couture**—it's just the tamest. Country/western stars have long been partial to Manuel, who made Johnny Cash "the man in black," designed the marijuana plants on Gram Parson's jacket, and created the costumes for Linda Ronstadt's **Canciones de Mi Padre** tour. **Manuel,** who started off working for Nudie, the Hollywood rodeo tailor, went solo in 1974; now he's embarking on a joint venture with Dwight Yoakam—DY Westernwear by Manuel—and their first project will be a three hundred dollar version of Yoakam's California Jacket. . . . **Roy Orbison's** untimely death last December came hard-on-the-heels of one of pop music's most inspired comebacks, a fertile period beginning with *Blue Velvet* and right on through his latest guise as one of The Traveling Wilburys. This month, Virgin Records will release Roy's solo album of all new material. . . . The hottest actor around these days is not Johnny Depp—it's **Michael Gambon,** who played the scrofulous hero of PBS's *The Singing Detective*. Gambon can also be seen this spring in *Paris by Night,* David Hare's new film that costars the feral Charlotte Rampling. . . .

Trends One of the best pieces of writing of late in the *New Yorker* was a sketch by humorist Mark O'Donnell, which turned out not to be a piece, per se, but an ad! O'Donnell's contribution was part of a campaign developed for the World Financial Center by Drenttel Doyle Partners—a series of two-color **ads** featuring original photographs and essays about the city by such writers as Dana Gioia, Guy Martin, and Jamaica Kincaid. . . . While Stephen Hawking's book, *A Brief History of Time,* is the best-seller that no one can read, **science fiction,** which has always been readable, is enjoying a boost in respectability . . . . Robert Mapplethorpe's retrospective at NYC's Whitney Museum carried the warning: "This exhibition contains material that may be considered inappropriate for children." Now that his work has moved to Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art, people are beginning to realize that what's shocking is not **Mapplethorpe's** daring sexual imagery, but his clear message that we've come to the end of an era. . . .

People are squawking about Cultural Guilt. (Why else would anyone sit through fourteen hours of performance art at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—unless it was to rub bare shoulders with BAM bigwig **Bianca Jagger?**) . . . People who refer in hushed tones to "the planet." After all, you can save the environment without destroying the language. . . . The **smoking ban** in restaurants and office buildings that has driven smokers into the streets to menace pedestrians along with the bike messengers and crack entrepreneurs. . . . Neil Simon's *Rumors,* which is so lacking in real laughs it could give **Norman Cousins** a relapse. . . .

freeing the slaves of New York

Merchant/Ivory trades in the beaux arts for bohemia



Did anyone escape slaves of New York? "I read one of the stories in *The New Yorker*," says James Ivory. "But I had no idea they'd been collected and become a best-seller. I'm not often aware of such things—best-sellers and so on." In his long-standing partnership with producer Ismail Merchant, Ivory has been best known for filming respectful adaptations of turn-of-the-century classics—*A Room with a View, The Bostonians, Maurice, The Europeans*. Elegantly appointed and untroubled by urgency, they describe a world almost perfectly at odds with the neurotic bohemia of Tama Janowitz's short stories.

The surprise of *Slaves of New York*, which opens next month, is that this mismatch works. Compressing most of the book into a series of plots and subplots, the movie embroils its principal characters—Eleanor (the slave), Stash (the artist), and Daria (the groupie)—in a loopy tale of art, ambition, and overpriced real estate. Bernadette Peters plays Eleanor as a wide-eyed innocent. Unloved by her artist boyfriend but unable to afford her own apartment, she wanders through downtown Manhattan in a kind of disengaged stupor. Though not quite the tragic heroine that the stories sometimes strove to create, she is a natural magnet for the movie's sideshow attractions: the weirdos, beatniks, and opportunists who populate the New York underground. Unburdened by a hipster's insight into this milieu, Ivory shapes the scenes with an amused (or bemused) detachment, playing up the script's deadpan humor and adding a sardonic spin to the sharper lines.

The movie embroils its characters in a loopy tale of art, ambition, and overpriced real estate

And the movie is unexpectedly sardonic. "These people may lead chaotic lives, but in fact they're quite conventional," Ivory adds. "It's a principally middle-class, and upper-middle-class, world of very self-absorbed young people whose poverty is more of a style than a reality. They're part of a highly privileged class." The movie implies that they need to be: its representation of downtown art and fashion is merciless. And, following a decade of overexposure and hype, somewhat refreshing. Rather than composing an elegy to New York's bohemia, *Slaves of New York* may have written its epitaph. —JAMES TRUMAN

(Movies *continues, page 198*)

The stars, left to right: Adam Coleman Howard as Stash, Bernadette Peters as Eleanor, and Madeleine Potter as Daria

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in brief

Nolte, Short, and Sarah Doroff in *Three Fugitives*

John Patrick Shanley and Norman Jewison, the writer and director respectively of *Moonstruck*, reunite for **January Man**, a serial-killer thriller set in Manhattan. Shanley gives Kevin Kline, a rebel cop, dialogue that might sink a battleship, and Susan Sarandon costars in her familiar role of glassy-eyed temptress . . . Sammy Davis, Jr., has a confusing role in **Tap**; he walks with a cane, but hoofs like a rutting goat. In the first and probably last movie ever to combine tap and rap, Gregory Hines stars as an ex-con who redeems his past by tap-dancing to a drum-machine. "For my next film," says Hines, "I'm looking for a bad-guy role—a real sick pervert." . . . When high-school budget cuts threaten the annual sing—a talent competition among New York schools—a dancing Vinnie Barbarino saves the day. Ostensibly set in Brooklyn, **Sing** was actually shot in Toronto, and the Canadian actors have a surprisingly hard time with the accent. *Fame* revisited, it's another movie about singing, dancing, and trendy clothes . . . **The Chocolate War** takes itself so seriously, the viewer is compelled to do the same, and the cruel pranks played by a secret fraternity at a Catholic high school assume the enormity of a Nazi uprising. This beautifully bleak film marks the feature directorial debut of actor Keith Gordon, who starred in *Christine* and *Back to School* . . . Nick Nolte plays a bank robber trying to go straight; Martin Short, a desperate wimp trying to rob a bank. The two wind up partners in crime in **Three Fugitives**, the first Hollywood movie by French writer/director Francis Veber (*Les Compères*). Regarding the differences between French and American comedy, Veber notes that "*wimp* is a key word in America. In Europe, it's OK to be a wimp; a man can be weak and charming at the same time." . . . Working Title, the company behind *My Beautiful Laundrette* and *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*, has produced another innovative film. In **Paperhouse**, a young girl's doodles come to life in her dreams, then the dreams themselves turn real. Although films that blur fantasy with reality are common enough, **Paperhouse** stands alone due to its eerie look and wonderfully uncute performances. ▽

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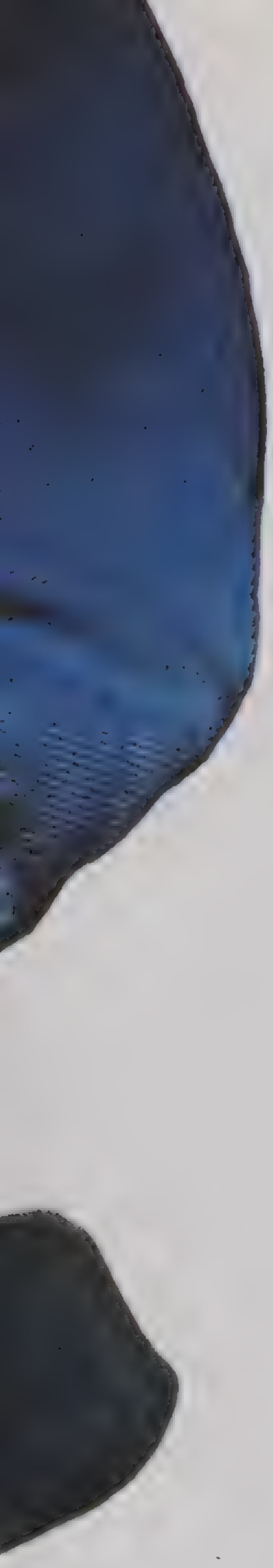

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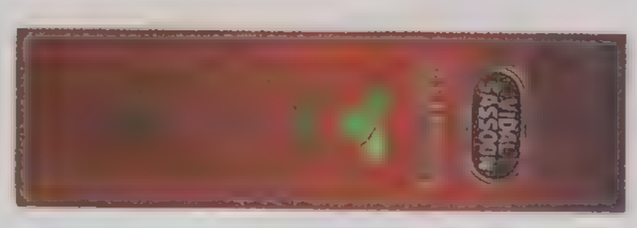

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hare apparent

On the stage and on the screen, David Hare concentrates his rage. RHODA KOENIG pays her respects

"I now belong to the bourgeoisie," says David Hare. "Don't I?" One can understand his perplexity. The son of a purser on a P & O liner ("one of those islands of prewar life"), Hare now has a nice little house in a prosperous corner of London and a nice big reputation as a playwright who relentlessly torpedoes the ship of state. New York theatergoers who enjoyed *Plenty*, Hare's dazzling panorama of postwar spiritual famine in Britain, can look forward to *The Secret Rapture* later this year, a more vehement attack on life under Thatcher. In it, a drunk asks for a job from a woman who replies, "Don't be ridiculous. I'm in the Conservative party."

When *Paris by Night* opens this spring, moviegoers will also get to experience Hare's scrutiny of social and political relationships. Though romantically titled, the film explores a subject he knows Britons, much less Americans, won't die to see—the European Economic Community. "I have this perverse attraction to subjects that bore people stiff," he explains. Michael Gambon of *The Singing Detective* stars with Charlotte Rampling, who plays a member of the European Parliament who "gets out of control during a weekend when events in her past overtake her."

Hare's next film, *Strapless*—still in the works—stars Blair Brown as an American doctor residing in London, whose life is transformed by a romance with a stranger. "Whenever Hollywood wants to go all art, I'm the bloke," says Hare, sighing that people *will* keep asking him to film *The Plague* or the life of Eugene O'Neill. "Why," he asks poignantly, "do they never offer me a teenage motor picture?"

Hare punctuates his smooth remarks with terribly self-assured laughter. A critic friend has described him as "someone who writes as if he knows he's good looking," and the confident air of the attractive elite does cling to him. He lightly dismisses the contradiction, though it's one he might batter people for in his plays. At the time of the opening of *Pravda* (Hare's 1985 satire on the misdeeds of the British press), he was doing his best to thwart press freedom by contributing to the defense fund of an actress who sued a critic for saying her bottom was too big. Charlotte Cornwell was awarded nearly twenty thousand dollars to soothe her vanity.

"I have this perverse attraction to subjects that bore people stiff," says Hare

Hare now concedes that "if you're a writer, you have to be a libertarian." Then does he think he was wrong? "Well," he smiles benignly, "I think Charlotte was doing it for all of us." A pause and then some more propitiatory laughter. "It's very hard to say."

At the beginning of *Pravda*, a journalist says she has returned from California because "I wanted to be cold and wet again. . . . I'd had too much optimism. Too many dazzling salads." Hare also feels that an English writer shouldn't spend too much time in the sun: that ambience determines the art forms a country encourages. In repressed, privacy-conscious Britain, he says, people welcome the chance to assemble with hundreds of strangers and get turned on in the dark. If the theater in England supplies what society lacks, Hare believes that the novel in America does the same. "The public voices in America are all hucksters' voices. The way to be serious in America is to do so in private."

Hare is disturbed by the silence, or even the sycophancy, of many British writers on political questions. His film *Paris by Night* originated, he says, in his feelings about the obsequious response of some intellectuals to Margaret Thatcher. "In return for access to the drawing room at 10 Downing Street, they were willing to say anything—pumping out propaganda for her. I've always felt," he says, not laughing for once, "that in this country it's a fight to the death." ▽

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evening standards

Sham or shaman? Cassandra Wilson's light blues divide the jazz world

Just as Wynton Marsalis came into his own by reimagining the cool jazz of Miles Davis and the hard bop of Freddie Hubbard, Cassandra Wilson is redefining the role of the jazz singer—rethinking the early work of Betty Carter and Nina Simone and adding a sassy twist to their phrasing. Wilson's recent performances and her new collection of standards, *Blue Skies*, have noisily divided New York's jazz community. Some see her as The Future, others as a sham: a sure sign that something interesting is going on.

Wilson reaches out to an audience, but not too far

Wilson is a cool, elegant singer with a rich contralto and sinuous phrasing. She stays on the surface of songs; but when she chooses classics with real shape, she lets you see every inch of them.

"The earliest music I remember listening to was jazz," she says, "Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk, Nancy Wilson, Sarah Vaughan. That was down in Mississippi, in Jackson. My father's a musician, and I always enjoyed listening to the records he'd play." After earning a degree in mass communications in New Orleans, she worked both in TV and rhythm and blues. Then, in 1982, she moved to Manhattan and almost immediately fell in with some of the jazz avant-garde's finest players. Her work with saxophonist Steve Coleman on his albums and on her own earlier recordings is a heady mix of funk, fusion, and reggae that is sometimes exhilarating, sometimes bewildering in the sheer scope of its ambition. Though seemingly more traditional in scope, *Blue Skies* is her most accomplished and adventurous work to date. "I had always wanted to do a whole album of standards," she says. "In some ways, this one is very traditional. But then when you listen to it, it is . . . and then it isn't. You know?" Listen to how she moves through "I've Grown Accustomed to His Face," delicately flatting the ends of lines, breathing with the song just like a horn player, finding the pulse inside herself. Where Charlie Parker turned melodies on their heads and made the change fall out of their pockets, Wilson simply tilts the melodies, getting them to shine from a different angle. There is no trace of Billie Holiday's dark nightclub of the soul; the readings never get too deep, but her phrasing is consistently thoughtful and original.

She also has the good sense to trust the material (not a bad idea with Rodgers and Hammerstein, Irving Berlin, and Johnny Mercer). Though she leaves her accompanists ample room, Wilson is the whole show, gliding through "Sweet Lorraine," putting a tight spin on "Shall We Dance," or scatting through a nervy "I Didn't Know What Time It Was." Like the best actors, she reaches out to an audience, but not too far. She makes an audience come to her. Even better, she makes them *want* to come to her. —**BRIAN CULLMAN**

in brief

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, *Tender Prey* (Mute/Enigma) Like a nihilistic Tom Waits, or maybe a violent Leonard Cohen, Nick Cave has rewritten himself as one of rock music's last romantic figures. Backed by the Bad Seeds' spare, amateur blues, he growls his most vivid tales of self-annihilation.

***A Tribute to John Coltrane, Blues for Coltrane* (MCA Impulse)** Led by pianist McCoy Tyner and saxophonists Pharoah Sanders and David Murray, Coltrane's disciples take liberties with his canon, tempering the anger and hope of 'Trane's sixties jazz with the fractious frustration of eighties jazz. Which is probably just what the master would have liked.

Anthony Braxton, *Six Monk's Compositions (1987)* (Black Saint) The discipline of this exercise plays into alto saxophonist Braxton's academic rigor, but Thelonious Monk's tunes allow him to be surprisingly emotional, not to mention accessible. The underrated pianist Mal Waldron lends ace support.

Lambert Orkis, *Gottschalk* (ND 033) The New Orleans composer/pianist Louis Moreau Gottschalk was a world-wide idol in the mid-1800s. Using the tunes and rhythms of the Caribbean and the American South, he played with a technique regarded the equal of Chopin's. The recital by Lambert Orkis captures a sound close to what Gottschalk's own audiences heard. It glitters like ten thousand rhinestones—the very *best* rhinestones. —**JOHN LELAND and DAVID DANIEL**

(Music *continues, page 211*)

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alessandra the great

Emerging out of nowhere, Alessandra Marc is opera's newest star

Alessandra Marc has the most beautiful voice in the world. When she is silent, that's an opinion; she sings, and it is fact.

Audiences may be a bit nonplussed when she walks onstage in her voluminous emerald-green gown and gold pumps. Though a handsome woman, she is large even by the traditional standards of opera singers. Her initial impact is as striking as it is disconcerting.

But then there is the voice. The sound emanates as a phosphorescence suspended in the air a few feet in front of her face. It swells, filling the hall with a luminous cloud of powdered gold and silver. Any doubts from the audience have vanished, for she has succeeded beyond impediment—beyond imagining. And if she weighed an ounce less than she does, the ovation she receives would plaster her to the back wall of the auditorium. Hers is the triumph that stills the critical tongue. She is a star.

Marc is creating excitement in the operatic world, first because she has the rarest type of female voice—a true dramatic soprano—and it's probably the most important female vocal instrument to appear in the past thirty years; and second because she seems to have come out of nowhere. She has emerged in the spotlight of the international scene straight from a chorus in Baltimore, the city that movie director John Waters has called "the hairdo capital of the world." When Marc made her American opera debut in Santa Fe last July, it was the second time she'd ever been in a staged opera. Next October she will make her Metropolitan Opera debut, probably in the title role of *Aida*. The stakes are pretty high: *Aida* is one of the most familiar, most loved operas in the Met's repertory, and one of which audiences expect the highest standards.

Entering the scene, her initial impact is striking; she charges the air with romance

"I would have preferred to serve some sort of apprenticeship," Marc says. "But I didn't have much choice. I dropped out of music school at the University of Maryland. Got tired of driving my motorcycle back and forth on the freeway, and I wanted to be a singer more than I wanted to have my head busted open." A motorcycle? "A Honda 550-4," she explains. "Pretty heavy-duty, but not hard-core, like a Harley-Davidson."

"I joined a local chorus," she says, "and entered some contests. I won some and lost some. But I had no real manager, no connections; and without that, you can't do anything." Her big break came three years ago. While on a visit to New York City, a friend persuaded her to go with him to Maestro, a now-defunct restaurant across the street from Lincoln Center where late at night anybody who wanted to could get up and sing. She did, and was heard by a diner from the prestigious Herbert H. Breslin office—the people who manage Luciano Pavarotti. A contract was signed. The rest is—well, Alessandra Marc is still writing her story.

What makes the advent of Marc even sweeter to watch is that the public's reaction to her is more than an appreciation of the inhumanly beautiful sound she emits. Audiences love to discover her. She's still virtually unheard-of, even among those diehard opera fans who religiously track the new. Hearing her for the first time is rather like discovering Victoria Falls or Antarctica in a world where you thought everything was already mapped and charted. **—DAVID DANIEL**

CHRIS CALLIS. Hair and makeup: Kris Evans

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surreal to real

Lee Miller triumphed on both sides of the camera, CAROL SQUIERS reports

László Bardossy, *Facing the Firing Squad*, above, Budapest, 1946. Right: A self-portrait with Boris Kochno and Picasso.

Cover girl to correspondent: Miller in Normandy, 1944

Thinking about Lee Miller presents problems. An archetypal 1930s party girl, she was Man Ray's girlfriend, assistant, and loveliest model. Flitting here and there, drinking hard, breaking hearts, she spent years pursuing the kind of good time that eventually turns sour and unfulfilling. Exalted for her beauty, she was offered modeling work by none other than Condé Nast himself—only moments after he'd saved her from being run over on a Manhattan street. Testaments abound to her ability to melt the hearts—and heat up the libidos—of scores of men who crossed her path. When she broke with Man Ray, he descended into such a funk he even brandished a gun, threatening to kill either her or himself.

But she was also determined to make it as a commercial, artistic, and journalistic photographer at a time when those professions were dominated by men. Not content simply to assist Man Ray and pose nude for him, she took control of the other side of the camera as well. She worked her way into professional situations where she could master others by controlling their images. Her angelic, androgynous visage probably gave her an advantage: who could feel threatened by such a lovely thing? Yet, says renowned photojournalist David Douglas Duncan, who knew her in the 1950s: "She was like a marine drill sergeant—just as tough and direct and dependable." Which must have been useful when she discarded her party dresses and took her camera into Dachau the morning after that concentration camp was liberated. Sending horrifying pictures back to Vogue, she cabled: "I implore you to believe this is true."

Piling up the biographical details doesn't make things any clearer: Miller emerges as a mysterious, contradictory, irritating woman. Questions abound—about her talent, her dedication, her achievement. Was she merely a jaded party girl passing time with a camera? Or a serious photographer who produced some original work and deserves to be remembered for it?

If Jane Livingston, the associate director of Washington, D.C.'s Corcoran Gallery of Art, has her way, the answer is the latter. To prove it, she has assembled a large show of Lee Miller's heretofore little-known photography, which is at the Corcoran from February 11 through April 17 and then travels to New York City, New Orleans, Minneapolis, and San Francisco. "I think she deserves to be looked at now as an extraordinarily serious and gifted photographer," Livingston maintains in the accompanying catalog, adding, "and for fifteen years she hardly missed a party, whether it was in Paris or Cairo. There are many male artists who never missed a party, either. Yet we don't have that same doubt about their commitment or consistency."

Nude Bent Forward, circa 1931, shows Man Ray's influence.

One thing that's clear is photography was a major force in Miller's life, albeit in a more complicated way than Livingston wants to grapple with. Strung straight through Miller's days, photography paradoxically acted as both a hangman's noose and a lifeline. From her birth, she was her father's obsessive photographic subject. By the time she hit puberty, innocent childhood snapshots had given way to another sort (Continues, *page 218*)

Clockwise from top: Lee Miller Archives; Lee Miller, courtesy Vogue; Lee Miller Archives; Lee Miller Archives

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of image: she was regularly posing nude for him, a custom that continued well into her twenties. It's no wonder she easily fell into the role of cover girl and then nude model for Man Ray, seventeen years her senior. By the time she left the family farm in Poughkeepsie, New York, she knew she was a gratifying image.

Modeling for the likes of Edward Steichen and attending Condé Nast's fabled parties, Miller soon established a reputation as a desirable young woman. But she quickly tired of the New York scene and was impatient to get to Paris. Arriving with introductions to Man Ray and George Hoyningen-Huene, Miller made a peculiar decision. She demanded that Man Ray teach her photography. Soon she became his lover, too, and even caused the accidental "discovery" of the solarization process that Man Ray made his trademark.

Several of her nudes and portraits, recognizably indebted to Man Ray, are already acknowledged as part of the Surrealist photographic canon. But Livingston has unearthed lesser-known and unknown photographs as well. These are marked by a fascination with the peripheral, a preference for a disorienting point of view, and a love of symbolic objects and visual riddles. She would angle her camera up or down, so that strongly graphic patterns of light and shadow and unusual perspectives would defeat an immediate reading. Disembodied hands would appear, reaching for something unseen. When she was making artistic pictures, these predilections often served her well. The shortcomings of this vision, with its emphasis on mystery, visual disarrangement, and pleasing tonal arrangements, became apparent in her journalistic photography.

"She was like a drill sergeant—just as tough, direct, and dependable"

The years between 1929, when she met Man Ray, and 1939, when the war began, were a chaotic jumble of love affairs, all-night poker games, exotic travel, escape to New York, and an ill-considered marriage. When she left Paris in 1932, her image was the toast of the town. When she married, in 1934, she moved to Egypt and began a series of long and occasionally dangerous treks into the desert to relieve her boredom among Cairo's "black satin and pearls set."

By 1939, she decided to leave Egypt for good and ended up in London. Once the war started, she demanded that British Vogue put her to work as a photographer, although she hadn't photographed professionally for five years. She took on fairly pedestrian assignments, but by early 1942 she managed to get herself accredited as a war correspondent by the U.S. Army. The war had barely even entered the pages of Vogue thus far. Years later, *Life* photographer David Scherman wrote that Miller couldn't stand "the threat of being left out of the biggest story of the decade," one that invoked not only the urge that drives any journalist but also Miller's own penchant for life-threatening adventurism. The androgyny that had formerly contributed to her beauty now manifested itself in her actions.

By mid-1944, Miller began writing for Vogue, too. Sent out to do a word-and-picture story on an evacuation hospital far from the front lines, she shot thirty-five rolls of film and banged out nearly ten thousand words on her portable typewriter. The astounded Vogue editors ran the entire story and fourteen pictures in both the American and British editions.

From then on, Miller went in hot pursuit of battle-related stories. On assignment to cover the return to civilian life in the French town of Saint-Malo, she instead had a frontline position to cover a final, bloody German resistance to the U.S. Army. Between the years 1944 and 1946, Miller really came into her own. Her wanderlust, thirst for excitement, and compulsive risk-taking had found a gigantic, consuming outlet.

It is when dealing with Miller's photojournalism that Livingston makes the most disturbing judgments. Miller took two kinds of journalistic pictures: straightforward, descriptive shots and more dramatic, allusive ones. The latter are clearly influenced by her Surrealistic style and are the images Livingston favors. But they skew our understanding of Miller's photojournalism, making it seem she was primarily interested in creating handsome photos. In one particularly disturbing picture taken at Dachau, for example, she framed three camp inmates and a pile of human bones as if they were abstract design elements, emphasizing the strong vertical striping of the prisoners' pants against the triangular form of the bones. Luckily, she often abandoned her surrealizing style when she was working as a photojournalist. But because Livingston wants to prove Miller's creative abilities, she favors the unusual, artistic journalism over her more candid reportage.

It's a shame that Livingston wants to resurrect Miller primarily as an artist, even while she acknowledges her photojournalism. The fascination of Lee Miller is not simply whether she was a significant photographic artist. Rather, her story tells of a much more intricate relationship to the camera and the photographic image, one that goes to the heart of a number of different contemporary questions—about women as aesthetic objects, the way a photograph conveys information, and the very meaning of photographic style.

In the end, Miller emerges as neither a Man Ray nor a Margaret Bourke-White. But she was a unique and sympathetic figure. Being a great beauty, she could have settled for the accolades that physical splendor brings. Instead, she reached for something more than she was given—and for a while held it in her grasp. ▽

(Art *continues, page 226*)

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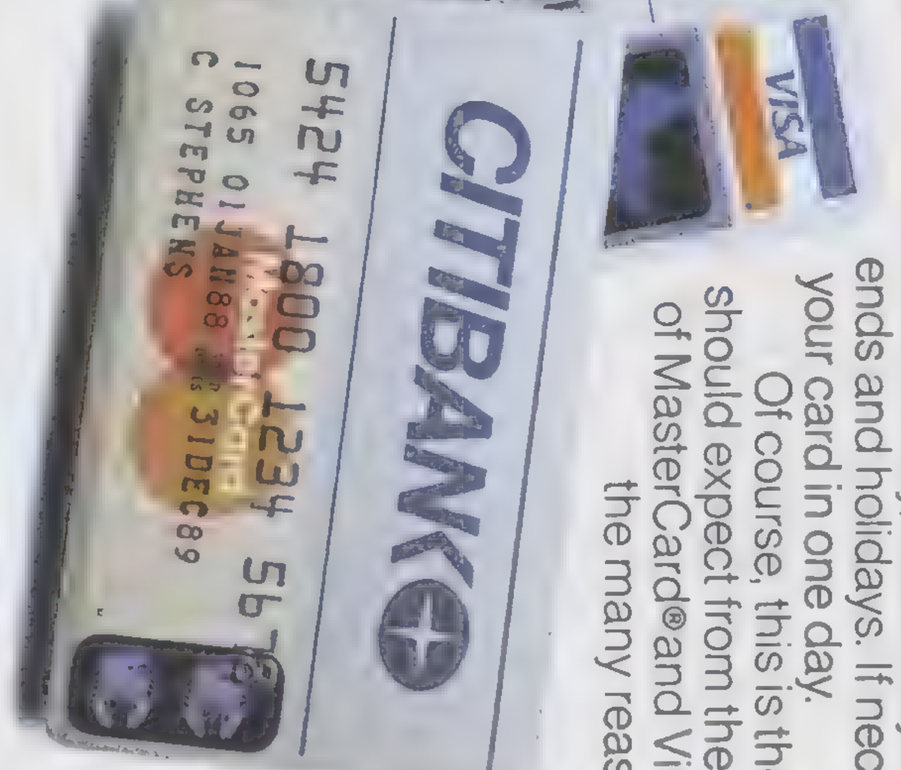

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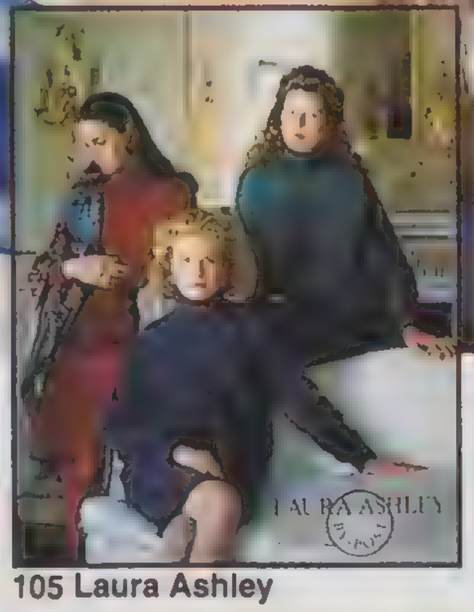

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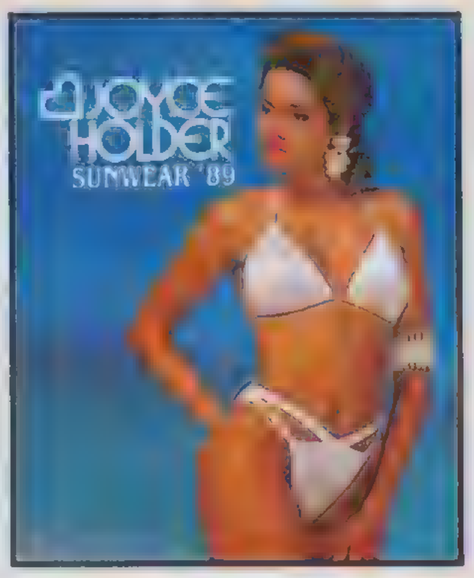

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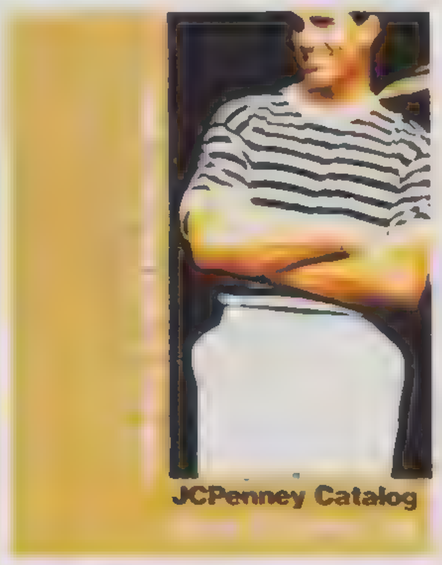

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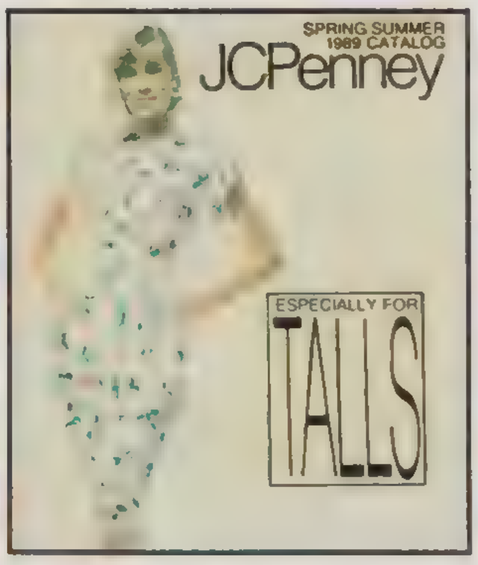

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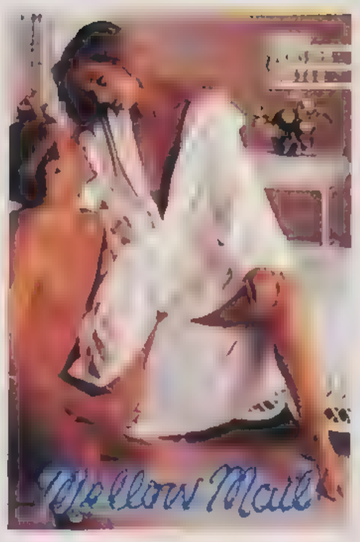

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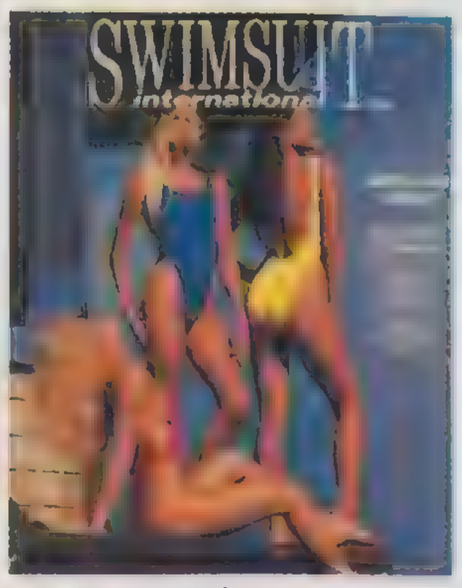

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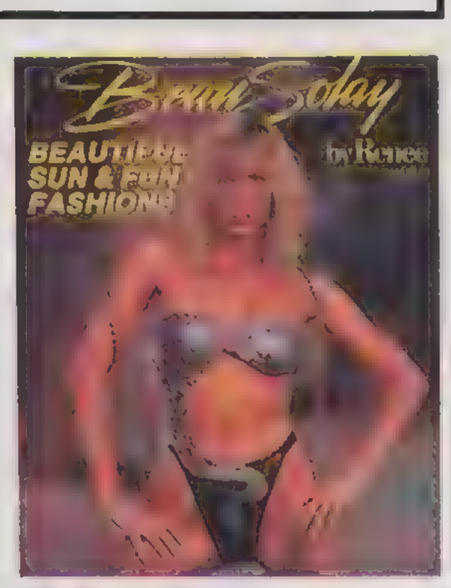

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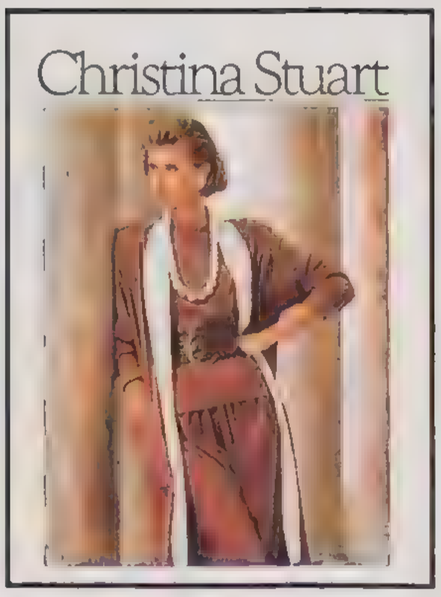

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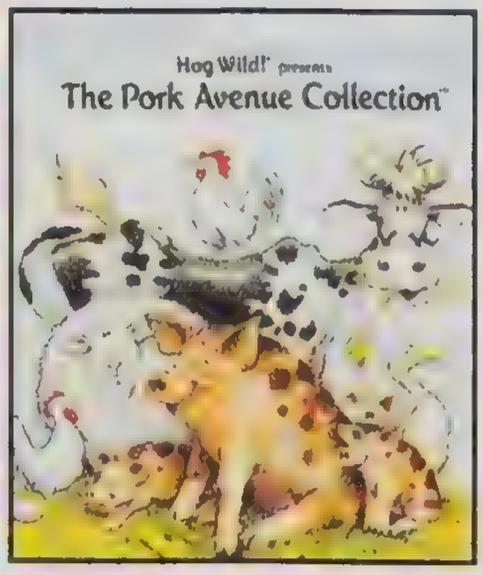

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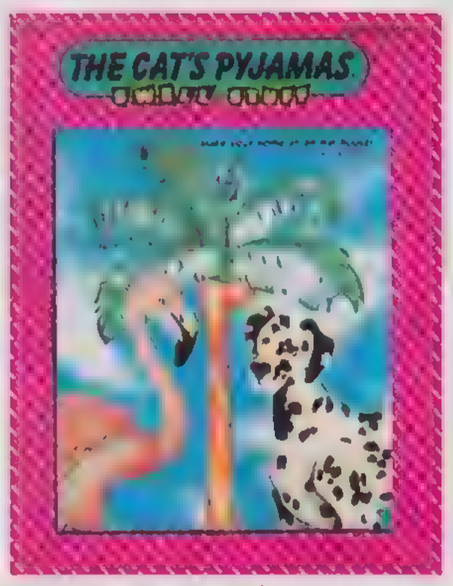

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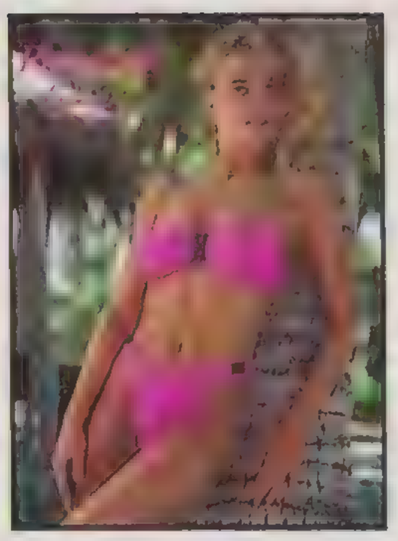

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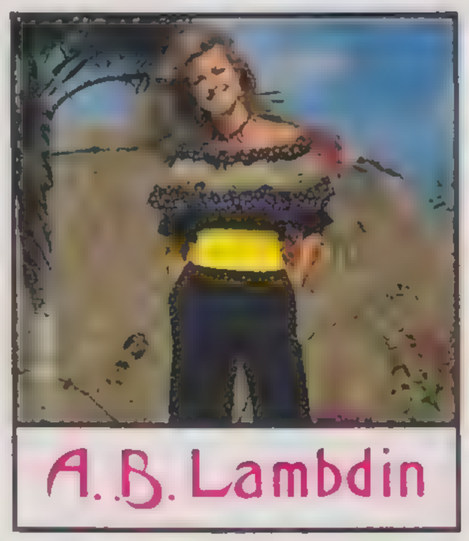

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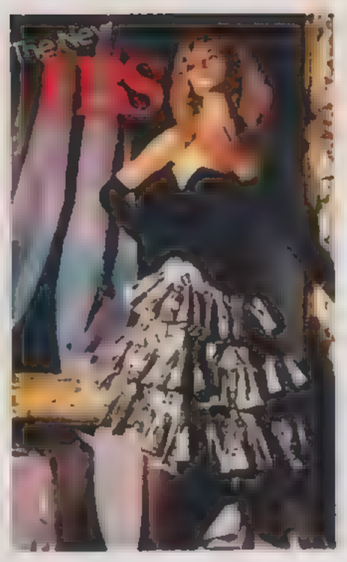

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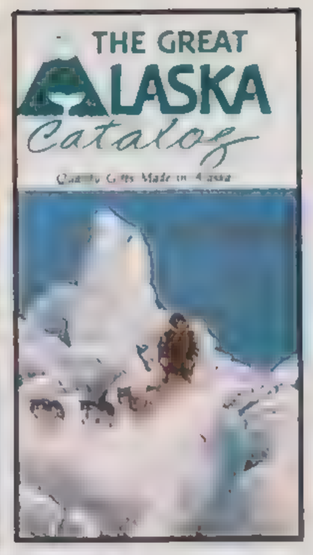

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150 Vanities

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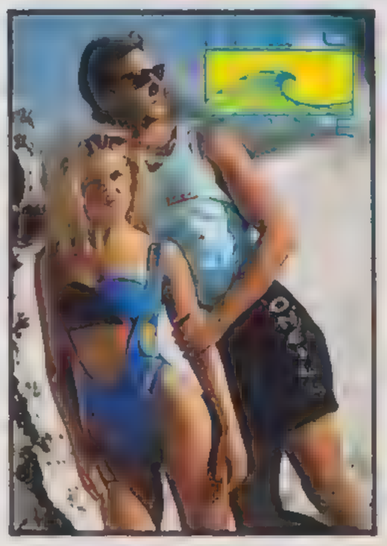

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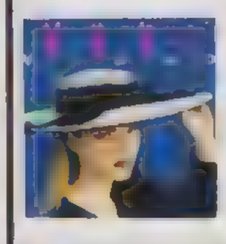

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in the thick of it

Cézanne's early works, says SIDNEY GEIST, were as turbulent as his emotional life

Eleven years after the Museum of Modern Art's memorable exhibition Cézanne: The Late Work, we are being treated to Cézanne: The Early Years, 1859–1872 at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., through April 30. This reversal of chronology is typical of the renewal and revision Cézanne constantly undergoes. The show also responds to the claims of the artist's devotees that the sublime, almost abstract orchestrations of his final decade have led us to neglect his early work.

Indeed, in spite of three-quarters of a century of universal admiration for the late views of Mont Saint-Victoire, the bathers, and the grand still lifes from the 1890s on, there is no denying the richness and power of Cézanne's beginnings. For the youthful Cézanne was an inspired image-maker, a robust colorist, and a resourceful painter. His gift in handling his medium did not so much improve with time as turn to other, subtler tasks. Early and late, Cézanne had great hands, as that term is used for sculptors—and boxers. We can now see that even if he had stopped painting after 1872, he would still be counted a singular presence in the art of his time: an Expressionist before the fact.

Authority figure: Cezanne's 1866 portrait of his domineering father

National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C

There is no denying that his palette between 1859 and 1872 was darker, including a good deal of actual black, than in the Impressionist phase that followed. Assembled for the first time as a group, Cézanne's highly charged early phase comes as a return of the repressed, on both the private and painterly planes. The somber tone and his agitated, often literary subjects reflect the inner anguish with which the young Cézanne faced his personal and artistic problems. In art, the (Continues, *page 228*)

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problem was to learn his craft, since he had been turned down by the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. It was mainly from other artists that he picked up the rudiments of painting and by studying Daumier, Delacroix, and Courbet. His work came into focus in the mid-1860s, when he developed a palette-knife technique inspired by Courbet, but Cézanne went beyond the older artist in the boldness of his touch. Troweling paint onto canvas with confidence and cunning, he made an astonishing series of portraits of his Uncle Dominique that culminated in the six-foot painting of his father reading a newspaper, an unassailable masterpiece. Abandoning the knife, he began to paint with a fluent, cursive brushstroke whose high point is the overwhelming portrait of Achille Emperaire.

Cézanne was less successful in dealing with the troubles of private life. On the one hand was a dominating father who tried to turn him first into a lawyer and then a banker, and on whom he was dependent for an allowance. On the other hand was his own turbulent nature. He was driven by erotic fantasies at the same time that he was shy and clumsy with women.

It seems clear that his emotional—if not financial—problems were alleviated after 1869, when he met Hortense Fiquet, an artists' model who became his companion and later his wife. After a number of still lifes whose careful construction shows an unexpected aspect of his mastery, and in a newly expansive mood, probably brought on by the birth of a son and the dawning of the Third Republic, he began to paint under Pissarro.

Cézanne, driven by erotic fantasies, was shy and clumsy with women

Cézanne's submission to the method of the gentle Pissarro is part of the legendry of Impressionism, but not until now has it been possible to grasp the fact that, in the process, he transformed himself from the great painter we see in this show to a rather different great painter. To have made himself over to such a degree required a burning desire and the exercise of discipline and intelligence. His adventurous brushstroke was reduced to carefully placed patches of color. If the passions that animated such early works as *The Murder*, *The Orgy*, and *The Autopsy* seem to have disappeared, I think they were only shifted to a symbolic mode.

Cézanne's expressive figural distortions, his liberation of the nude from academic strictures, his frank eroticism and emphatic brushwork were recognized in the 1860s as what they were—a string of provocations, audacities that confounded the public but captivated his peers. Four of the paintings in the Washington show were owned by Pissarro, Guillaumin, and Monet, and others were acquired by Renoir, Gauguin, and Degas.

Among several works having their first public showing is the scandalous *Lot and His Daughters*, circa 1861, only slightly larger than this page. For Cézanne it was surely justified as an illustration of the biblical episode—and it probably harbored a personal fantasy. Coarse as the painting may be, it is nevertheless the first signal of what would become a constant daring. After their long trip through time, Cézanne's early pictures still look fresh, still bristle with creative force.

Sidney Geist's Interpreting Cézanne *was recently published by Harvard University Press.*

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the unsung unread

LEWIS GROSSBERGER is dazzled—and dazed—by an array of breathtaking tomes

Night falls. Somewhere a frightened woman screams. A grim specter stalks the earth.

It is The Unread.

Books, thousands—nay, millions—of books pour from the presses, heralded by publishers, hyped by publicists, sweated by authors.

A few are great. Some are good. Many are mediocre. Still more are awful. But we're not concerned with those. I speak here of the preposterous, books so silly, so ludicrously extraneous, bizarrely unnecessary, and generally hideous you can only ask: why?

Why would a publisher publish a book so obviously Dead on Arrival? A book with no hope. No excuse. No *raison d'être*. And worst of all, no reader. None with a reasonable claim to sanity, at any rate.

But there it is, sitting in the bookstore (usually in the remainder bin), hard, rectangular, and full of words—something that looks, feels, smells, and tastes amazingly like a book. It cannot possibly exist. And yet, it does . . . The Unread.

Listen to this sentence: "A bird that is suffering from scaly face should be treated regularly until every trace of encrustation has disappeared."

It comes from an actual no-kidding, honest-to-God book, *The Complete Book of Budgerigars* by Stan and Barbara Moizer (Barron's), a work that contains many sentences equally as repellent.

Is this what Johann Gutenberg was thinking when he started it all? Did the old coot get up one fine fifteenth-century morning, clap his Teutonic brow and think, "*Mein Gott!* If I can cast movable type in molds, some day it may be possible for millions of knowledge-starved human beings to get advice on wiping *shmutz* off the faces of parakeets!"?

Unlikely. No, something has gone seriously wrong with the book production system. Somewhere along the line, the point of the exercise has been lost.

If you don't like budgerigars, maybe you like apples. Hell, I like apples. But that doesn't mean I'd like to spend $29.95 on *The Apple Book* by Rosanne Sanders. (Philosophical Library). For $29.95, I could get enough real apples to keep the doctor away for months. What can you do with a book of *pictures* of apples? Even one consisting of 122 exquisite watercolors, a volume "which celebrates the visual splendour and rich diversity of apples grown today"?

If you actually tried reading this book, it would remind you of something written by Monty Python.

One apple "was raised in England towards the end of the 1700s by the Rev. Tom Putt, Rector of Trent in Somerset, who was reputed to be a keen fruit man."

Of another, apparently a pippin from hell, we are warned, "As it ripens it becomes greasy and tends to collect dust." Feh! Spit out that nasty thing.

Publishers are supposed to know better. Publishers are supposed to be hard-headed business-guys with a shrewd take on reality

Some Unread books go spinning off from other media. Here we have *Dirty Dancing: How to Do It* by Mimi Kasbah (Dell). Is this some cheap ripoff? Heaven forbid. This is "The Special Authorized Edition, with fabulous photos from the movie." The only hope of selling this book might have is to be placed in a bookstore directly in the path of a raving, gibbering horde of *Dirty Dancing* addicts who have just left the theater after seeing their favorite movie for the fifth time, desperate to acquire still more tie-in merchandise. Otherwise, consign this sucker to oblivion.

Other Unread books try to cash in on the success of best-sellers or near *(Continues, page 234)*

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IBLE IMPROVEMENT

Books

best-sellers. A few years back, for instance, there was a book that rated the best of everything, the best champagne, the best machine gun, whatever. Inevitably, this engendered *Pure Silver: The Second Best of Everything* by David Reid and Jonathan Jerald (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). This is far from the best of ideas. Burgundy is the second-best power color for neckties, *The Hasty Heart* is Ronald Reagan's second-best film, and the second-best olive oil is . . . oh, who cares? Maybe a person obsessed by status but with an inferiority complex? Maybe nobody.

Now don't get me wrong; I'm not blaming the writers of Unread books. I have enormous sympathy for writers. (You probably can guess why.) Writers are strange, childlike people, mostly harmless, who sit alone in small airless rooms jiggling with keyboards till some obscure inspiration hits them and they start filling up hundreds of pages with berserk thoughts that make sense only to them. They just can't help themselves. But publishers are supposed to know better. Publishers are supposed to be hardheaded business-guys with a shrewd take on reality.

Fat chance.

W. W. Norton & Co., for instance, an actual big-time New York publisher (unless by now it's been eaten up by a bigger-time publisher) felt that *To Whom It May Concern* by David Gucwa and James Ehmann would make an excellent book. Well, who can argue? After all, hasn't the world been yearning desperately for the true-life story of an elephant who can draw?

Even if you own a poodle and insist on clipping it yourself, do you need fifty different grooming styles?

This may be my all-time favorite Unread. The artiste, named Siri, is a seventeen-year-old,* self-taught, female Asian elephant who launched her cultural career scrawling with a pebble held in her trunk at a zoo in Syracuse. Willem de Kooning is quoted as saying, "That's a damned talented elephant." Well, maybe at taking power lunches with her agent at the Four Seasons. Drawing, no. I've seen better stuff taped to refrigerators in homes for blind orphans.

Sometimes it's a publisher's heartbreaking duty to inform a possessed author that to the rest of us, his grand overriding passion is loony. Somebody forgot to tell Jack and Chris Wilkie, who wrote *Trash and Treasure: The Complete Book About Garage Sales* (Bent Twig).

Now garage sales may be fun for a lot of people, but do we really need a book explaining how they work? Wouldn't a note reading "Shlep your junk out on the lawn and slap on some price tags" pretty much do the trick? Talk about stretching it. Here we find instructions on such arcane skills as making signs: "They should be big, simple and eye-catching . . . white cardboard is best." Probably even Siri the abstract pachyderm would have figured that out on her own.

Or take *50 New Creative Poodle Grooming Styles* by Faye Meadows (Arco Publishing Inc.) I could see this as a cable show on Malaysian television, but a book? I mean even if you own a poodle and you insist on clipping it yourself, do you really need

Note to research: The elephant was thirteen when the book was written and is seventeen now. Should I have said thirteen? (I fear Syracusian zookeepers might catch us napping on this one.)

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Books

fifty different styles? Wouldn't five or six get the average poodle freak through the bulk of his strange lifespan? Maybe it was literary value that won the day. The publisher probably said, "Hmm, *50 New Creative Poodle Grooming Styles*, that just may end up a standard in college lit courses all over this country, what with its use of poodle hair as a symbol of oppressed man's struggle for dignity through revolt against his fate." If you want to spend a frightening thirty seconds, imagine what books this publisher *rejects*.

My all-time favorite Unread concerns an artiste named Siri, self-taught, female Asian elephant who scrawls with a pebble held in her trunk

The best feature of Unread books is the incredible speed with which they can be spotted. It's a great time-saver. Often one glance is enough. These are books you *can* judge by their covers. Some books you can't put down; the Unread you can't pick up.

Take *The Book of Azrael* by Leilah Wendell (Westgate Press). You look at the cover, you check the subtitle and the blurbs, you disbelieve your eyes, you look again. Yes, Unread fans, you were right the first time. This book, nonfiction all the way, is about a love affair the author had.

With the Angel of Death.

"His black wings will enfold you as the soulmate of this awesome being thrills you with a divine dance macabre!" pledges the back cover.

Wham! Back in the remainder bin.

Sometimes all it takes is the title: *Diary of a Zen Nun* by Nan Shin, a.k.a. Nancy Amphoux (Dutton).

Wham!

Or: *The Vegetarian Child* by Joy Gross (Lyle Stuart). Here is a book, according to the jacket, that answers the question, "What do you do when your child announces that he or she has decided to become a vegetarian?"

My answer is less than book length: "Tell him or her, 'Shut up and eat your damn meatballs before I cram them down your ungrateful little wretched throat.' "

Or how about *You Are Your Blood Type* by Toshitaka Nomi and Alexander Besher (Pocket)? All of you who thought human life was primarily influenced by constellations or alien intelligence from outer space or—just to get crazy—various combinations of heredity and environment, forget it. You are what you bleed. See, if you're type O, you have "an overwhelming thirst for power" and if you're type A, you're good with plants but shouldn't keep pets and if you're . . . oh never mind.

I could go on like this for a long time. Because the scroll of the Unread is endless. I could mention *The Names of the Games* (Contemporary Books), which tells the thrilling true stories behind the nicknames of 102 pro sports teams. Or *The Space Program Quiz & Fact Book* (Harper & Row), for those who want to sit around trading fascinating questions like "By what name was the LANDSAT spacecraft originally known?" I could even go into *Poisonous Plants of Hawaii* (Charles E. Tuttle Company).

But my finely honed sense of journalistic timing tells me that to linger even one sentence longer on this topic might risk a fate too embarrassing to contemplate: The Unread article. ▽

(Books *continues, page 238*)

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modern times

Two views of life as we live it today by novelists Margaret Atwood and David Leavitt

There are actually two Margaret Atwoods: the fun one, who writes barbed and fantastic social satires, and the grim one, who writes realistic novels about gloomy Canadians. *Cat's Eye* (Doubleday) belongs squarely to the second. Although I admire both Atwoods, my heart sank when I read the acknowledgments page, which mentions forty-two people, among them a "pop-surreal potter" and four science writers, including Carl Sagan, for their "entrancing books" on physics and cosmology. Pop-surreal pottery? Carl Sagan? Entrancing? Uh-oh.

Actually, the acknowledgements offer a fair taste of what *Cat's Eye* is all about. Elaine Risley is a pop-surrealist-feminist-postfeminist painter in her early fifties, who returns to Toronto for a retrospective. No longer the provincial, white-bread-and-gravy city of her childhood, Toronto has gone trendy ("*Just Deserts* used to be what everyone could expect to get, in the end. Now it's a restaurant specializing in cakes."). But for Elaine, it's still a dreaded place. It is here, that the central dramas of her life were enacted—with her kind but remote parents, her brilliant, otherworldly brother, her romantic-phony artist lover, and her macho-phony artist ex-husband.

The most important drama, though, took place when she was nine, and victimized by her three "best friends"—bland Carol, goody-goody Grace, and magnetic, Cordelia—in sadomasochistic games that culminated in a nearly fatal "accident." This episode, long repressed, is the source of both Elaine's art and her many blocks, just as the cat's-eye marble that was her childish talisman represents both magical protection and emotional numbness. Four decades later, Elaine is still obsessed with Cordelia. Why was she so cruel? What's become of her? Will she come to the retrospective? This last question, unfortunately, is not as suspenseful as Atwood thinks.

Atwood has much to say on many subjects: postmodern city life, aging, sex, art, physics, men, and women

Atwood has much to say on many subjects: postmodern city life, aging, sex, art, physics, parents who fail to protect children, men, and women. She writes, as always, a wonderful sentence. But the relations between her characters are too thin and pallid to bring her many themes together. Only the viciousness of the little girls comes off as urgent and alive. The rest of the novel seems like Elaine's art: cat's-vision, beautiful, alienated, and cold.

—KATHA POLLITT

David Leavitt is the poet of the New American Family, consisting of mom and dad and the kids, or stepmom and dad and the steplets, or mom and mom and no kids, or dad and dad and the cat or—well, you get the picture. Leavitt sees the family as a self-defined affectional grouping. But aside from adding gays and other nontraditionals to the traditional family stew, his concerns couldn't be more familiar: raising children, love, and God. The results of this mix are fascinating.

Halfway through *Equal Affections* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson), the heroine, April—a lesbian, feminist, folk-rock singer— reveals that she's going to have a baby. The father is a gay man and the instrument of impregnation a turkey baster. Her gay brother, Danny, is having difficulties with his lover, who is being unfaithful to him with a gay electronic bulletin board. Danny's mother, Louise, is a militantly liberal agnostic Jew who has cancer, and a secret longing to be a nun so she can have faith in God.

Equal Affections is a beautifully written family portrait, funny and tender—but similar in theme and even detail to Leavitt's first two books: the short story collection *Family Dancing* and the novel *The Lost Language of Cranes*. As in those books, the milieu is basically Jewish, upper-middle class, and suburban. All three books contain characters who grow up in the West and then move East. The main characters are practically all guppies (Gay Upwardly Mobile) or parents of guppies. In "Territory," a story from *Family Dancing*, Mrs. Campbell, the mother of a gay son who has just left home, buys his favorite noodles and then realizes that he isn't going to be around to eat them. In *Equal Affections*, Louise buys her son's favorite cereal. Mrs. Campbell and Louise both looked like Gene Tierney when they were younger. In "Counting Months," from *Family Dancing*, Mrs. Harrington has cancer; ditto Louise. Leavitt is beginning to feel like a writer of brilliant but narrow range. I long to see what he would do with different characters and settings.

—WILLIAM M. HOFFMAN

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Spring

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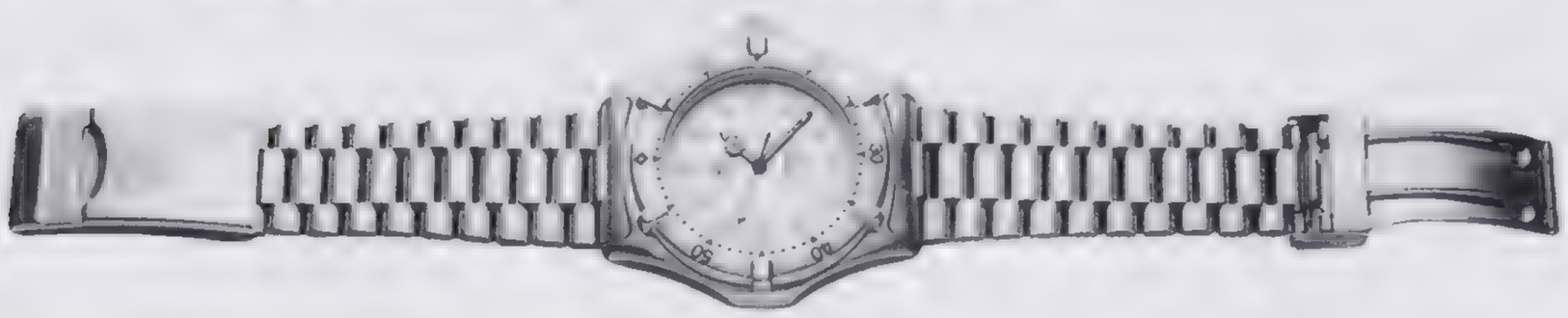

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Spring

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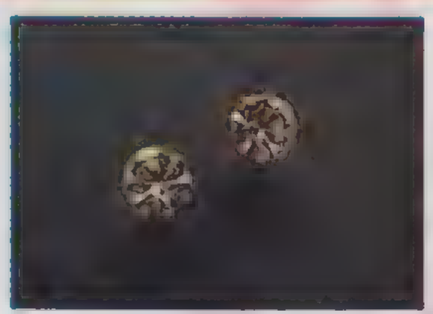

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VO289

By Erica Goode

secret obsessions

What was once thought to be a rare psychiatric condition is now being talked about openly

The French call it *folie de doute*, the doubting disease, and Sharon, who has spent the last twenty years battling the illness, understands the name perfectly. On her worst days, she spends two grim hours checking to see if the stove is off, her mind trapped in an endless circle of paralyzing questions: did I turn it off? Yes. But how do I know for sure? Check again. Maybe I accidentally turned it on again? No, it's off.

Almost everyone worries excessively at times. Indeed, the impulse to double- or triple-check a locked door or gas burner may seem a familiar one. But for the more than four million Americans afflicted with obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD), life becomes a maze of compulsively performed rituals and never-ending doubts. Sharon's condition began when she was eleven and tore apart her adolescence. Though bright, attractive, and articulate, she stayed clear of boys and dropped out of high school: her days were already too full checking for dirt under the dining-room table on her knees; looking in the mirror twice—no less, no more—as she walked up the stairs; making sure her pajamas covered her elbows in a certain way. If she made a mistake, she had to start all over again. "I didn't talk to anyone about it," recalls Sharon, now thirty-one. "But I wondered, 'Why am I doing this?' I just felt alone and different from everyone else."

Sharon's lonely plight is shared by many OCD patients. "There's a secretiveness inherent in the disorder," says Judith Rapoport, M.D., a National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) expert on obsessive-compulsive disorder, and the author of the first popular book on OCD, *The Boy Who Couldn't Stop Washing* (E.P. Dutton). "The fact that these patients are otherwise so sane makes them very aware that they will be thought crazy if other people find out about it."

It was Sharon's good fortune, however, to suffer from OCD at a time when psychiatrists like Dr. Rapoport were beginning to unravel the mysteries of the illness, exploring the biology of the brain that may underlie the disease, and finding new treatments that can allow patients to resume a normal life. Like many people with OCD, Sharon became severely depressed and thought about killing herself to escape the prison of her compulsions. Her despair forced her to seek treatment, and she spent a brief period in a psychiatric hospital. Six years later, with the help of a new and promising drug along with psychotherapy, Sharon has completed high school and college and now works as a technician in a psychiatric hospital.

Though the illness often takes bizarre forms, the victims of OCD come from all walks of life: they are stockbrokers, university professors, models, accountants, and CEOs. Most keep their obsessive thoughts or compulsive rituals a dark secret, washing their hands for hours after they get home at night, or counting words by threes behind a closed office door. The symptoms displayed by different patients are often strikingly similar. "Checking" and "washing" are probably the most common. Some people are convinced they have accidentally killed or harmed someone, others that they have sinned against God. In recent years, experts say, an increasing number of patients seek help for an obsessive fear of catching AIDS.

Then there are the more unusual cases. A farmer in Maine interviewed by Dr. Rapoport was obsessed by six notes of a tune that played over and over in his head. He kept his dilemma secret from his wife, only years later finding the courage to tell her about it. When he did, he was amazed to find that her reaction was one of relief, not ridicule. "She had always thought I was mad at her, or else bored with everything she said because I never really listened as I should," the farmer told Rapoport.

For victims of obsessive-compulsive disorder, life becomes a maze of rituals and never-ending doubts

Despite its victims' urge for secrecy, OCD occasionally emerges into public view. Sigmund Freud was among the first to describe the disorder, writing at length about the Rat Man, a young patient obsessed with the thought of rats gnawing at his anus. Occasionally, as Dr. Rapoport points out, OCD has been confused with eccentricity. Samuel Johnson was undoubtedly plagued by the disorder: friends and biographers of the British author and lexicographer describe the extended rituals Johnson performed before entering a doorway—"he whirled and twisted about," writes one chronicler. Howard Hughes, backed by an almost limitless fortune, was able to indulge his intense fear of contamination to the extreme—*(Continues, page 248)*

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his assistants wore special protective gear to avoid "infecting" him with their germs.

OCD was, until recently, believed to be an obscure and untreatable problem, and as such, not of great scientific or public interest. Most psychiatrists were astonished, therefore, when a 1984 national survey revealed that about one of every fifty American adults—2.5 percent of the United States population—probably suffers from obsessions or compulsions severe enough to meet the diagnostic criteria for OCD at some point in their life. Says Dr. Rapoport, "Think of how many books have been written about schizophrenia and depression. Here you have a disorder that's rivaling the frequency of those illnesses and there's virtually no public information about it."

What Dr. Rapoport and others have discovered in the last decade has changed all that. Studies conducted by Rapoport and other scentists show that an experimental antidepressant drug called clomipramine can vastly reduce the compulsions and obsessions of between 40 and 50 percent of patients suffering from OCD. Two other drugs, fluoxetine (marketed by Eli Lilly & Co. under the trade name Prozac) and the experimental drug fluvoxamine, also are showing promise in treating the disorder. All three drugs appear to alter the effect of a chemical messenger called serotonin—a substance researchers also believe may be involved in eating disorders and some types of depression.

Compulsive rituals are dark secrets: washing hands for hours at night, or counting by threes behind a closed office door

When the Maine farmer took clomipramine, the tune that had haunted him for so long faded within weeks. After about four months, it disappeared altogether. A fifteen-year-old boy who had washed his hands for three hours each day in order to ward off disturbing thoughts was able to return to school and the promise of a good job after taking clomipramine for an NIMH study.

"These drugs are not a miracle cure for everybody, and they don't work right away," cautions Wayne K. Goodman, M.D., a Yale University psychiatrist specializing in OCD treatment. Still, the drugs make doctors optimistic about the prospect of eventually conquering OCD and adding to their arsenal of treatments. In the past, behavioral therapy—involving gradual exposure to feared objects or situations—was the only thing that seemed to help obsessive-compulsive patients. The therapy's rate of success with OCD sufferers is much higher than with behaviors labeled in ordinary conversation as compulsive: gambling, cigarette smoking, or binge eating. In contrast to these gratifying activities, "an OCD patient doesn't get any pleasure from checking the door or washing his hands," says Michael R. Liebowitz, M.D., Columbia University associate professor of clinical psychiatry.

Behavior therapy is still one treatment of choice for OCD, either alone or in combination with drugs. Psychoanalysis and other forms of talking therapy, once believed to hold the cure, have proven to be inadequate treatments. They are useful, however, in helping OCD patients deal with the depression and isolation that are frequent side effects of the illness.

Dr. Rapoport hopes many more people afflicted with obsessive-compulsive disorder will come out of the closet now that help is available. Equally exciting, the new drugs—combined with high-tech brain-scanning techniques—are pointing the way to biological differences that may eventually prove responsible for OCD.

The majority of psychiatrists now reject the Freudian notion that "bad" toilet training or other child-rearing problems lie behind the rituals and obsessive thoughts that hold OCD victims

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hostage. Pictures of patients' brains generated through Positron Emission Tomography (PET) scanning show characteristic changes in some areas. The attempted suicide last February of an eighteen-year-old Canadian man with a hand-washing compulsion provided bizarre confirmation: the bullet he put through his brain did no apparent damage but left him—amazingly—free of his compulsion. The fact that a surprising number of OCD patients have relatives who also suffer from the disorder adds to the idea that some physical process is at work. One speculative theory discussed in Dr. Rapoport's book is that repetitive thoughts and behaviors might be caused by sparks, "a kind of hiccup in the brain."

More answers lead to ever more fascinating questions: is it an accident that obsessions and compulsions in some ways resemble the "hard-wired" grooming, nesting, or hoarding patterns seen in animals? Are other compulsive behaviors—severe nail-biting, for example—really forms of OCD? What about the elegant, expensively dressed women who come to Dr. Rapoport's office, remove their wigs, and reveal that they have pulled out all their hair, strand by strand? Drugs that help OCD patients also seem to help these women afflicted with what psychiatrists label "trichotillomania."

Then there is our own familiar compulsiveness, or the idiosyncrasies of Uncle Jim or Mrs. Gordon next door. Housewives who drive their families to distraction with endless vacuuming. Bosses who terrorize their secretaries, insisting that each file folder, paper clip, or semicolon be exactly in place. Friends who perpetually worry that they are "not good enough." Dr. Rapoport confesses that even she sometimes—for no good reason—counts to seven on her fingers as she walks down the street. "Is it possible," she wonders, "that we're ultimately talking about the biology of doubt, about a biological basis for that highest of functions—our sense of our own knowledge?" ▽

Erica Goode, *an associate editor of* U.S. News and World Report, *writes about the behavioral sciences.*

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From Amman to Aqaba, TRACY YOUNG discovers the chic of Araby

Remember the scene in *Lawrence of Arabia* when Peter O'Toole hitches up his djellaba, raises his fist, and shouts: "to Aqaba!"? Lawrence had a military objective; ours was a flush toilet.

A group of other journalists and I had been scouring the Wadi Rum, that glowering stretch of desert on the southern edge of Jordan where Lawrence holed up without concern for creature comforts during the Arab revolt of 1917, and where the equally obsessive David Lean had filmed the train wreck scene for the movie version in 1962. Fortunately for us, the road to Aqaba these days is a slick two-lane blacktop, heavily populated by diesel rigs bearing supplies overland to Iraq, so the trip, which must have wreaked havoc with Lawrence's kidneys, took a mere hour and a half, after which we gratefully crawled into the Holiday Inn and ate an enormous meal by the pool, competing with three generations of Oriental-faced cats who were anxious to make off with our kebabs.

When evening fell, as it does in the Middle East like a curtain of velvet, we hit the souk, where everything's for sale—shoes, rice, dubbed cassettes of the local hit parade—and it all reeks of cardamom. Afterward, we wandered across the street into a park, which seemed to be populated solely by small groups of men huddled, smoking and whispering, in the dark. "Look," said my companion with a little trill of glee, "we've just stumbled upon the only gay bar in Jordan."

O'Toole as Lawrence, above; top, Jordan's ancient Petra

Jordan is a country on the move—the morning muezzin is drowned out by the sounds of a backhoe—but it's not yet *that* advanced; it's more like America in the Eisenhower years, which had very little interest in the wilder shores of love. What Jordan *is* interested in is tourism. "After all," remarked the minister of information with a shrug, "God didn't give us any oil."

What Jordan does have is *(Continues, page 256)*

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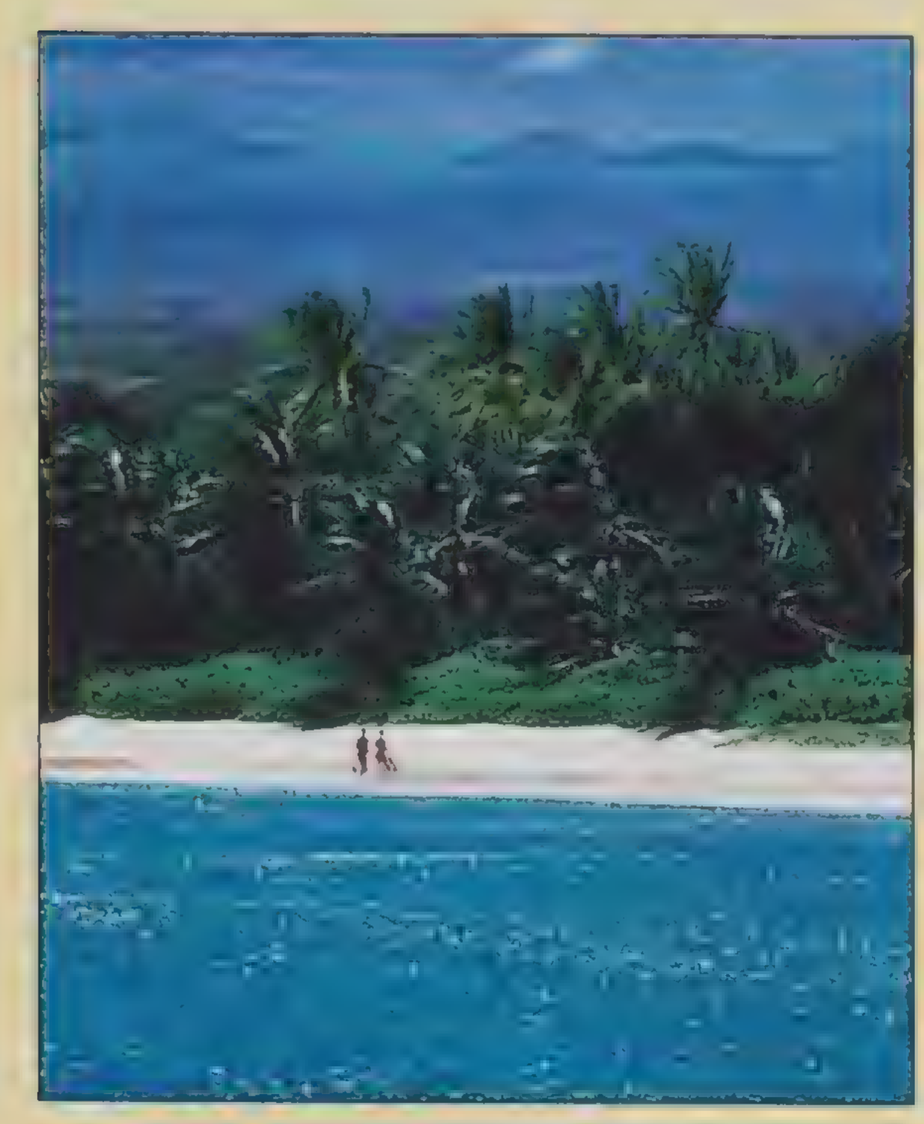

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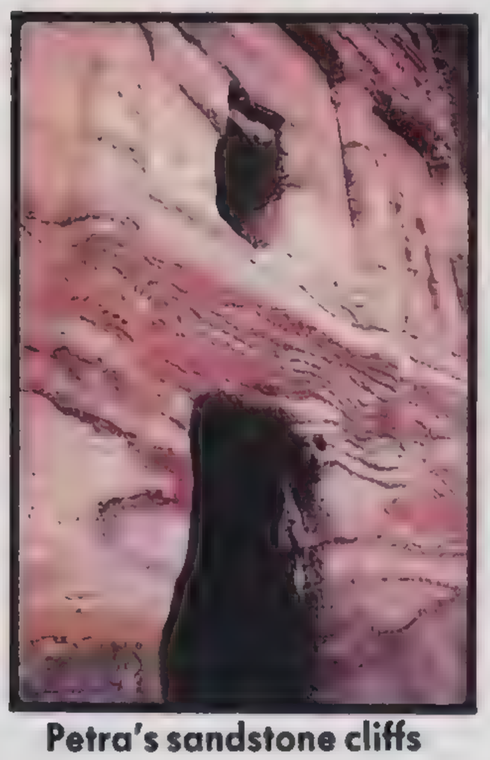
an image problem. Despite King Hussein's reputation as the only sane man in the Middle East, Jordan is a destination that raises eyebrows: an imagined land where women go veiled in public and terror lurks in every piece of carry-on luggage. Given this, the government has been promoting it as a peaceable kingdom where the strict commandments of the Koran and traditional family ties are as seductive as new roads and luxury hotels.

As it turned out, we were probably far safer in Amman than we would have been in many American cities, where rape and murder are quotidian attractions; and Royal Jordanian's security regulations are five steps ahead of the FAA's. Nonetheless, it was comforting to arrive, on the first leg of my journey, at Queen Alia International Airport and gaze upon a scene that looked uncannily familiar. The young women milling about the baggage claim weren't wearing veils. Most had on Guess? jeans in various stages of acid-washed disrepair; and I wager not one would have been caught dead in my sensible Alcott & Andrews skirt of Basic Bedouin Black. The only clue that we weren't, in fact, in Southern California was that we were surrounded by portraits of His Majesty, the King. One, an oil painting displayed where an airport clock should have been, prompted a jet-lagged member of our group to announce: "Local time, half-past Hussein."



Petra's sandstone cliffs

Like L.A., which someone once described as "six suburbs in search of a city," Amman, built on thirteen *jebels*—or hills—is a hastily scribbled symphony of architectural dissonance, where low-rent concrete slabs in a neo-Mediterranean mode rub shoulder to knee with grandiose skyscrapers. And, like L.A., Amman has its fair share of types from central casting hanging out in the lobbies of its better hotels. Take Nick, a gone-to-seed version of everybody's all-American with that sly gregariousness that fairly screams CIA.

"Amman is a real fun town," he bellowed, brandishing a foot-long cigar. Then he tossed back his Scotch, cleared the beer cans off the seat of his muddy Toyota, and drove us at breakneck speed to hear a Lebanese pop star named Ragheb Alama, who sounded a bit like Roy Orbison, and to watch a belly dancer set seven million sequins in motion all at once. The belly dancer was from Michigan; she probably worked for The Company, too.

Amman may be just the place to let off steam when you've been working undercover, but our hosts had more than revelry on their minds, and the next day we were shepherded onto our bus and shuttled off to an Old Testament landscape of rough rolling hills dotted with dusty sheep and tiny goats and herds of matted camels. Like the Romans, the Byzantines, and the armies of Islam, we traveled the King's Highway, back and forth across the centuries—from the hot springs at Zerqa Ma'in, one of Herod's watering holes, to Mukawir, where John the Baptist lost his head—while distances were measured by how many times we heard both sides of an ancient Peter, Paul, and Mary tape.

The sun glared from high in a fierce blue sky. The air was so dry that dust congealed in our mouths. And for people whose

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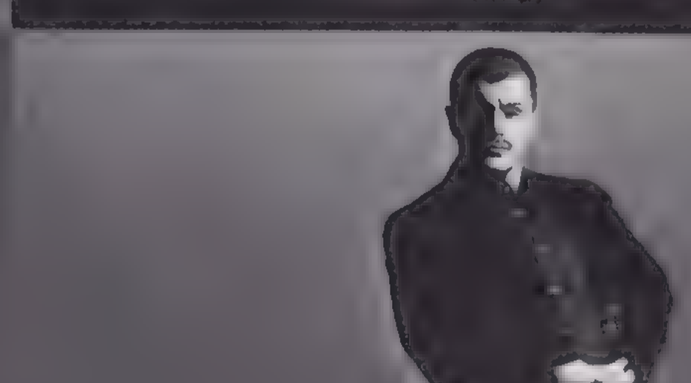
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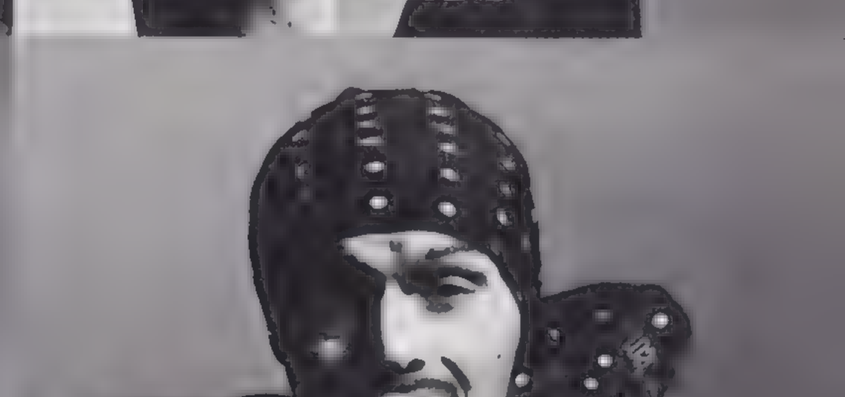
SCARVES

MOSCHINO

religious training came second-hand from the movies, the cumulative effect of heat and all this history was to make us feel like dress extras in a De Mille epic. At the first opportunity, we broke down and bought red-checkered headgear from a stand by the side of the road. "We look like a busload of nuns in tablecloths," said one woman.

"Yeah," said another, "from The Order of Joe Allen's."

The jewel in Jordan's archaeological crown is Petra, an entire city carved by marauding Nabateans from the soaring sandstone cliffs, inaccessible except by a narrow cleft in the rock, the Siq. It was the kind of place Howard Hughes would have admired, but by the time we got there, we had inspected so many ruins—mosaics at Madaba, restorations of Jerash—that we had crossed, irrevocably, the line between awe and exhaustion.

Our savior, ironically, was our guide, who, as it turned out, was related to the mayor of Petra. And when the mayor and some other local pols invited us to a cookout in the hills, we gratefully accepted, climbed back in the bus, and drove for an hour in the dark, serenaded by a man with a lute. Finally we pulled off the road, bumped over a ditch, and, on foot, scrambled up a field of boulders. At the top of a cliff by the mouth of a cave was a small ledge; off to one side men were grilling chickens by the light of the moon in a deep glowing pit. So we helped ourselves to beer from the cooler, passed the trays of grape leaves and taramasalata, and lay back on the blankets to look at the stars.

"This is fab," said my companion, waving a huge joint of meat. "Just like dinner at the Flintstones'."

In truth, it was the stuff of Romance. Or of nineteenth-century travel literature, with its tales of the *feranji*—European ladies seduced by Arab charm. And it was having a devastating effect on the women in our group. One old bird, who'd become increasingly flirtatious on a double shot of Scotch, told the story of Isabel Burton, a fancy Englishwoman who ran off with a desert sheik. "Why would anyone want to do that?" demanded an ardent feminist.

"She was a Victorian, you fool.... She went to Bedouin, so she thought she had to marry him"

"She was a Victorian, you fool," her neighbor said. "She went to Bedouin, so she had to marry him."

Dinner was over. We gathered up our blankets and threw the bones in the fire. The moon had set behind the cliffs, and the campsite, when we turned back to look, had completely disappeared. It was as if it had never been there. Or had been there in a dream.

Given the state of our hormones and the fact that paranoia is as much a part of the writer's kit as sharp No. 2 pencils, it made sense that we would spend our last night in Jordan roaming the back streets of Aqaba, looking for sexual intrigue that didn't, in fact, exist. But even Lawrence of Arabia knew when to hang up his headdress, so we abandoned our search for adventure and went back to the Holiday Inn, where the headlining act that night was an all-girl group from Cracow named The Kiss. Wearing long swirling skirts in loud floral prints and gigantic flowers tucked behind their ears, they shook their maracas and belted out "Memories." It was clear from their game smiles that they didn't understand a word of what they sang.

The architects of the Jordanian tourist effort admit that their country is one people are more likely to visit in conjunction with another destination. Ours, like Lawrence's, was Cairo. And we were as misguided as he had been about the best way to get there.

When Lawrence set out to cross the Sinai on camel, his cohorts looked at him askance. One can only imagine what they would have thought of us as we made off for the ferry dock to board the *Farah I*. She was a seaworthy vessel, but hardly the Love Boat. Upstairs in the first-class lounge, a family of fourteen crowded around an oversized video screen watching Tom & Jerry car-

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toons. Lunch was a tepid hot dog, and there was no such thing as a deck chair. Undaunted, a couple of us lowered ourselves onto the bow of the ship, perched on a gigantic coil of rope, and gazed out to sea, watching as the water changed color from aquamarine, ultramarine, and lavender to the darker tones of very expensive ink.

In Nuweiba, the Egyptian port, it was 120°. When our guide finally pulled up, waving from a ramshackle van, we trudged past dozing camels and lit out for what "Gramps," as we dubbed him, promised was a wonderful new resort.

Roughly ten thousand square miles of limestone, sandstone, and granite, the Sinai, from our vantage point, looked like it was used for target practice with nuclear weapons. Inside the van, life wasn't much cheerier. There was no air-conditioning. On the other hand, if you opened your window you felt as if you were sitting under a hair dryer. The only recourse was to fall asleep, which our leader did, only to awake with a start when a fly flew into her gaping mouth. It was the first living thing we'd seen in hours.

The Dahab Tourist Village, as promised, had all the modern conveniences. Unfortunately, none of them worked. The toilets backed up, keys broke off in the door locks, and the beach, where several hardy Brits were bivouacked, was covered with slick patches of oil. We considered slipping our driver a C-note and forging right through to Cairo, but no one could figure out how to itemize a bribe on her expense report.

The belly dancer was from Michigan; she probably worked for the CIA, too

It would be only fair at this point to ask why in God's name anyone would cross the Sinai. (To get to the other side?) Actually, down the coast, not far from our internment camp, is a little town called Sharm El Sheikh, where the skin diving is unsurpassed and a spanking-new Hilton hotel graces the seashore. And if you're the kind of person who went to the Harmonic Convergence, there's St. Catherine's monastery, founded by the Emperor Justinian and long a mecca for pilgrims: the supposed spot where Moses saw the burning bush. However, when we pulled in and hiked up the long drive to the monastery, it was closed. Several industrious Scandinavians who had spent the night on the mountaintop encouraged us to make our way to the top, but we were too dispirited to do anything more taxing than grouse. "Why don't they take the bloody burning bush," said my friend, "and pot it in the lobby of the Nile Hilton."

As John Gregory Dunne has written, travelers to Third World countries become obsessed with getting out. But there was no way we were going to spend another twelve hours on an unair-conditioned van with a jabbering fool. "Look," spoke up an assertive type, "just take us to the airport."

Finally Gramps agreed, but when we got there he swore there were no flights. "I don't care," said the delegate from the fashion magazine. "I'll buy a plane and petty-cash it."

An hour later, our flight was called and we climbed the gangway, leaving Gramps our box lunches. "So," said my seatmate, settling back with a sigh. "I guess I'm responsible for getting us out of here."

"How'd you manage that?" I asked.

"Remember that guard at the gate?" She grinned and unzipped the top of her jumpsuit. "I just showed him this."

It was our first glimpse of the pyramids. ▽

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Travel news

By Richard Alleman

walking atlanta

Next time in Atlanta, don't miss taking one of the Atlanta Preservation Center's fascinating walking tours. These cover everything from the city's architecturally rich downtown commercial center and its Victorian Inman Park neighborhood to the pastoral 1850 cemetery where Gone with the Wind *author Margaret Mitchell is buried.*

The most popular Preservation Center walking tour focuses on the city's fabulous 1929 Fox movie palace, below. *Lavishly restored and now a performing-arts center, this glamorous survivor of the pre-VCR age still dazzles with its Arabian Nights interior and "atmospheric" ceiling of moving clouds, twinkling stars, exotic sunrises and sunsets. The Fox Theater District tour takes off Mondays and Thursdays at 10:00 A.M., with additional departures on Saturdays, April–October. Call: (404) 522-4345.*

renaissance in waikiki

In Honolulu, the oldest hotel on Waikiki Beach is about to become the newest, when the 1901 Moana reopens next month after a fifty-million-dollar restoration. A landmark of tropical Victorian style, the Moana once boasted a grand porte cochere, expansive verandas, elegant sculpted ceilings and columns. For the last five years, a team of architects and craftsmen has been working from early plans and photos of the Moana in order to accurately recapture all its former splendor. Happily, some concessions have been made to the late twentieth century: air-conditioning, a swimming pool, luxurious guest rooms. See page 258.

Two views of old Hawaii: the Moana hotel c. 1910, top; **Hawaii's King David Kalakaua,** above, **with island visitor Robert Louis Stevenson**

star treatment

"I adore flying; it's airports that I loathe." Thus spoke Diana Vreeland in an interview with this writer some ten years ago. Alas, the airport situation is even worse today—mobbed check-in lines, hard-to-find skycaps, mysterious gate changes and delays, lost luggage. Designed to help travelers cope: D.M.L. Services in New York City will provide an escort at JFK to oversee all phases of your takeoff or arrival; (516) 679-0595. In L.A., Going Places International offers the same pampering at LAX; (213) 851-2715. Each charges fifty dollars per flight.

a guidebook classic—now in english

Good news for Americans bound for Greece is the first-time English edition of the famous French *Guide Bleu Greece*, published here this month by Prentice Hall. At the core of this encyclopedic (980 pages) volume is a handy A-to-Z guide to Greek cities, towns, and islands with overviews of each as well as details on museums and monuments. The new *Guide Bleu Greece* also has scholarly essays on Greek culture, sight-seeing itineraries, fold-out maps, language tips, and up-to-date listings of restaurants, hotels, etc. Other English versions of the *Guide Bleu* (to Japan and China) will also debut this month.

Center, left © 1978 TOMMY THOMPSON; *bottom:* BENN MITCHELL/The Image Bank

TRUTHRUMOR

It's good for you. It's bad for you. It causes cancer. It prevents cancer. It makes you more fertile. It makes you less fertile. You should get on it. You should get off it.

All the conflicting information floating around about the Pill is enough to make you contemplate abstinence. We recommend a far less drastic measure: educate yourself. Gather all the information you can from reliable sources and, together with your doctor, make the decision that's right for you.

Here are a few facts to start you off. First, the Pill is actually many pills. Since its introduction in 1960, it's evolved from one high dosage product into many much lower in dosage. From 150 mcgs. of estrogen in 1960, down to 35 or less today. Yet, it's still the most effective form of birth control available to you other than sterilization.

What about the Pill and breast cancer? Although there are conflicting reports concerning this issue, the Centers for Disease Control reported that women who took the Pill—even for 15 years—ran no higher risk of breast cancer than women who didn't.

The CDC also reported that ovarian and uterine cancer are substantially *less* common among women who use oral contraceptives. In addition, Pill users are less likely to develop benign breast disease, pelvic inflammatory disease (tubal infections) and menstrual cramps.

One of the Pill's greatest areas of misconception is conception. Does the Pill make you less fertile? Studies indicate that if you were fertile before you took the Pill, taking it should not affect your ability to have children later. However, some women may experience a short period of readjustment after discontinuing the Pill. Even so, they usually become pregnant soon.

Some women wonder if their bodies need an occasional rest from the Pill. The simple truth is, they don't. And switching to a less effective form of birth control increases your chances for unplanned pregnancy. So much for giving your body a "rest."

You've also probably heard that there are risks associated with taking the Pill. That is a fact. And you should know what those risks are. For example, if you are taking the Pill you should not smoke. Especially if you are over 35. Cigarette smoking is known to increase the risk of serious and possibly life-threatening adverse effects on the heart and blood vessels from Pill use. What's more, women with certain conditions or medical histories should not use the Pill.

When the topic is the Pill, they're hard to separate.

Even if you're already on the Pill, you should see your doctor at least once a year.

Decisions about birth control aren't easy and shouldn't be taken lightly. Moreover, they should be based on information from first-rate sources, not secondhand advice. If you're a Pill user, read the patient information regularly. Learn everything you can about what you're taking.

Whether you're considering getting off the Pill or getting on it, the better informed you are, the better you'll feel about your decision.

And that's the truth.

A message from the Association of Reproductive Health Professionals through an educational grant from Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation.

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Food notes

By Barbara Kafka

port salute

The service of port at the end of a meal has been revived, and it is no wonder. At a time when most after-dinner drinks tend to taste like Dreamsicles and look like Pepto-Bismol, port is civilized and full-flavored. It can be drunk after dinner with a bit of Stilton, and since port is less alcoholic than its more popular kin brandy, it may leave one clearer of head the morning after.

Port also appeals to the latent collector in most of us. Ever since the late eighteenth century when a new bottle shape allowed port to be binned (laid on its side) for aging, the English in particular have amassed vintage port. Laying away bottles for future generations—say, at the birth of a child—was considered a paternal obligation. So important was aged port to the nineteenth-century Englishman that in George Meredith's novel *The Egoist*, the service of a rare port convinces the father to give his daughter in marriage to a man he had previously doubted.

Lacking a generous English ancestor, you will probably have to turn to an auction house for older vintages. You can subscribe to the catalogs from Christie's and Sotheby's; both hold wine auctions in London, and Christie's also holds an auction in Chicago. In good wine stores, you can still find a sprightly '70 for about sixty dollars a bottle or a magnificent '63 for around one hundred dollars.

You also might want to invest in a port decanter or port tongs, two accessories that arose from the fact that vintage port, unlike other fortified wines such as sherry, does not keep well once the bottle has been opened. A round-bottomed decanter was designed to keep the port flowing; it cannot be set down on the table between diners because only the host has a cradle. If a guest fails to keep the bottle moving, someone may say: "You are chased, sir." Since the bottles are not meant to be recorked, white-hot tongs are used to cleanly break the neck of the bottle for decanting. A nineteenth-century design is available for $79 from *The Wine Spectator Celebration Catalog* (800/451-2007).

Top: JAMES WOJCIK *left*, MICHAEL GEIGER

grain food

For those who think the surgeon general's recent advice to eat more carbohydrates means a steady diet of bread, rice, and pasta, several new books have come to the rescue.

The most comprehensive is the legacy of the late Bert Greene. *Greene on Grains* (Workman) includes grains we think of regularly, like barley and rice, those we never think of, like millet, and, finally, novelties like *quinoa* (a Peruvian grain pronounced KEEN-wah). There's too much fat and salt in the recipes to make you healthy, but they will get you eating a wide variety of grains, and that's a good beginning. It would take a cold soul to reject "Barlied Beef Grandmotherly Style" or "Gingered and Garlicked Lamb Roast" with a spicy side dish of "Gingered Millet."

***The Book of Soba* by James Udesky (Kodansha) follows in the exhaustive manner of *The Book of Tofu*, but is more colorful. Soba noodles made from buckwheat are the focus of a whole style of both hot and cold cooking in Japan (at its best at Yabu Soba in Tokyo). After many years of work, the author brings the whole thing to you in a healthy, simple-to-make series of recipes and descriptions.**

***The Brilliant Bean* by Sally and Martin Stone (Bantam) has a useful introduction on various kinds of beans as well as upscale recipes, *Grain Gastronomy* by Janet Fletcher (Aris Books) is another succinct and inviting introduction to grains, and *365 Ways to Cook Pasta* by Marie Simmons (Harper & Row) adds innovation to one of America's most beloved foods. If you still need help, *The Wholefood Catalogue* by Nava Atlas (Fawcett Columbine), a large, attractive paperback, will lead you to information, mail-order sources, and more books. ▽**

fins de siècle

On the fortieth anniversary of the Coupe De Ville, a look back at a grand Caddy

The Cadillac was once a synonym for all the specially good things life had to offer. But in the seventies, General Motors itself debauched the most valuable brand name in auto history when their accounting moguls conceived the idea of making all their cars look more or less alike, thus spitting harshly in the eye of Alfred P. Sloan, who made GM great by forging a class system for America as complex and enveloping as was the *Almanach de Gotha* for old Europe: from Chevy through Olds, Pontiac, and Buick to the *ne plus ultra* of the Caddy. Cadillac, remember, did not mean merely money. It spelled pizzazz and innovation: the beautiful '53 Eldorado convertible in which Ike rode on his inauguration day; the '57 Eldorado Brougham; the clean cars of the sixties.

For years, the breadwinners of the Cadillac division have been the Coupe De Ville and the Sedan De Ville. It's now the fortieth anniversary of the Coupe, a two-door hardtop launched in the 1949 model year. Those were the days when the postwar demand had far outstripped supply, and GM was happy to allocate generous amounts of materials to the division that could return the most dollars per pound of steel. In Los Angeles, Eugene Jaderquist wrote in the late 1940s, "Cadillac fever is of epidemic proportions. Dealers are now becoming acquainted with the 'pool.' Two, three, and sometimes five or six people of moderate means pool their resources for the specific purpose of buying one Cadillac." Jaderquist added that you could only get into the main parking lot at Ciro's if you drove a Caddy.

Actually, the '49 Coupe was one of the slickest-looking Cadillacs ever made. GM produced 2,150 of them, and if your granny's barn holds one, put a padlock on the door. The four-door Sedan De Ville came along in 1956 in time to join the fin-de-fifties madness. A few years ago, I picked up a '63 Sedan De Ville. The fins were still there, down but more sharply sharklike than the cultic, gross '59s. GM had supplied the '63 with a staggering 143 interior choices and a subtlety in social grading that would have dazzled Proust. It was fun to drive, very light in handling, and pretty fast, too.

To its credit, GM seems to have finally recognized that today's Caddy has lost much of its romance. The De Villes, at least, are getting longer again. The '89 Sedan De Ville is still light to handle and capable of speed. You get from a standing start to 60 mph in about nine seconds, but after a few more seconds the prissy digital speedometer simply flashes 85 and refuses to say more, even when a stern patrolman tells you otherwise. The car has that soft Caddy ride and suspension, which is just fine until you get up to the higher speeds or the more intricate cornering, both of which engender a jellylike sway. But it certainly was restful when rolled along in the respectable regions of the double nickel. Two modish young things I took for a spin in the '89 admitted that the car was comfortable but added that it made them feel fifty years old.

Ticket to ride: the Cadillac crest used to be the ultimate symbol of success.

This is the thing; older people do buy Cadillacs. (The median age of the Caddy buyer is 58.) Those people seek solid, safe presence, like immense nineteenth-century armoires or leather club sofas. And that's the trouble. Today, the word Caddy summons the intimations of "mature" in all the doleful senses of that word.

—SANDY LOVEDAY

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RITZ

A celebration of style and taste by

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Living Editor: Laurie Schechter

no place like home

Mixing satin, silk, and sequins, Norma Kamali creates couture for your living room

Beneath the flapping gold lamé banners and behind the ivory chiffon curtains that block the view of the busy street traffic of SoHo, Norma Kamali is at home. At least she's at OMO Home, a special world created to share her richly detailed vision of stylish living.

One does not browse at Kamali's OMO Home shop. One does not breeze through, glancing here and there, running one's fingers along the rich black velvet of the sofa, plopping down on the bed to test the mattress. Such boisterousness is immediately discouraged. While Norma Kamali converses in whispers with her staff, a black-clad acolyte shoos visitors back to the entrance. In OMO Home one must proceed slowly, as if viewing a private home—a historic home.

Kamali sometimes leads the tour, but today the acolyte takes the small and intimidated group gathered at the door from the foyer through the living area to the pseudo-privacy of the bedroom. The entire space is set up as if it were the living quarters of some sort of creature of the night, a modern-day Theda Bara.

Presentation is everything at OMO Home. Left: Kamali in a characteristic animal pattern.

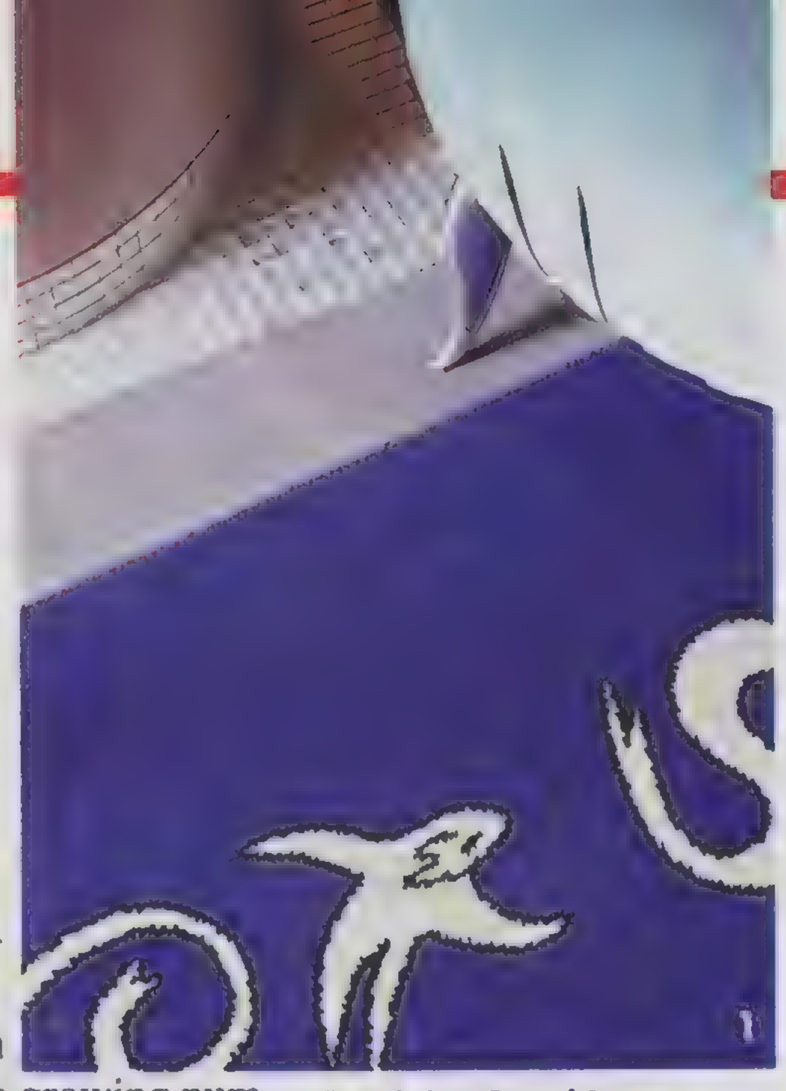
The guide explains in friendly yet formal tones that the proportions of Norma's sofa have been subtly refined, that it is wider and softer than the classic Chesterfield. She reveals that Norma has in her own apartment the ebonized-wood-and-mirrored table. The golden wheat chairs are similar to those in Coco Chanel's apartment, she states, and can be rented in bulk for parties. She suggests that the matte sequin throws, at fifteen hundred dollars each, can also be used as evening wraps. She encourages everyone to feel the five percent Lycra in the silk charmeuse sheets.

The tour completed, the guide smiles, happy to have shared this Disneyland of Norma's vision. She knows it is impossible not to be impressed by the care and thoroughness with which Norma Kamali has approached the task of designing for the home. And she understands it is not necessary to purchase a single item to be enriched by this experience. —**MICHAEL BOODRO**

Top: MICHAEL MUNDY. Inset: BRETT LEE/Star File

live wires

New designs spring to life— and seem to keep on moving



*d*esigns today are moving away from modernism—some under their own steam.

"My tables look as if they might get up and run away," says sculptor David Johnson, one of the growing number of artists who are giving wood and metal a life of their own. Johnson's other works include climbing wall sconces and a wiggle lamp that seems to shimmy through space. "I saw that as a male/female thing," he says, "with the lightning-bolt base being male, and the more relaxed wave, female."

New York City's Royalton Hotel is a nest of shiny silver serpents, squirming sconces, and thrusting horns, thanks to designs by Brigitte and Philippe Starck. Wriggly forms are etched in glass, embroidered on rugs in the hotel's lobby, and slink down the stairs as snakelike banisters.

—TRICIA PARKER

1. Brigitte Starck's rug for the Royalton Hotel, NYC. 2. David Johnson's wavy-leg marble-topped table, topiary by L. Becker. 3. Twisted metal bottle-cork sculptures by Boris Bally, of sterling, silver and gold plate, ebony, and cocobolo woods.

4. Wiggle lamp by David Johnson courtesy of Robert Gaul and Iris De Mauro, Archetype Gallery. 5. Concrete and metal candle sculptures by Boris Bally. 6. Refractor mirror by Godley-Schwan. Details, last pages.

1. MICHAEL MUNDY 2-5. EDWARD ADDEO 6. JOSEPH COSCIA

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Calvin Klein Collection

VOGUE

Point of view

american... the beautiful

Blame it on that "one-man Bauhaus," **Ralph Lauren**, who has not only set a certain style and taste level for an entire generation, but turned every nip and tuck of American design into an international commodity. Or blame it on **George Bush** and the flabby state of the U.S. dollar. Suddenly, it seems, the world's appetite for all-American fashion has become insatiable: the Japanese are buying **Brooks Brothers** shirts by the dozen; that Benetton of American chain stores, The Gap, has just opened two more outposts in Europe. And yet it comes as no surprise. Compared with some of the intricately trussed and tied "costumes" that stroll down the runways of Paris and Milan, American design looks seductively **casual and uncomplicated**. Sportswear, as a concept, was born in America; in the American Corn Belt, still, nothing beats a **Republican cloth coat**. American design is, by nature, clean and simple. It is what American designers do best. . . . Unique to American fashion as well: the exotic jumble of influences that bubbles up from the street. In Los Angeles, young Latin and Asian underground fashion groupies (the most elegant are referred to by their peers as **"vogues"** or **"GQs"**) turn up at clubs and parties in Chanel-inspired "ensembles" or stretched-out classic white turtlenecks that drape over pants as tunics. . . . In the creative hands of an American designer, a pair of oversized menswear shirts that every **boarding-school-bound WASP** cons from Daddy is reworked in bright new striping. The debutante's essential basic black dress may be as sleek and clean as ever, but it gets just a bit shorter, a bit sexier. And a jaw-clenchingly proper white **Palm Beach jacket** now drapes and ties with chiffon at the waist. . . . Every bit of clothing gets reinvented, reincorporated, distilled into what is called **American Design**. (The founding fathers may have intended a melting pot, but the true effect, as it shows itself in fashion, is more like what Humbert Humbert describes: "a salad.") . . . And only in America can a nice Jewish boy by the name of Mizrahi sweep in from Brooklyn and be hailed, within three collections, as the **successor to Halston**

american style!

THE PALM

PROPER ATTIRE

If a single item represents elegant Palm Beach, it's the dinner jacket. In the 1920s, the "Palm Beach jacket" was white, linen, and an absolute necessity. Left: The new version—for a woman—in wool, with a draped front. By Donna Karan New York. Jacket, about $1,070. Bergdorf Goodman; The Gazebo, Dallas; Aversa, Milwaukee WI. Pants, Donna Karan New York. Opposite page: A favorite sport, croquet. Inset: To wear there—Norma Kamali's terry bathrobe —as a coat. Robe, about $250. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. These twenty pages: hair, Mitch Barry; makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Photographed at The Breakers Hotel, Palm Beach, Florida. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Polly Mellen
Photographer: Arthur Elgort

BEACH STORY

It's about glamour as an everyday event. The look is a uniquely American high style to match the high life enjoyed by presidents, vacationing royalty, and ladies who lunch at the club

GOING POLO
Right: A swimsuit/toga dress by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. About $480. Lord & Taylor; Martha, Palm Beach FL; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Top right: Geoffrey Beene's backless evening dress. Black-and-white photos, clockwise from top left: Protocol waiting: Donald Trump chats up former Ambassador Guilford Dudley, Jr., at the Palm Beach Polo and Country Club. Legendary playboy Porfirio Rubirosa consults wife Barbara Hutton. Frequent visitor the Prince of Wales smooths a few feathers. Perennial party girl Marylou Whitney.

Palm Beach is undoubtedly the only place left on earth where you won't hear a word of French on the subject of fashion. The women of Palm Beach do not look *chic* or *soignée*, and they certainly do not aspire to that *bon chic, bon genre* of clotheshorses in Paris, New York, or Rome. There is only one rule to Palm Beach's elusive dress code, and it perfectly mirrors the town's reigning ethos: there is no such thing as Too Much.

Ladies wear large hats and three strands of clam-sized pearls at the beach, and they change into diamonds and silk dresses for bridge. Perhaps because nothing serious ever happens, Palm Beach thrives on formality. A prominent matron can attend a weekday afternoon birthday party in a full-length gown and not raise an eyebrow, but heaven help the gentleman who tries to order breakfast at The Breakers Hotel in a collarless shirt.

As befits a resort created by the very rich for the very rich, Palm Beach studiously ignores trends that sweep the outside world. Strolling through The Bath and Tennis Club is like watching an old thirties movie that has been colorized by Ted Turner; upper-crust staples like simple silk prints, men's linen trousers, and polo shirts leap out in improbable shades of raspberry, emerald, lime, and yellow. Even footwear screeches for attention: navy Belgian loafers with green piping for men; hot-pink flats festooned with dyed leather blossoms for women. The sweater set, extinct in all other regions of the country, still thrives, especially when studded with sequins and seed pearls for evening.

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UNDER COVER

A model-thwarted straw hat would have fit in, but nothing as sexy as this top would have passed muster in Palm Beach a generation ago. Then, women had to wear stockings with swimsuits Of course, there's a choice today. This page: Hat, Yorke & Cole. About $310. Bagutta, NYC; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Top by Calvin Klein, about $415. Bergdorf Goodman; Saks Jandel; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas. Details, more stores, last pages.

CHECKING OUT

Although Worth Avenue has been called the Palm Beach extension of New York City's famous shopping street, Fifth Avenue, there is one big difference—Worth Avenue boasts chrome-plated fire hydrants. Here, graphic examples of dresses born to shop. This page: Carolina Herrera's checked linen sundress. About $1,270. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Martha, Palm Beach FL. Opposite page: Geoffrey Beene's big stripes in cotton jersey. About $1,995. Bergdorf Goodman; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

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Outsiders never seem to get it quite right: Lilly Pulitzer finally had to put her foot down in the early sixties and design her own clothing line. For decades, those sleeveless, pastel, floral-patterned shifts with tiny bows perched on each shoulder were to Palm Beach what the fez is to Turkey. The Lilly Pulitzer shops closed a few years ago, but the spirit lives on—in loose-fitting, brightly patterned frocks that look hopelessly out-of-date anywhere but at the polo grounds or in the English gardens of private estates.

Palm Beach may be the last bastion of WASP supremacy, but its balmy air and sybaritic sensibility cannot be confused with the flinty, seafaring Yankee spirit that still infuses Nantucket or Seal Harbor. There are plenty of nautical touches—jaunty yachting caps, crested blazers, and deck shoes—but nobody actually sails. After bridge, polo is still the reigning sport, luring titled Europeans, Argentines, and South Africans. Prince Charles is a frequent visitor. He goes for the horses, and perhaps also for the company of women who dress like the Queen Mum.

Eccentricity, as long as it mimics Evelyn Waugh's notion of English gentility, is warmly applauded. Elderly gentlemen, cossetted by covens of widows, wear raffish ascots around their necks, silk foulards in their breast pockets, white flannel trousers, and even an occasional Claude Monet–style straw hat merely to walk the cocker spaniel. Donald Trump, who now owns Mar-a-Lago, the 118-room mansion built by Marjorie Merriweather Post, has not yet been admitted to the

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ORANGE CRUSH

Vacationing workaholics are no strangers to Palm Beach. As far back as 1929, The Bath and Tennis Club installed a phone on the beach with a direct connection to the New York Stock Exchange. Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's creation for the simple life, left: A nylon and silk maillot with a wrap-and-tie scarf top, silk stretch gauze sarong skirt. Maillot, about $495; sarong, about $1,125. Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach FL; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Control for long wet hair: Mink Difference Non-Aerosol Extra Hold Hairspray.

only two country clubs that count, Bath and Tennis and The Everglades, but he has taken to dressing like a life-long member, exchanging his pinstriped business suit for cream-colored silk pants worn with a shirt, blazer, and no socks. Roxanne Pulitzer, ostracized after her scandalous 1982 divorce from husband Peter, might have kept a few friends had she only dressed the part. Real Palm Beach frowned at her tight jeans and provocative T-shirts far more than her trysts with the trumpet.

There are a few French words that creep into Palm Beach conversation, but they connote rank, not dress. Dorothy Spreckels Munn, widow of one of the founding socialites (her husband Charles was known as Mr. Palm Beach) is a *grande dame*. So is Rose Kennedy. Sue Whitmore (a.k.a. the Listerine heiress), C.Z. Guest, and Mary Sanford are *doyennes*. You would never catch them or their friends taking notes in the front row of the couture collections. The women of the real Palm Beach dress for comfort and their own sense of standards; not out of *noblesse oblige*, but to *épater le bourgeois*.

—ALESSANDRA STANLEY

ON A ROLL

Thanks to developer Henry Flagler, Palm Beach first became a resort in the 1890s. This page: Flagler hits the road in one of the stranger modes of public transportation—a man-powered bicycle mobile. Top right: One of the easiest ways to dress at a resort—Oscar de la Renta's silk charmeuse camisole and palazzo pants. With jacket (not shown), about $1,700. Saks Fifth Avenue; Suky Rosan, Ardmore PA; John Baldwin. Details, more stores, last pages.

SILVERWEAR
In a resort town where an invitation to the International Red Cross Ball means "bring your tiara," it's fitting that a little of the same glamour rubs off on daytime dress. For day or night, this page: Calvin Klein's silvery top, silk sailor pants. Top, about $415; pants, about $740. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Saks Jandel. Cotton robe by Norma Kamali, about $250. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

WATER COOLER

Imagine a resort without a hot dog stand or soft drink concession: that's Palm Beach. (Bottled water, however, is a very Palm Beach kind of takeout.) Glamorous with or without water—Calvin Klein's two-piece nylon and spandex swimsuit, this page. The top's a square-necked midriff; the bottom's cut bikini-style. Swimsuit, about $74. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. For hair that's sleek enough to go from diving to dinner: Clairol's Condition Styling Gel Maximum Hold. Details, more stores, last pages.

CAR COATS

Leave it to Palm Beach to set a classic record: it has more Rolls-Royces per capita than London. The robes parked here are just as classic: terry cloth wrappers. The unclassic additions: leggings, satin sneakers, and shades. Far right: Robe by Ralph Lauren At Home Wear, about $180. Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Manhasset NY, Denver. Near right: Robe by Norma Kamali, about $250. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Leggings with skirt (not shown) by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, about $825. Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach FL; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

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ON THE TOWN

Asked about local color, Palm Beach buffs modestly mention a few "spectacular divorces." Other modest mentions: the current mayor claims Charlemagne as one of her ancestors, and Prince George of Russia was once a salesman in a Palm Beach department store. It's no wonder that proper dress is required—everywhere. This page: More local colors—pink, green—in a wool jacket with contrasting trim, a silk chiffon blouse, wool gabardine pants. By Bill Blass. Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach FL; I. Magnin. Opposite page: Torrid color—Bill Blass's wool jacket and skirt. Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH; I. Magnin. Shoulder bag by Paloma Picasso, about $525. Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckels; I. Magnin. Conquest by Chrysler courtesy of North Lake Blvd. Chrysler Plymouth, Palm Beach, Florida. Details, more stores, last pages.

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IN THE PINK

NIGHT MOVES

"Luncheon and dinner, swimming and gossip are all that give the illusion of significance to this place of dalliance" was *Fortune* magazine's mean-spirited judgment on Palm Beach, 1936. The finer points of resort life haven't altered since then. A spoof on the swipe-a-hotel-towel syndrome, this page: Marc Jacobs's sequined silk "towel dress," emblazoned with The Breakers Hotel logo. Charivari, NYC; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Opposite: A classic white jacket—Ralph Lauren's of silk crepe, worn with a matching skirt. Bonwit Teller; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Beverly Hills. Details, more stores, last pages.

NIGHTLINES

Social play doesn't change much. That same *Fortune* reporter described the Palm Beach scene: "In the evening, the technique of social jealousy functions at its smoothest, so busily do these ladies snub and tantalise each other that there is no time for pleasure." Opposite page: Evening wear by Norma Kamali that owes some inspiration to that time. Sequined jacket (also this page, top), about $1,500. Pleated pants, about $388. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Dress (also this page, bottom), about $440. Jacket, about $821. OMO Norma Kamali; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Shauna Stein, Los Angeles. This page, above right: More by Norma Kamali. Blouse, about $1,400; pants, about $628. Both, OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Pants at Serenella, Boston; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Details, more stores, last pages.

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NOBODY BEATS THE MIZ

Stephanie Mansfield talks with fashion's favorite son, Isaac Mizrahi

Isaac Mizrahi, Brooklyn-born nebbish turned matinee idol of fashion, knows the exact moment he decided to become a dress designer. He was an insomniac adolescent and was once again staying up late, noshing on Hostess Twinkies, Hershey Kisses, and other après-midnight fat-boy fare, when a strange light came into the den. It wasn't a burning bush. It was the TV. An old movie was on, the 1961 remake of *Back Street*, one of those campy two-hankie jobs with Susan Hayward and John Gavin. (He's married. She loves him. He can't leave his wife. She's a dress designer.) Isaac watched intently. He was miserable at the Flatbush Yeshiva. Always getting suspended. They thought he was abnormal for a nice Jewish boy, sewing luncheon outfits for dolls and sketching hairdos. He had seen more shrinks than Woody Allen. Suddenly, there was Susan Hayward and all those delicious clothes! Fitted taffeta waists and flowing crepe de chine! Hats! High heels! On the coffee table was his mother's copy of the September 1973 Vogue. But wait. Let's hear Isaac tell it:

"It was a very spiritual moment," he says, lighting up a Camel Light and blowing out the smoke. "It was the 'New Collections' issue of Vogue. There was a double page of beautiful figures and colors. I was looking through these pages, watching *Back Street* and thinking, 'This is it!' I could smell the pages. I could taste the pages. I wanted to create a world just like that. Very tragic. Very bittersweet. A total fantasy."

He went on to Parsons School of Design, worked for Perry Ellis and Calvin Klein, and became a genius. Maybe not Susan Hayward, mind you, but certainly the youngest designer to set the fashion world on its panne velvet pouf. At twenty-seven, busy Izzy is full of the kind of passion rarely seen in the jaded Seventh Avenue set. "*Honey, listen,*" he likes to say. He talks in italics and uses words like "wonderfulness" (as in, "It's up to designers to create *wunnderfulness*"); "historic" ("It's a great *historic* moment for white"); "emotional" ("I hate to sound trite, but it's a very *emotional* thing when you buy something. A hood is psychological protection. A coat feels like a lover").

Designing, he says, is half pleasure, half torture. He weeps when he fondles beautiful fabrics and sketches to the soundtrack of *Cinderella*. He's a chain-smoker, calls his mother once a day, goes home for dinner every Friday night ("I try not to be a burden," she sighs from her Brooklyn home), regularly consults psychics, and routinely tries on his own designs ("I'm a twelve"). He's also absentminded and likes to leave endearing reminders to himself on his answering machine: "Hi darling, it's me darling, call Laura."

His face is moon-round and pale, with a light dusting of freckles under a mop of poodle-black curls. His eyes are shiny and light brown, the color of the chewy caramel center of a Rollo. His voice is soft, with a funny nasally thing happening; the accent is strictly Brooklyn. He wears an L.L. Bean cotton turtleneck and mud-streaked white canvas espadrilles. He's nice and very sincere. A mensch. When he sits across from you at lunch, he tucks the paper napkin into

ISAAC MIZRAHI feels that hoods are "psychological protection." Opposite: His dress in water-resistant silk, matched with what could be the only water-resistant shorts in fashion history. Dress, about $860; shorts, about $190. Bergdorf Goodman; Bullock's; I. Magnin. These six pages: hair, Alex Hilliard for Glemby; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Polly Mellen Photographer: Penn

the waistband of his pleated charcoal wool trousers and orders charbroiled chicken salad and a club soda. *Such a nice boy, that Isaac.*

His clients include Liza Minnelli ("He's the most startling and exciting new designer"), Diane Lane, Jane Pauley, and *Golden Girls* creator Susan Harris. His clothes look best on tall, thin women. "It's preferable," he says flatly. "I'm not in the upholstery business." He's just received an award for Best New Designer from the Council of Fashion Designers of America and is already being touted as the next Halston, a mentor Mizrahi dreamily calls "the last great fashion designer in America." His show last November left critics and buyers breathless. New York, as *Women's Wear Daily* cried, was in "a tizzy over Izzy." He was Le Miz. Le Wiz. So what if nobody could pronounce his name?

Has success changed him?

"What's to change?" says his sixty-year-old widowed mother, Sarah. "Nothing's changed."

Mizrahi is chained to his desk in the corner of the sixth-floor SoHo loft that serves as Mizrahi Central. It's a cheery room, full of light, activity, and scraps of fabric on the floor. Half a dozen employees answer the phone, cut out patterns, and generally keep busy doing what people who work for designers do. By the door are three huge clothes racks: it's the spring line. Samples of gauzy white duffle coats hang beside quilted white piqué bolero jackets, which nudge black satin jumpsuits, Popsicle-green shirts, and an oversized scarlet raincoat that would be *divine* on Brigitte Nielsen in a remake of

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MIZRAHI is "sick of black"—and he makes good on his statement. His offbeat color palette, opposite page: A chartreuse silk satin jacket (about $980), gray silk satin vest (about $350), and chrome-yellow silk skirt (about $660). Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI. This page: Mizrahi's mismatched suede and leather slip-ons. By Manolo Blahnik for Isaac Mizrahi. About $280. Manolo Blahnik, NYC; Posh, Chicago; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Worn as an ankle bracelet: a necklace of monster gold-leaf nuggets. By Cynthia Rybakoff for Isaac Mizrahi. Necklace, about $365. Barneys New York. Details, more stores, last pages.

Little Red Riding Hood. Silk tunics the shade of orange Reese's Pieces shimmer under the hot lights. You can't take the fat boy out of the designer; candy seems to be a predominant influence.

"I find colors on candy wrappers. That green," he says, pointing to a tube dress, "it could be like a green M&M. My parents used to take me to Sant Ambroeus on Madison Avenue, and they used to have these *incredible* marzipans in colors that used to drive me mad! And these great foil-wrapped candies! Those colors used to just *thrill* me." Mizrahi may be the man who gets the American woman out of black once and for all. "I've been so sick of black for a long time, and I've been doing colors for a long time and a lot of white. I'm so glad everyone is sick of it."

Mizrahi the maverick owes his fashion sense to a cultural casserole of kitsch, B movies, and the old Balenciagas hanging in his mother's closet. Red is a neutral, "modern" a favorite adjective. He calls the Chanel gold button revival "such a bore. It looks so *old*." He decries the notion of investment dressing: "They rationalize the boring design of clothes that way."

Above all, women must shop, he says. Shopping for clothes "is a rush. It's like having sex."

Sometimes better.

"I've never had bad sex in my life. I don't think there is such a thing. Maybe because I have so *little* sex."

Being the wunderkind of fashion is a full-time job. It's also a precarious one—especially when women say they are buying fewer clothes. Shortly after designer David Cameron was named Best New Designer by the Council of Fashion *(Continues, page 392)*

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MIZRAHI'S style is a steal from sportswear, this page. He starts with a basic (the classic jeans skirt), makes it up in an unexpected fabric (cotton with a basket weave), adds a matching jacket. Another twist—the gold lamé blouse. Jacket, about $545; top, about $406; skirt, about $295. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Opposite: Mizrahi calls them "sack" pants. About $1,200. Linen kimono, about $470; silk shirt, about $500. Bloomingdale's; Saks Jandel; Dayton's. Details, more stores, last pages.

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born in

ALTHOUGH TRUE WASP CHIC
DOESN'T EXIST, SAYS **PAUL RUDNICK**,
FASHION DRAWS UPON
A WELL-BRED DREAMWORLD TO
CREATE AMERICAN CLASSICS

the u.s.a.

SWEATERED SET

Modesty is a hallmark of WASP style. At Smith College forty years ago, sunbathing "in a reclining position" was allowed only in certain areas around campus. Here, Calvin Klein's prudent attire for retiring on a lawn in 1989. Cashmere cardigan, about $405; top, about $240; linen pants, about $260. Bloomingdale's; Kaufmann's; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas. Earrings, Tiffany & Co. The typically minimal WASP makeup regime: lipstick. Here, Revlon's Super Lustrous Lipstick in Goldpearl Bronze. These twelve pages: hair by Bruno Weppe for Jean Louis David; makeup by Giorgio for Suga salon, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Polly Mellen
Photographer: Wayne Maser

ANGLO FILE

Emily Post, doyenne of WASP etiquette, once commented that Beau Brummell was absolutely right in his assessment of proper dress. Brummell said that if someone attracted "too much notice, he could be sure of being not well-dressed, but overdressed." "For years," Post noted, "this has been the comfort of the dowdy." By definition, the WASP will always prefer practical to fashionable. Above: Khakis and sweaters, Northeast Harbor, Maine. Right: Another version of this traditional all-American style: jeans, crewneck sweater. Levi Strauss & Co. jeans, about $33. 59th Street Army & Navy, NYC. DKNY sweater, about $220. Bergdorf Goodman; Lazarus, Cincinnati OH; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

Why would anyone want to be a WASP? Yes, you would have unlimited access to power and funds, but who wants to rule the universe in penny loafers and a belt embroidered with tiny whales? America pines for WASP style, for the purchasable icons of old money and breeding. There is a cosmic chortle at the core of this WASP-lust; if anything, WASPdom embodies the suspension of style and the triumph of blandeur.

WASP style pushes quality and understatement. WASP touchstones include the durable, square-cut oxford cloth Brooks Brothers button-down; well-washed khakis paired with battered Top-Siders; Great Granny's tortoiseshell combs, and Great Granddad's boxy dinner jacket. Enough already—this is a world lacking the sensuality of color, the wit of the tattooed rump, the sheer humanity of double-knit stretch denim. WASP style leans on comfort and Quiet Good Taste, commodities that toll the abolition of innovation, art, and active cleavage.

The nation's current stranglehold on WASPery springs from the *oeuvres* of a duo downright crazy about Colefax and Fowler, rep stripes, and that Sweden, that Mondale, that Manilow of hues—beige. These tweedy acolytes are Woody Allen and Ralph Lauren. The handsome Lauren ads are rife with misty-eyed aristocrats stroking, interchangeably, golden retrievers and towheaded children in navy blazers. Allen has written and directed a slew of WASP-heavy films, including *Interiors*, *September*, and the recent *Another Woman*—all titles that might also serve for Lauren colognes or china patterns.

The odd detail of the Allen/Lauren axis lies in how little it reflects true WASP habits. Allen, in particular, views WASPs as helplessly elegant, as a race of discreet poetesses and stern philosophy professors drifting through hushed chambers. The women's tawny hair is most often swept into severe, worthy chignons, and everyone's trench coats remain immaculate. In *Another Woman*, the heroine, played by the sleek Gena Rowlands, recalls her mother as a paragon who lived "only for beauty and music and nature." Gena's beloved Mumsy was forever thumbing through her "favorite volume of Rilke," presumably in a muted sweater set and a casually knotted Hermès scarf. All of this embalmed graciousness gives one pause—has Allen ever met a real WASP matron?

True American WASPs are far from Allen's serene Olympians. Real WASP ladies go for searing hot pinks and the most Day-Glo Lilly Pulitzer florals teamed with high-gloss black patent-leather slingbacks. Allen's films never showcase true WASP accessories: throw pillows needlepointed with leering, lime-green frogs; madras golf skirts appliquéd with goldfish; and white cotton turtlenecks ditzed up with a perky strawberry motif. Real WASP men are seldom discovered sipping brandy in steel-gray cardigans and mossy corduroys; they're big on pimiento-toned chinos topped with jolly "patchwork"

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WHITE COLLAR

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crewnecks or ski sweaters knitted with prancing reindeer and the silhouettes of martini glasses. Real WASPs swear by the Book-of-the-Month Club and *The Cosby Show*. WASP poetry consists of anthologized Hallmark cards, and WASP philosophers include Sister Parish, Adam Smith, and Arlene Francis.

Real WASPs are often hilarious. A WASP mother recently recalled her daughter's prep school days as a "vegetarian"; this was, of course, the period when the child was an anorexic. Another Connecticut doyenne encouraged her brood to sample cocaine "if *that's* what the popular kids are up to." One silver-haired Protestant shamed her heirlooms by appearing in a book of photographs totally nude—except for a strand of hand-knotted pearls.

Is this fair, all this WASP-bashing? Have WASPs become a beleaguered minority, accused of three-ply cashmere soullessness and skiing tans? Who cares? The only truly appealing WASPs are those lacking any hint of guilt, those rare ice cubes who glory in their pale rigidity. Here are the WASPs one could love: the Mary Tyler Moore character in *Ordinary People*, who refused to see a psychiatrist and learn how to feel; Queen Elizabeth, a myopic monarch wielding a potent handbag instead of a scepter; the occasional Bruce Weber triathlete, proving that dumb and blond can be plenty.

Still, America always comes through. We have Roseanne Barr, Cher, Madonna—confident, ever-intriguing women who will never appear in pheasant-print challis dirndls. We have Whoopi Goldberg's Rasta braids, Stallone's shredded tank tops, the executive slink of Donna Karan. We have, in short, blacks and Jews and Italians and Armenians, and all without the slightest interest in emulating the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

Democracy vanquishes WASP style in all its chilly Fair Isle hauteur. Just yesterday a bicycle messenger, a Hispanic teenager, raced through midtown New York City. He wore a giddy collage of purple spandex, bandannas, chandelierlike gold jewelry, and sneakers the size and complexity of zeppelins. His ensemble also included a hot-pink polyester knockoff of a Lacoste polo shirt. The traditional alligator emblem had been replaced, blessedly, by a Batman logo. ▽

THOROUGH BRED

WASPs have always been known for a certain judiciousness. Never given to excess, they will often go overboard on simplicity. In fact, the classic WASP joke cracks that a perfect WASP dinner is six martinis, cheese, and crackers. Here, a silk chiffon dress with similarly Spartan design. By Laura Marolakos. About $1,075. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Earrings, Tiffany & Co. Details, more stores, last pages.

MAIN LINES

Burberrys's executives explain the sudden increase in interest in Burberry coats among thirty-year-old Americans by the fact that young members of the royal family now wear them. In fact, for members of the DAR, or their offspring, a royal connection—of some sort—is never far away. Opposite: An obvious choice—a Prince of Wales plaid. By Ronaldus Shamask. Linen jacket, about $660; linen pants, about $360. Bergdorf Goodman. This page: A wool and linen plaid with a similarly esteemed pedigree—glen plaid. By Michael Kors. Shirt, about $410; sarong, about $260. Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Saks Jandel. Both pages, watches by Cartier. Details, more stores, last pages.

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DRESS CODE

"WASP dress doesn't reveal a woman's figure," says Lisa Birnbach, author of *The Official Preppy Handbook*, who considers WASPs an exclusive subset of preppy-dom. "They wear tops that have a natural indentation for pearls, and there are always flat, sensible shoes." A sensible sweater set. opposite: Ralph Lauren's, in cashmere and silk. Cardigan, about $880; top, about $380. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC. Worn with Banana Republic's linen pants. About $68. Available at Banana Republic stores. This page: What's yellow, pink, green, purple, red, and orange? asks a current joke. A WASP woman on her way to the country club. Here, hitting the green. Gown by Oscar de la Renta. About $1,700. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

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everybody's all-american

Today, the face of American beauty has changed to reflect the nation's ethnic diversity. It's a new ideal…and it's big, big business. By Shirley Lord

Switch on the TV during prime time, and New York Telephone may break in with its commercial featuring Coco Mitchell, a black-skinned Ford model calling from a pay phone to check up on her next assignment. In real life, as well, Coco is very busy professionally, because Coco is beautiful. Not long ago that wouldn't necessarily have been enough.

Naomi Sims, another black Ford model, made waves in the early seventies. But although she was considered Vogue cover material by Eileen Ford, she never made it. It wasn't until Richard Avedon pushed and pushed that Beverly John-

MASAKO OTANI, twenty-three, from Gumma Prefecture, a small town near Tokyo, became a model to turn what she'd been brought up to believe was a disadvantage—her 5'9" height—into an advantage. Like most Japanese children, she was taught skin care in kindergarten. She uses soap and water, Evian spray; likes Christian Dior skin care and black eye pencil/mascara. Here and on the following pages: makeup by Kevyn Aucoin (Christian Dior's Automatic Lip Gloss); hair by Eric Gabriel for Oribe at Parachute.
Editor: GRACE CODDINGTON. Photographer: PENN

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son became Vogue's first black cover girl in 1974—which was a big news item.

"More than the dress, more than the makeup, it is the attitude of these new models that is setting new standards," says Karl Lagerfeld. "Beauty has gone far beyond color"

"It was the same story with Orientals," Eileen Ford reflects. "This glorious Oriental model, China Machado, came to my office. I loved her, but a Vogue editor at the time said, 'She's too "chinky" for Vogue.' It was the prevailing attitude. But again Avedon stepped in, and China was 'in'."

Today, another "glorious Oriental" is being seriously considered to represent the image of a major American cosmetics company, and from coast to coast models of every race and color are booked to promote everything from banks to beer. In New York City, attractive Asian models advertise the security of a Citibank checking account; in a commercial produced in Dallas, a black male model medical aide reassures a white male model surgeon that American Airlines will get him in on time. In Los Angeles, George Cinfo, executive vice president, creative director of Saatchi & Saatchi, DFS, says, "Casting calls once specified color and/or race. Now, it's 'interesting faces'—of every ethnic mix."

Faith Popcorn, chairman and founder of BrainReserve, a marketing consulting company, has made her name analyzing and predicting change. "Now," she says, "people are tired of cookie cutters. Just as in the early twenties and thirties, there's a real hunger to look different."

"There are no more 'givens' or stereotype casting," says Jim Agnew, executive vice president, J. Walter Thompson/West. "And it's beginning to happen worldwide. In Japan, for instance, we recently used blue-eyed blonds for our Lever shampoo commercials. Here, even though there may be every reason to cast a prototypical California-blond surfer, we still look beyond. There are no boundaries."

ELAINE IRWIN, nineteen, from Gilbertsville, Pennsylvania, is 5'10" and says she's still growing. She usually doesn't use makeup, wears only men's fragrances, in particular Ralph Lauren's Polo and Drakkar Noir by Guy Laroche. She is fanatic about daily hair washing and, just back from working in Paris, prefers French shampoos. (A new one just here is J.F. Lazartigue's Shampoo for Frequent Use.)

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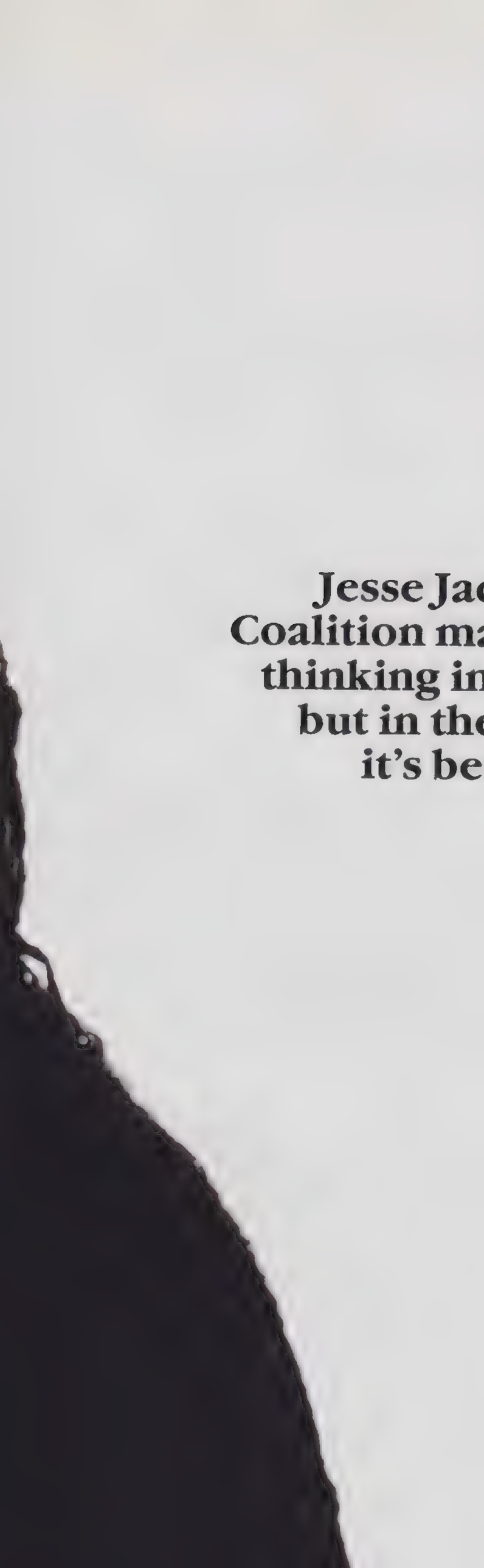

Jesse Jackson's Rainbow Coalition may have been wishful thinking in the political arena, but in the beauty business it's become a reality

There is little question that the emotional, often primitive assessment of what counts as beauty—what shapes a cultural ideal—is undergoing a profound change. And a major reason for that change is television, our most powerful purveyor of images. TV made Bill Cosby a star—and Bill Cosby brought news of middle-class black America into millions of homes. And TV made athletes like Olympic runner Florence Griffith Joyner and skater Debi Thomas not only symbols of racial (and national) pride but exemplars of a new female sensibility. Clearly, who we admire has changed, and no business is more aware of this than the advertising business. But the shifts in advertisers' thinking have less to do with politics than with a keen sense of what people are responding to.

"Tokenism is dead," says Ron Anderson, vice-chairman, chief creative officer of Bozell, Jacobs, Kenyon and Eckhardt, an agency with an annual $1.3 billion in billings. "Most of our clients (Chrysler, Merrill Lynch, Fabergé) want minorities because they look more interesting, often more exotic, certainly more noticeable. It's happening across the lot. It's healthy, and it's good for business."

Until recently, one of the biggest reservations about using dark-skinned models was practical. It was deemed difficult to see blush or eye shadow on black skin. "This made people nervous," says Ford. "Now, because the approach to makeup is minimalistic, it's easier to use black girls, and there are more and more of them. Designers are helping most of all. They are using Hispanic, black, and Asian models in their shows, proving that these models make the clothes look new and make buyers remember the clothes better."

FATOU NDOYE, eighteen, from Dakar, Senegal, left her country for the first time late last year to visit Senegalese relatives in New York City. She was seen at an African dance school by model agent Bethann Hardison and today is pursuing a modeling career. She cares for her long hair with egg shampoo (René Furterer's Yellow Shampoo or Jhirmack's Lite Shampoo for Frequent Use); her skin with Esoterica cleanser and moisturizer. She has never worn makeup.

There is little question that the emotional, often primitive assessment of what counts as beauty —what shapes a cultural ideal— is undergoing a profound change

Karl Lagerfeld is newly inspired by "the richness and diversity of the new faces." When he photographed his advertising campaign for the spring 1989 Karl Lagerfeld collection, he chose what he calls "yellow, pink, and black skin. If you put even three ounces of makeup on these girls—June from Japan, Karin from Sweden, Sebastian from California—they would be lost. More than the dress, more than the makeup, it is the attitude of these new models that is setting new standards. To see a model like Sebastian move and walk, you never, never think 'black'. You think 'beauty', because beauty has gone far beyond color."

Since 1965, when the first major cosmetics line for black skin, Flori Roberts, came into being, several companies have introduced specific makeup and skin-care products, trying to capture the enormous black market. More than three years ago, Gazelle ("for women of color") went a step further, introducing an ambitiously large collection of products for every skin tone except Caucasian. Yet neither Gazelle nor any ethnic-oriented line has come close to the success of the major cosmetics companies. Perhaps because they got the message sooner than the smaller companies that women of color don't want to be singled out, any more than older women do.

"L'Oréal doesn't have an ethnic line of hair products, per se," says Françoise Max, L'Oréal vice president. Their philosophy is shared by other major beauty companies. "All skin tones influence our color planning," says Sol Levine, president of Revlon. "What's considered beautiful today deals much more with the salt and pepper of life. With reality."

It looks as if the All-American girl is succeeding. ▽

TULLY JENSEN, twenty-one, from Salt Lake City, loves to ski, ride horseback, and travel—for work and play. From her father's side of the family (Filipino and Canadian) come Tully's dark eyes, dark hair; from her English mother, her small bone structure. Her everyday beauty choices: Chapstick, Lancôme Moisturizer, dark brown eye shadows (Elizabeth Arden's Brown Shadows, Clarion's Safari Taupe). Here, Vidal Sassoon Styling Gel for curly-hair control.

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the warhol impact

Plastic passions: Warhol relaxes on a crescent-shaped sofa covered in billowing plastic, one of the few pieces of furniture in his famous Manhattan loft, the Factory. **Opposite:** Warhol's proto-Pop interpretation of a cartoon classic, *Dick Tracy*, 1960.

STEPHEN SHORE

DETAILS. LAST PAGES

indispensable andy

Henry Geldzahler sees Warhol everywhere—even at the Modern

Perhaps a month after Andy Warhol's death, I was at a dinner at the Museum of Modern Art in honor of Roy Lichtenstein and his drawing retrospective. Suddenly, we heard a crash: a small painting by Warhol had jumped off the dining-room wall, only to be carried out in state by two museum guards in full view of all assembled. One so rarely meets a poltergeist with wit.

Indeed, Warhol's ghost continues to haunt our world. It is uncanny how present Warhol seems. A dozen times a day, one reacts with Andy's slow, ironic smile to a piece of news or an inane statement by some celebrity.

"The Modern won't be interested in me until I'm dead," I once heard Andy say, and this was sadly true of most American museums. He probably would not have been amused by the Modern's hasty announcement, a few weeks after his death, of the first full-scale retrospective devoted to his work, opening February 6.

If Warhol met with resistance—often a great deal of resistance—from the art establishment and such critics as Hilton Kramer and Robert Hughes, his art and persona communicated immediately and directly with the larger public. Not since Oscar Wilde has an artist's attitude so fully permeated his time as did Andy's.

Undoubtedly, it was in large part the trajectory of Warhol's career, from commercial artist to avant-garde painter, that allowed him to put his message across so clearly. Speed and directness were qualities that won him honors and awards from the commercial profession. But as wise and canny as Andy was in the ways of fashion, public relations, and advertising, that is not why the Modern exhibition commands our attention.

It was finally Andy's genius that he understood—to an unparalleled extent—the various possibilities for combining printing techniques and photographic images with traditional painting. As we have been told over and over by art historians, the story of modern art is, in large part, the introduction of new techniques and subject matter into the "fine" arts. The Cubists, Futurists, and Suprematists were all aware of the printed word, the printed image, and their evocative power in a world hurtling toward its future. Warhol, by taking into account the glamour photo, the silver screen, the supermarket, and the flicker of television, was able to reach a public that did not acquire its taste in new art from museums.

What unified Warhol's work was an invention of breathtaking simplicity: the use of exactly the same silk-screen technique for all his work. The only difference is the paintings are on canvas, the prints on rag paper. Unifying his prints with his paintings, Warhol claimed a whole new territory of techniques.

The shock he underwent when he first saw Lichtenstein's comic-book paintings—with their perfect large-scale hand-painted replication of newsprint's Benday dots—made Andy immediately realize that he must yield that aspect of print to Lichtenstein. His own paintings of Popeye, Dick Tracy, and Nancy, made at the same moment, had less stylistic urgency than Lichtenstein's. With a smile of admiration, Andy continued to experiment with "hand-painted" images from popular culture. But it was only when he hit upon the silk-screen technique as his own personal "carrier" that Warhol struck a vein of true gold.

The preponderance of great Pop pictures were produced in a dazzling three-year period, 1962 through 1964. That was the classic "moment" in which the forces of personal innovation hung in delicate balance with a sense of shared intention. As the sixties wore on, Pop became less a shared activity, and the individual talents who made up the Pop pantheon struck out on their own personal territories.

Recognition for Pop as a serious art movement took place elsewhere than on home ground. The Germans, Swiss, Italians, and Japanese paid prices high enough to tilt much of the best Pop Art in their direction. Just as America became the place to survey French Impressionism, we were in real danger of losing enough good paintings of the sixties to make Europe the place to find the best of our art. How ironic that Warhol's father should come to America from Czechoslovakia in 1921 only to have his son return such extraordinarily "Americanized" energy to Europe barely more than forty years later.

Although it is probably less than a universal pastime, we who are fixed on art, especially recent art, sometimes like to guess at posterity's view of one artist or another. Upon reflection, however, this exercise is not so much a guess at the future as a projection of today's attitudes forward. With Pop, we were particularly amused by this elaborate, intellectual parlor game. Because Pop borrowed so heavily from the topical, we took it for granted that its relevance would be short-lived. How little justice we did Andy. In a 1966 lecture I wondered aloud what kind of art would be produced by a *(Continued on page 395)*

In God we trust: detail from Eighty Two-Dollar Bills Front and Rear, 1962.

Holding on: Edie Sedgwick at the Factory

fresh from the **factory**

Pop was young, Warhol was shy, Edie was vibrant, Edmund Hennessy was there

After graduating from Harvard in 1964, I went to Paris to squander a small inheritance. The following spring, I received a letter from Edie Sedgwick, a friend from my Cambridge days, saying that she was coming to Paris with Andy Warhol for an exhibition of his paintings. She wrote incomprehensible things about Campbell's Soup cans and about a phenomenon called Pop Art. She insisted Warhol was a very important man, but since I had never even heard his name, I was skeptical.

When Edie and Andy arrived in May, the lovely weather made her white mink coat seem inappropriate, at best. I pointed this out, but she proudly announced that she had *another* just like it in her luggage, in case she lost the one she was wearing. She had just lost a $60,000 sapphire ring and had decided to own two of everything important to her. Looking at her companion, I wondered if he had a twin.

But Andy was clearly one of a kind. He was dressed in a red-and-white striped T-shirt, ill-fitting black pants, pointy-toed boots, and a white wig, with his natural dark hair conspicuously protruding around its perimeter. With his pallid face and W. C. Fields nose, he looked more like a rodeo clown than the leader of a new movement in modern art. And, like a clown, he said very little. His genuine excitement about the sights I showed them (neither had been to Paris before) was usually expressed by "Wow," spread out over several seconds: "W-o-o-o-o-o-w-w." Andy spoke barely above a whisper, and his voice contained what might be described best as a whine. I wondered if Edie was playing a joke on me, for this unprepossessing creature could not be the great man she had told me about. But he was likable.

The event in Paris that most interested Andy was his own exhibition at the Galerie Sonnabend. His pictures were not of soup cans, but of stark and vivid flowers. What I remember most clearly about the opening was that the writer Mary McCarthy was there, and that Andy and Edie had obviously never heard of her. I also recall that Edie's fur coat, on that warm evening, attracted more attention than the art on the walls.

I was beginning to understand something about the relationship between Andy and Edie. She radiated the glamour, the beauty, and the breeding that he lacked but admired. She, in turn, liked the stage he could provide for her, the big names that came their way (even if she didn't always know who they were), and the paternal way Andy looked after her. They may have been using each other, but their symbiosis was interesting and attractive.

The next evening, the three of us were invited to a nightclub, The Crazy Horse Saloon. The owner had heard that Andy was in the city and wanted to honor him. Salvador Dali was also invited, and he sat with us, rolling his eyes and speaking unintelligible English. He was certainly more at ease than Andy, especially when a spotlight suddenly zeroed in on our table, and an amplified voice blared (first in French and then in English), "We are pleased to announce that we have with us to-

Velvet toned: Nico, Lou Reed, and the rest of the band, circa 1966.

Ballooning image: Warhol with helium-filled balloons at his 1966 show.

Cheap fun: Beer, vodka, and paper cups at a Factory party.

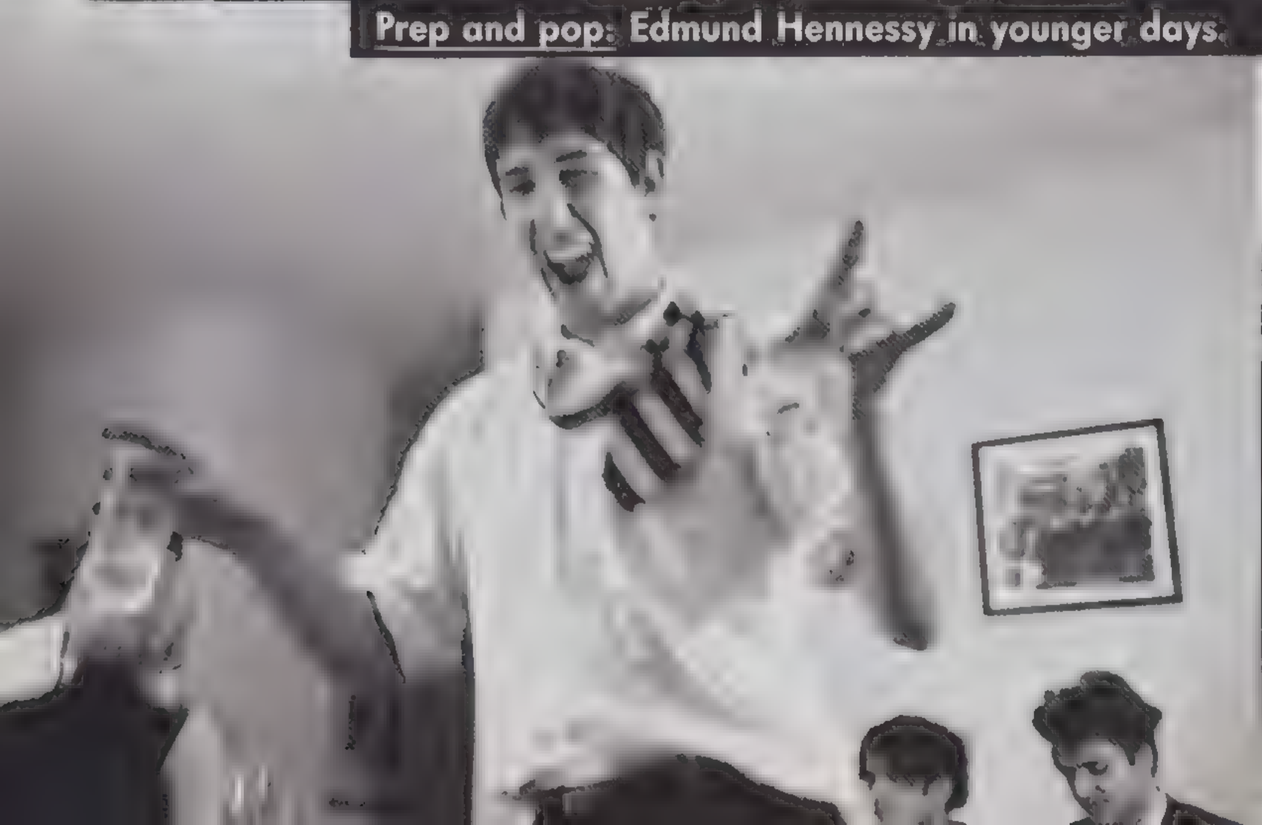
Video vision: Andy's star Edie Sedgwick.

Boogie baby: Edie and other Factory fixtures, circa 1965.

Camera conscious: Andy filming avant-garde filmmaker Mrs. Marie Menken.

Prep and pop: Edmund Hennessy in younger days.

Dance fever: Edie with Donald Lyons, a Greek and Latin instructor.



night two very important men. One is Salvador Dali, the father of Surrealism. And the other is Andy Warhol, the father of Pop Art.'' Dali and Andy rose and took a bow, the former with panache and style, the latter awkwardly, greatly flustered. I felt I was part of a historic but faintly embarrassing occasion.

After the fanfare had died down and the few autograph-seekers had been attended to, the four of us relapsed into the difficulties of making conversation. With a brilliant smile, Edie turned to Dali and asked him what it was like being a famous writer. He thought this was a fine joke, until he realized that it wasn't intended as such. Andy was more taciturn than usual, and it dawned on me that I was going to have to carry the ball. So I took out my wallet and produced a group of photographs I had once taken of my mother, exotically dressed for a costume ball. These pictures had a dramatic effect on Dali. He practically shot into the air, exclaiming loudly he had never seen such a fascinating woman, that he had never seen such a face, and on and on. When I told him that I had the negatives at home and he could keep the prints he held in his hands, he was delighted.

The photographs had been a success, so I again reached into the wallet and pulled out something else. It happened to be my 1942 California birth certificate, which I was still carrying around after using it to obtain my passport. But this was no ordinary birth certificate. It contained all my parent's fingerprints, and my tiny baby footprints as well. This time it was Andy's turn to leap into the air. ''Oh, Eddie, you must let me borrow this beautiful thing! I will photograph it and turn it into silkscreen prints and make you famous. Everybody will love those beautiful little footprints, believe me.'' Without hesitation I handed over the document. The wallet was keeping the party going very nicely, so I reached in again, withdrawing my pass to the Sorbonne, where I occasionally attended lectures. ''Ah, now here is something interesting,'' I said. ''Let me tell you about the art lectures at the Sorbonne, given by a man who is legally blind.'' And so it went for over two hours, my wallet magically producing one conversation piece after another. Andy was pleased.

Because of that evening, Andy warmed up to me and became more communicative during the few days they remained in Paris. One night at Jean Castel's plush *boîte de nuit* on the rue Princesse, we found ourselves in a corner, hiding from the noise and chatting about our respective futures. I explained that I had no ambition, no goals, not even any plans. Andy couldn't understand this. He shocked me by saying, ''If I'm not *really* famous by the time I'm forty, I'm going to kill myself.'' At first I thought he was kidding; but there was no smile on his thirty-five-year-old doughy face.

It was not long before I was down on my hands and knees with a spray can and stencil

The following summer, I moved to New York City. I lost no time in looking up Andy and Edie. Andy's studio was called the Factory, because he mass-produced his silkscreen pictures there, often using friends to operate a sort of assembly line. It was not long before I, too, was down on my hands and knees with a spray can and stencil, creating the very flowers I had seen at the Galerie Sonnabend in Paris.

The Factory was a remarkable place, an enormous loft on East Forty-seventh Street, directly across from the Vanderbilt YMCA. The walls and ceiling were almost completely covered with ordinary kitchen foil. The floor and the few pieces of furniture—an old desk, a defective swivel office chair, a rickety coffee table, an antiquated and battered steamer trunk—were all painted silver. In the center of the room was a crescent-shaped sofa of great ugliness. The only decor, besides Andy's half-finished pictures, were a few wooden cases of Coca-Cola bottles painted the inevitable silver and, lying in a corner, a big mirrored ball, the kind that hung from dance-floor ceilings in the 1920s and 1930s.

I found Andy changed. On *his* ground, in *his* town, in *his* studio, surrounded by *his* friends, and *his* things, Andy was calm, self-possessed, and outgoing. Indeed, he was a chatterbox. He engaged in endless gossip and enjoyed making little philosophical pronouncements. ''Machines have fewer problems than people. The reason I'm painting this way is because I want to be a machine. I think it would be terrific if everyone was alike, don't you?'' And he would rattle on, not wanting an answer or a discussion. ''I like boring things,'' Andy said one day. I asked him what he meant. ''Oh, you know,'' was his only response.

Andy liked having lots of people around, and the Factory became a daily gathering place for dozens of friends, including myself. And, like myself, many of them had gone to Harvard: Donald Lyons, who taught Greek and Latin at New York University; Chuck Wein, who had just come back from a year with William Burroughs in Morocco; Dorothy Dean, who had graduated from Radcliffe and had been a fact checker at *The New Yorker*; Danny Fields, who worked for Electra Records and shaped the early career of Jim Morrison; Henry Geldzahler, the curator of twentieth-century art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Like John F. Kennedy, but for different reasons, Andy wanted Harvard people in his orbit.

Other delightful and talented personalities permeated Andy's life. Gerard Malanga was the court poet. Brigid Berlin (the daughter of the man who ran the Hearst empire) was the liveliest and loudest. There was a fellow known only as Ondine, who talked about nothing but religion and grand opera. Billy Name (that was his name) was always present, taking photographs of everyone, which he developed and printed right there in Andy's graffiti-covered bathroom. Stephen Shore spent a great deal of time at the Factory with his camera. He was only a teenager, but he showed unmistakable talent. Later, he was one of the first living photographers to have a one-man show at the Metropolitan. Lou Reed was the lead singer in a rock group that Andy ''sponsored'' at the time. And there was Taylor Mead, the brilliant comic actor, and dozens and dozens of other extraordinary figures.

Before I arrived in New York, Andy had developed a new passion, movie-making. He had made a few underground films, which I never saw, but which Andy *(Continues, page 395)*

STEPHEN SHORE

the warhol impact

kitsch in synch

Camp it up, says Jed Perl.

We need it now more than ever

When Colette encountered Mae West, it was a classic case of high and low icons in collision. "She alone," Colette proclaimed in 1938, "out of an enormous and dull catalog of heroines, does not get married at the end of the film, does not die, does not take the road to exile, does not gaze sadly at her declining youth in a silver-framed mirror in the worst possible taste. . . . She alone has no parents, no children, no husband."

This is Mae West as trash transcendent, "a young blond butcher," whose image has hung on thousands of college dorm walls since the world went pop a quarter century ago. And if Andy Warhol is our most enduring symbol of the days in the mid-sixties when America's love affair with kitsch spritzed up into geyser proportions, the story neither begins nor ends with him. Artists and writers have been falling in love with pop culture for about as long as pop culture has been around. And people's feelings about pop have never been as perverse as they are right now, when the distance between the flea market and the film festival, the bargain basement and the biennale can be crossed in the blinking of an eye.

While the 1950s were the halcyon days of the New York City avant-garde (Balanchine choreographed *Agon*, Abstract Expressionism was still young), it was only in the sixties that avant-gardism and art fever became all-American pastimes. Jackie Kennedy brought Pablo Casals and André Malraux to the White House and gave high culture a popular spin. Meanwhile, Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, and Warhol used pop iconography as a battering ram to storm the museums. It was a moment when, in the movies, genres were jumping their boundaries—no gangster film quite as self-consciously anarchic as *Breathless*, *Shoot the Piano Player*, or *Bonnie and Clyde*; no cartoon so goofily playful as *Yellow Submarine*. The collisions of high and low crossed genres and art forms with a speed and openness that had people feeling a little drunk, a little dazed.

In her great 1968 essay "Trash, Art, and the Movies," Pauline Kael announced, "Irresponsibility is part of the pleasure of all art." Kael—and Susan Sontag, whose "Notes on Camp" turns twenty-five this year—didn't reject art: they rejected any fixed concept of what makes art enjoyable. Not only were the days of Doris Day/Rock Hudson romances winding down, people were also beginning to believe they could get a new spirit into art just by sending up the two-kids-two-cars ethos of the Eisenhower years. Camp—a cult among gays in San Francisco, New York City, and Paris since the late fifties—went public with a vengeance. Camp, Sontag announced in the highbrow *(Continues, page 395)*

DETAILS, LAST PAGES

A camp classic: Mae West, opposite, in 1937. This page: David LaChapelle plays on camp's theatrical sensibility in his 1988 photograph, Raphael: God Has Healed the Archangel.

Another

Randy Travis, above, whose last LP sold more than three million copies, became, at twenty-seven, the youngest male singer to be inducted into the Grand Ole Opry. Opposite: Three years ago, Ricky Van Shelton was laying pipe in West Virginia. Three months ago, his new record hit number one on the country charts.

Country

Shedding its hillbilly image, country music is again becoming a hot property. Ken Tucker talks to the new stars of Nashville

GEORGE LANGE

"I don't know about this New Traditionalism stuff," snorts Rodney Crowell, disdaining the latest label pinned to the latest, unprecedentedly popular music coming out of Nashville. "I think what makes country music worthwhile today is the old traditionalism—the way Hank Williams, Sr., and Jimmie Rodgers took jazz and the blues and country music and yelled it all out at once. Of course," he adds with a chuckle, "I'm as influenced by John Lennon and Bob Dylan as I've been by Merle Haggard, so who the hell knows?"

"I'm as influenced by John Lennon and Bob Dylan as by Merle Haggard," says Rodney Crowell, country's most pensive picker.

And that's the thing about the New Nashville—who the hell does know? Who'd have predicted, just a few years ago, that one reason we're now in the midst of a country renaissance is k.d. lang, a Canadian woman with a rich contralto voice and hair like a Davy Crockett coonskin cap? Who'd have thought that country's hottest sex symbol would be a former pipe fitter named Ricky Van Shelton? Who'd have guessed that country's deepest, most lulling tones would come rumbling out of a bodybuilder with the face of a shy Mouseketeer, Randy Travis?

After a disastrous slump in record sales in the mid-eighties, country music is ending the decade a hot, hip property. Van Shelton and Dwight Yoakam go gold; Randy Travis goes multiplatinum, and at twenty-seven becomes the youngest man ever inducted into the Grand Ole Opry. Crowell and his wife, Rosanne Cash, cut a duet, "It's Such A Small World," that not only goes to the top of the country charts, but people start calling the couple the new George and Tammy, the eighties answer to Conway and Loretta.

A decade ago, Barbara Mandrell sang "I Was Country When Country Wasn't Cool"; nowadays, when country is cool, k.d. lang can come on like a cross between Patsy Cline and Laurie Anderson, and Minnie Pearl welcomes lang to the Opry with a big ol' bear hug. "Country music is challenging because you have to work inside a formula and a structure, and with a long, conservative history," says lang. "The idea now is to loosen things up a little."

"Five years ago I was washing dishes for a living," says Travis. "Three years ago I was laying pipe in West Virginia," says Van Shelton. "A few years ago I was a performance artist," says lang. It ain't Folsom Prison, but these kids have lived, and audiences appreciate that. Whatever you call the new music from Nashville, it's attracting rock fans who used to think country was the Eagles.

"If the industry wants to put a label on the music to sell it, that's OK," says Crowell, country's most pensive picker. "Let's concede to a market, but let's not concede energy or dignity." This articulates the New Nashville's current strategy: aggressive but moderate, profit-making but generous, capitalism with a human face surmounted by a big white cowboy hat.

In fact, white hats are not only in, they're on: when in public, Ricky Van Shelton never takes his off, and neither does the paradigmatically named George Strait. Dwight Yoakam's appears to be sewn across his forehead. At concerts, fans hold up signs saying, "What's under the hat, Dwight?" and the question refers to hair (or lack of it), because they know Yoakam's got ten gallons of brains under there. "I'm taking an indigenous, vernacular music and broadening its appeal," he says. "What I'm doing in country is in that sense no different from what a jazz artist, or any other sort of artist, does. The only difference is, I can wear a Nudie suit when I make my art if I want to."

In the New Nashville, image is important insofar as it signals to the fans that they're going to hear something that's not corny, not naïve, not bathetic, not the Oak Ridge Boys. Crowell calls it "honky-tonk music without the hillbilly mentality. . . . I'm bothered by the way country music is presented in the mass media. You look at the Grammy Awards show and there, for example, black music is offered for what it is: something very sophisticated and chic. But when they present country music, they start pulling out bales of hay and signaling for the square dancers to come on out. We're saying it's not all like that." ▽

Eschewing the beaded gowns and blond wigs of her forebears, k.d. lang is as radical a feminist as Nashville has ever embraced.

L.A. Inter

IN LOS ANGELES, A NEW, MULTI-ETHNIC GENERATION IS REDEFINING YOUNG AMERICAN STYLE

BY BART BULL

I am looking—staring, actually—at a handkerchief. It's more than a handkerchief, though, it's an epiphany. It is, without a doubt, the single most perfect isosceles triangle in all of Los Angeles tonight. It droops, languid in its linen perfection, from the breast pocket of a navy blue blazer worn over a white boat-neck sweater, white linen pants, white silk shirt, and a firmly knotted navy silk tie. The handkerchief itself is a brave ocher-gold, a grand gesture against the blue and white. But it's the droop that counts, that studied droop, much like one of Dali's soft watches oozing down from the pocket, a profound counterpoint to those precise angles. Frankly, I'm proud to be in the same room with a handkerchief so eloquent.

It's worn by José, who is nineteen and standing in the lobby of the Ukrainian Culture Center with his left hand resting lightly—just so—in the pocket of his high-waisted baggy trousers, accessorized by his fully achieved air of distraction. José is anything but distracted, of course. His attention is no less perfectly pointed than the cheese-slicing edge of his isosceles ocher-gold linen handkerchief. This is war, style war. The Ukrainian is tonight's central stop on the Fashion Crowd circuit and no one is anywhere near as distracted as the poses they're striking would suggest. Reputations will be reupholstered tonight, egos will suffer shattering defeats, and when the smoke clears, style will reign supreme.

What I noticed first about the Fashion Crowd was that no one else in Los Angeles seemed to be noticing them—and how could you miss them? They *dress*. They wear clothes as if their lives depend upon them.

national

At a time and in a place where everyone seems to be working furiously at appearing casual, downbeat, or just another MTV extra, these Latin and Asian kids are inventing truly new looks every weekend. And the looks they create are their own visions of grace and glamour and affluence, of high style and lofty settings. They call themselves "The Fashion Crowd" or "The Party People" only in the most general sense, because every ambitious party promoter, every happening deejay, and even some prominent social cliques have formal titles—The Gentlemen of Equus, Re-Flex, Aviance, Arcadia, Guilty, Wild, Broken Image, The Gentlemen of Araxxis, and so many dozens more—that speak of the powerful enchantment of pure style. And the rules that govern a group's status are all the more strict for being unstated.

Perhaps the reason nobody on the outside has paid any attention to the inventive brilliance of the Fashion Crowd is that they've established a scene of their own, an orbit entirely separate from the allegedly underground clubs that toil so dutifully to make certain their clientele receive the press coverage they believe is their due. So while you can see the club debs and the soap-opera celebutantes all over town tonight, and once again in tomorrow morning's papers, none of them will be wearing anything more innovative than a new biker-club patch on a chemically distressed black leather jacket. The Fashion Crowd's circuit, on the other hand, is truly underground; self-contained and self-generated, blissfully unaware of any need for publicity to justify its existence. No career will be advanced by an appearance tonight at the Ukrainian. If anything, careers exist merely to support their fashion habit.

For these kids, a large and significant part of the great wave of immigrants who have transformed Los Angeles in the last decade, clothes matter more than careers, more than music, more than cars and apartments and all the other possibilities contemporary American life has to offer. They study fashion magazines—the most elegant girls are known as "vogues"—the way their parents wish they would study textbooks. Fashion speaks to them as nothing else ever will. For many, fashion was the first language they learned when they arrived from Asia, from the Pacific Rim countries, from Mexico or Central America.

The looks they create are their own visions of grace and glamour, of high style and lofty settings

Grammar and syntax and vocabulary skills take time, but clothes are something you can shop for next Saturday morning.

The boys are especially devoted to staying in front of the pack. Ever alert to shifts in style, they are, like José of the isosceles droop, masters of delicate nuance. These are guys who would rather die than be seen wearing drab socks, who can quite literally identify the designer of a tie at twenty paces. These are teenage boys who can walk around wearing their double-breasted jackets unbuttoned and still manage to look polished.

A great number of them live at home in order to avoid wasting money best spent on clothes. At lunch, they haunt the very best sections of the very best department stores. Their bedrooms are stacked with fashion magazines, and their phones stay busy with updated comparisons of last weekend's triumphs and disasters. Although the open-air alleys and wholesale showrooms of downtown L.A.'s garment district are thick with them every weekend, only the most daringly secure would ever admit to buying anything other than their most playful shoes there. It's not true, of course, but they truly wish it were.

The truth is that for many of the Hispanic members of the Fashion Crowd, their peers are still living in an old world of low riders and gangs, of fierce barrio territorialism that leads nowhere more glamorous than jail or a menial job. There are gangs among the Asians, too, as well as the equally terrifying Old World option of fulfilling the role of scrupulously dutiful son or daughter. But the more limiting those older possibilities seem, the more important the distinction becomes between the Fashion Crowd and their less-fashionable peers.

The best-dressed guys—known as "GQs"—put considerable distance between their look and anything that smacks of gangster style. Since low riders and gangbangers have been dressing for more than a decade in revisionist variations on the forties zoot suit, the GQs are rapidly moving away from the formality of suits and ties, and on toward

Clothes matter more than careers,
more than cars and apartments
and all the other possibilities
American life has to offer

something more fanciful, more freewheeling. Last summer's GQ cliché was the omnipresent varsity look, crew sweaters over ties with the hair buzzed almost comically short on the sides in apparent emulation of the Princeton sculling crew of 1926. Currently, though, the GQs prefer long hair tied back or flying free, and the most daring are adopting entire looks built around rough suede cowboy boots or white turtlenecks worn tunic-style. "I'm tired of ties," one of the GQ trendsetters told me. "I work at a law firm downtown—all I see all day long is ties."

The vogues are every bit as intent on widening the gap between themselves and their counterparts, who are referred to, in the deepest tones of derision that a teenager can muster, as "cha-chas." While the vogues are inclined toward hats and gloves and Chanel-inspired ensembles, the cha-chas—though no one will ever admit to being a cha-cha—settle for miniskirts, high heels, and dramatic makeup that is only a small evolutionary step away from the girl-gangsters' "loca" look. The cha-chas, less willing to abandon traditional Latin styles, will typically have longer hair, often teased into the high-crowned look the vogues call "lionhead." Vogues, ever inclined to emphasize the distance from everything the cha-cha represents, are currently acquiring Louise Brooks bobs or dramatically brief pageboys. No cocktail parties exist in their lives, but should an invitation appear, they're dressed for the occasion.

For many, fashion was the first language they learned when they arrived from Asia, the Pacific Rim countries, Mexico or Central America

Given the social mobility available in California, in the West, in this truly new world, it's entirely possible that the elegant cocktail party will be their next accomplishment. Young as they are, these kids dress with more verve and wit than can actually be seen at any contemporary evening affair, and the clubs and dances they attend on the party circuit exist, everyone agrees, essentially for display. They even dance together in large groups, in circles rather than couples, the better to admire each other, and the better to remind the outsider of the supreme uniqueness of their clique. At a time when the outside world seems fixated on archaic fantasies of hot-blooded Latin style, no one here takes particular pride in their dancing. It's the look, the style, the leaps and flourishes of fashion that count. And for tonight, in their remarkably polyglot beauty and taste, they look even more stylish than they have ever looked before. Tomorrow night is just an evening in the future, a fashionable instant still to be invented. ▽

dealer's choice

Mary Boone lives in a space as clear and precise as the moves that have taken her to the top of the art business

By Joan Juliet Buck

GOLD AND GRAYS: In the dining room, Brice Marden's Star (For Patti Smith), 1972, hangs behind a Louis XVI armchair. The Empire table is signed by Henri Jacob. The remodeling of the apartment was supervised by John Housbmand of Clark Construction.

Seven years ago, Mary Boone began to appear in all kinds of magazines, a new breed of exotic person: the tiny, implacable, pretty art dealer in high heels and nice clothes. As much was made of her large collection of shoes—a fetish associated with female despots—as of her taste in art, her strong will, and her business sense in making such young artists as David Salle and Julian Schnabel prominent throughout the world. The high prices she demanded for their works and the high visibility of Boone herself combined to create a giddy notion of art as a somewhat flashy means of attaining success: an incorrect idea, but one which prompted Steve Rubell to say, "Artists are the rock stars of the eighties."

There were other ways of putting it: hype is the art of the eighties, or art is the hype of the eighties. In the years when everyone from fundamentalists to intellectuals thought they should be making a lot of money and fiscal responsibility was abandoned the way braces are at eighteen, young artists made money. Mary Boone made a success of her gallery, fought for her artists, and established not only Schnabel and Salle but also Eric Fischl, A. R. Penck, and now Ross Bleckner.

The media haze that precedes her makes one fear a tiny Imelda issuing edicts about Art. But in person, she is pleasingly odd, a combination of adamantine will, an onrush of unsolicited confessions, self-doubt, good posture, and curiosity. She is driven, but that drive manifests itself in eccentric ways.

She explains her work in far more human, indeed female terms, than I'd imagined possible, and while not averse to having her house recorded, she is extremely nervous about answering questions of a staunchly practical nature.

"Where do I keep my Kleenex? On the wall in the bathroom. Pens? Scissors? All that is in the filing cabinets inside the closets. Why are you asking me this?"

I was asking because I had never been in an apartment so startlingly free of the loose threads that I consider signs of life—the unanswered letters, ribbons from presents, discarded envelopes, half-read magazines, flowers, cushions, ashtrays, felt-tipped pens, postcards, compact discs, extension cords—litter. In white lacquered rooms with ebony-finished floors, a Schnabel, a Fischl, two Bleckners, and a Salle (a great Salle) float behind spare, perfect, and more-than-perfect eighteenth-century furniture, much of it signed Jacob. A bedroom contains only a gilt Empire bed and footstools; a pair of smooth black telephones are pinned to the wall like large, rare black bugs. No carpets, no curtains, no corners. Hers is a resonant and slightly disturbing apartment, more a series of spaces, vistas, an exercise in precision. Where, I asked, is the mess?

"My house is like my gallery, kind of a work in progress. I like things to stay a little bit raw, a little bit on the edge. I like the unpredictability and the newness of really looking at something without fluff."

Fluff, I answered, warmed by a familiar concept. What is fluff to you?

"Fluff is answers that become pat, situations that become predictable, appearance rather than content. Specificity is very important: make choices, edit your life. I don't think of it as an empty need to be neat, or just being retentive, because chips in the paint or scrapes on the floor or nicks in the wood don't bother me. Doing things I don't really want to do—that bothers me. That's what my order comes out of. I have only thirteen artists in my gallery, it's been open for eleven years. I have fourteen suits in my closet. I like to be specific."

The confidence, the success, and the word "Egyptian" affixed to Mary Boone had led me to believe that she was probably a rich Middle Eastern girl who'd ended up in New York City after a few finishing schools. The specifics are different: her parents were immigrants from Egypt to Erie, Pennsylvania, where Mary Elisabeth Toney was born thirty-seven years ago. Her father died suddenly at twenty-nine, leaving a twenty-five-year-old widow and two little girls.

"My mother was a very strong woman, kind of a dreamer. We took the train to California: she couldn't drive, but she had this idea of California as America's last hope. My father's death focused my whole life."

They lived with an aunt and her family in Pasadena.

"I have only thirteen artists in my gallery. I have fourteen suits in my closet. I like to be specific"

"We really had no money, and my mother had no way of supporting us. From the time of my father's death, I have had an almost daily concern with death and mortality. If I had to describe why I've done everything so fast, it's because of that. And self-sufficiency: I don't think my instincts about having a gallery, achieving something, had as much to do with feminism or independence as just being able to take care of myself."

California was "like growing up in a circus. Every day was Saturday." With her mother, she visited the museums and Disneyland. "Walt Disney had the beginnings of a school where they educated their illustrators that eventually became Cal Arts. What's funny is that a lot of the artists I show went to Cal Arts. So there's a connection from back there." The good side was the warm rain and the tropical colors; the bad side was the pervasive blondness, the Aryan dream. "The children used to ask if I was an Eskimo. I really suffered because I didn't have a little nose and blond hair. I eventually bought myself a little nose, but the blond hair I was never able to get." The vicissitudes of growing up with a young widowed mother are hinted at. "My mother was still young, she wanted to get remarried." She did, when Mary was ten, to Mr. Boone. "For the first year, I didn't have their name. When other parents would bring me home, they'd see the name

REFLECTIVE MOOD: Mary Boone reclines in her favorite chair, one of a pair of Georges Jacob gondola giltwood bergères decorated with swans wearing necklaces.

CLASSICAL REFERENCES:
Husband Michael Werner's home office contains a Boulle desk and a Louis XVI armchair.

SEAT OF THE EMPIRE: In the salon are gondola chairs, a Louis XVI table in gilt bronze, three giltwood chairs and a settee by Jacob-Desmalter, and Julian Schnabel's 1980 St. Francis in Ecstasy. Center: David Salle's Byron's Reference to Wellington, 1987. Below: Eric Fischl's A Brief History of North Africa, 1985.

on the mailbox was different from mine, and the children would ask why. I wanted to be like everybody else."

She went to a boarding school near Detroit. "I think the combination of my father's death and my mother's remarriage made me ambivalent about emotions. I suppressed them. I became a workaholic, went to school every day, couldn't get enough of it." She went through the school in two years rather than four, joined a special program at Michigan State University for advanced high school students, and galloped through that. "I was shy and awkward, out of a fear of not belonging. My reaction was to become as autonomous from humanity as possible." Finished with college at sixteen, she went to the Rhode Island School of Design to become an artist.

She came to New York City at nineteen, worked for the Bykert Gallery, and began selling art privately from her loft on Bond Street. "I was going like a steam engine, I would say out of control. I somehow had this idea I was going to die young, probably at twenty-nine, like my father, and I had to get everything in before that," she explains. "On my thirtieth birthday, I felt like I was buying time."

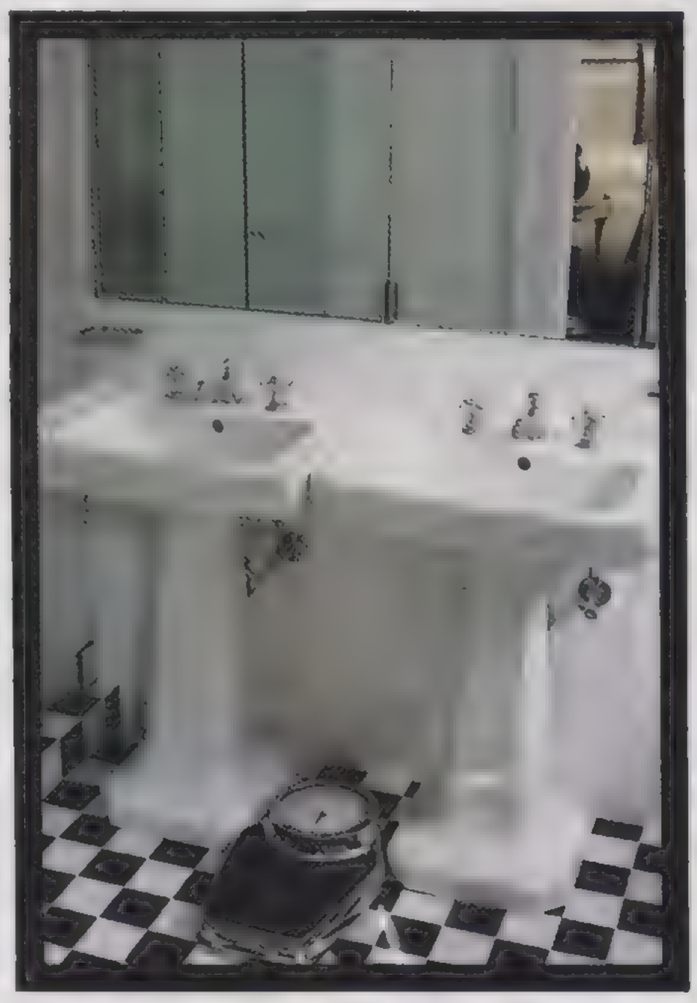
Boone had been dealing for three years when she woke up one day and realized she loved what she did. "Although I hadn't thought of myself as an art dealer, I was giving all my time to working in the gallery. When I did paintings, they were abstract, cool, and minimal, not dissimilar from the art I admired and was involved with. But mine weren't particularly original. I was smart enough to recognize that I was never going to be a great artist. Not that I thought I'd be a great art dealer, but I'd have more to offer in that direction.

"My creative impulses are satisfied as a dealer. The similarity is that you're still working with a body of ideas, with the notion of communicating to an audience. I never really wanted to be a curator, because that's dealing with only the object. As a dealer, there's the vitality of seeing ideas evolve.

"I love to hear artists talk about their work, not in a didactic, silly way, or a promotional way, the way a lot of young artists try to sell you on their work. I look to art to go beyond what I know, to find out something more—either about myself, or about the world, or about other people—I guess all those are the same. I don't know if I look to art for hope. I look to it for a certain kind of solidity, intrigue, ideas, stimulus. But hope? I probably wouldn't have shown most of the artists I've shown if I looked to art for hope."

She started her own gallery in the 1977–1978 season. "It was after the recession in New York City, and people were feeling more optimistic." She had started with backers, slowly. "In the beginning, people asked me if being a woman stood in my way. I didn't act like a woman, so it didn't. Being short stood in my way. And being young.

"I think one's initial attraction is essentially to the person, the young artists, to their energy, *(Continues, page 390)*



MULTIPLE TALENTS: A Louis XVI armchair, opposite, sits in front of Ross Bleckner's Entrance, 1986. Top: In the kitchen are four identical garbage bins. Center left: Even the laundry room sports stripes. Center right: A toaster reflects the black-and-white floor. Bottom: Paired to perfection: matching sinks and blenders.

A GOLDEN TOUCH: Boone's dramatic Empire giltwood bed is covered in Clarence House's Lampas Abeilles silk. The pair of Swedish chairs were made in 1800 and are identical to a pair in the Haga Pavilion near Stockholm. The stools are 19th-century Regency.

the last resort

ADDICTS WITH NOWHERE ELSE TO TURN HEAD FOR HAZELDEN, MINNESOTA'S STATE-OF-THE-ART TREATMENT CENTER. BY WILLIAM PROCHNAU

Leaving the airport, heading north out of Minneapolis on Interstate 35, you are still very much in life's fast lane. But soon the prairies are rolling serenely off toward a horizon that frames faded red barns against a soft blue sky and, as far as your eye can reach, there is not a mountain left to climb. You're on your way to the farm. Literally. Forty-five minutes out of town an off-ramp eases onto a slowly winding two-lane road that carries you deep into Minnesota's tranquilizing lake country. The trip ends on a far lakeshore among a cluster of resortlike buildings protected from the arrows of the world by a sheltering stand of maple, birch, oak, and pine trees. The mood is lulling. It was meant to be that way.

A lot of frightened and desperate people have taken this road—Kitty Dukakis, terrified after years of quiet addiction to diet pills; Dexter Manley, the hulking Super Bowler who can manhandle anything but a bottle; Truman Capote, grasping at a last chance in a lifelong battle with every mind-bender from cocaine to gin.

The very painful and often very public journeys of these celebrities have focused new attention on the granddaddy of all treatment centers for chemical dependency, Minnesota's showcase Hazelden Foundation. The people there are unnerved: "Every time we get a celebrity in here and he goes public, it upsets me a bit," says Hazelden's president Harold A. Swift. "It makes us sound like a country club and I worry that the average guy thinks we are not for him. We're not seeking publicity."

People arrive scared, and often intoxicated. Invariably the first question asked is, "Why do I do this?"

Although its fame is newfound, Hazelden opened its doors forty years ago when alcoholics had hardly anywhere else to go. That first year there were just seven patients who were cared for in a white farmhouse with a staff of three—a counselor, a cook named Ma, and a maintenance man whose job included, as one old-timer remembers, "puttin' 'em back to bed when they fell out."

Alcohol treatment elsewhere was primitive at best. Dr. Daniel Anderson, Hazelden's president emeritus and for years its driving force, started out at a mental hospital in southwestern Minnesota that housed twenty alcoholics. "It was still a snake pit," he says. "We called the alcoholics the inebes and nobody wanted to work with them. They said to me: 'If you'll just work with them for six months, we'll let you work with the real patients.' The real patients were the regressed schizophrenics. That's how far we've come."

Today, of course, addiction to alcohol and drugs is big business in the United States. On any given day, approximately 600,000 people are under treatment, almost 100,000 in hospitals or residential treatment centers and the rest in outpatient programs. Over 38,000 Alcoholics Anonymous groups meet regularly and 4,500 clinics, hospitals, halfway houses, and other institutions specialize in treating chemical abuse.

Most, including the star-studded Betty Ford Center at Eisenhower Medical Center in Rancho Mirage, California, follow what has come to be known as the "Minnesota Model," the program developed by Dr. Anderson and Dr. Nelson Bradley that meshes the strong spiritual lessons of AA with psychological and medical treatments. So renowned is the model that even the Soviets have come to Hazelden looking for lessons to apply to their own crushing alcohol problems.

But it is not the only model. There are the other familiar names: Schick Shadel on the West Coast and in Texas, which

has been using aversion therapy—or Pavlov's dog technique—for decades. Patients take a drug that induces severe nausea when mixed with alcohol, and then drink until they retch. The treatment is brutal and effective—with a ten-day plan, Shadel claims a success rate as high as other treatment programs.

Smithers Alcoholism Treatment and Training Center, a division of St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital in New York City, is renowned for its no-nonsense approach, although some find it urban-confining and glum. Truman Capote wrote it off as "the Devil's Island" of treatment centers; he failed there, as he did at Hazelden. His friend John Cheever also came out of Smithers hating it, but never took a drink again. There are also yearlong treatments at psychiatric hospitals like McLean in Boston or Sheppard and Enoch Pratt in Baltimore. The "tuition" cost is almost as stiff as a year at Harvard, and inevitably there is more retrospection. At Hazelden there is no looking back.

For most patients, the hardest part of Hazelden's thirty-one-day program is the journey up the long, curving driveway, a frightening symbol of the final commitment to change. People arrive scared, and often intoxicated. Invariably the first question asked is, "Why do I do this?" And invariably there is no answer.

There are few answers of any kind offered at Hazelden. When pressed about how the treatment works, the replies usually come in mystical or spiritual, rather than rational, terms. The rational mind, the therapists say, can be the biggest stumbling block to recovery. In fact, the patients with the highest IQs often have the most trouble. "Doctors and lawyers are the toughest nuts to crack," says Dr. Anderson. "They are too Godlike in their attitudes."

One of the old saws at Hazelden is that some of the best therapy occurs after the counselors leave and two patients are just talking over a cup of coffee. "Nobody knows exactly why it works," Dr. Anderson continues, "and if you push the question too hard it probably won't work. It's just not an intellectual exercise."

But why it works is exactly what everyone wants to know, and some things do seem obvious. Dr. William Flynn, a psychiatrist who specializes in alcoholism at Georgetown University Hospital, thinks one of the secrets is to get into an environment where the "whole focus is on your addiction, a total immersion in it, and then break through the denial." Another primary objective at Hazelden is to steer the patients back toward something they may have long forgotten: a conventional lifestyle. One former patient describes the regimen as "getting basic training in living."

There are no locks on the doors, nothing to prevent patients from leaving, and some do. But life is highly structured with reading programs, group-therapy programs, lectures, and individual counseling, consuming sixteen-hour days that begin promptly at 7:30 A.M. Hazelden is a classless society. Everyone has chores. A hotshot Philadelphia lawyer might find himself taking out the garbage.

Some of the therapy is individual, but the soul-searing group sessions, with painful confessions, are considered the mainstay. Hazelden has the look of a country club—complete with pool, exercise rooms, and an elaborate skein of rustic walking trails designed to relieve tensions. But you don't make it through without pain.

Another former patient says his worst times were the first week and the last, which was family week, a wrenching seven days when parents and children, husbands and wives, meet with each other for the first time since checking in. Nothing is held back. "I was scared silly," he says. "I knew my family had to hear the same horror stories I had been telling the group. I've never seen so many tears." But it made the coming out easier. And his father, who was taken aback the first few days, said later that the relationships became so intense that he received five Christmas cards that year from other patients he met during the week.

Success rates are difficult to gauge. Estimates are that 50 to 80 percent of the graduates are improved after a year. Many alums return for stays at the "renewal center," which provides overnight accommodations on the grounds. Entire families check in for a second, more laid-back visit; it is so popular that Christmas is booked six months in advance.

"In this business, you need to harness all the serenity you can"

A month at Hazelden costs about $5,300, often covered by private insurance, and is average to low for drug-treatment programs. Eighty percent of the patients are from out-of-state. As Hazelden begins its fortieth year, the old farmhouse still stands but the lakeside center has expanded into six primary rehab units with 194 beds, as well as facilities for detoxification, extended care, and family counseling. Other Hazelden units have spread to six more Minnesota locations.

In forty years, Hazelden has helped alcohol rehabilitation become to Minnesota what beer has become to Wisconsin. The nonprofit foundation also has moved into fields beyond treatment—training, education, even publishing. Its publishing arm is the largest in the field with a remarkable mail-order catalog boasting not only one thousand titles but also video cassettes, calendars, bumper stickers, greeting cards, coffee mugs, and, even, cigarette lighters.

Nor has success stolen Hazelden's sense of humor. At the publishing house, the mailing list has grown to 325,000 names and Linda Peterson, editor in chief, laughs that she remains forever mindful of her customers' idiosyncracies—especially their tendency for obsessive behavior.

"We train our 800-operators very thoroughly to understand our callers have a compulsive side to their nature," Peterson smiles. "We're probably the only catalog company in the country that, when the order starts to get too large, we talk our customers out of buying so much."

Hazelden's success has spawned a network of other clinics and halfway houses throughout Minnesota. A popular tourist T-shirt bears the logo: "Minnesota, Land of 10,000 Lakes." Now, there is another one—equally popular—that says: "Minnesota, Land of 10,000 Treatment Centers." At one point, Dr. Flynn says, it almost seemed like there were more alcohol treatment centers in Minnesota than in all the rest of the country put together. Last year, in the Minneapolis metropolitan area alone, twenty-five thousand persons were treated for chemical addiction.

It's almost as if Minnesota itself has become the narcotic, a nice safe substitute for hard stuff. "In this business," says one of Hazelden's counselers, "you need to harness all the serenity you can." ▽

Navy has surfaced as a key color for spring. It's so pervasive that it literally becomes the uniform for day or evening. Designers are choosing navy over black—embellishing it with gold buttons, brightening it with white jackets, blouses. Or leaving it without any decoration at all.

basic blue

IN THE NAVY

"I may be known for bright colors, but navy is my favorite," says Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. "The rest of the industry is just catching on to a good thing." This page: Giorgio di Sant'Angelo's silk stretch gauze dress. About $1,060. Lord & Taylor; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Opposite: A traditional way with navy—Ralph Lauren's wool crepe double-breasted blazer (about $870), pants (about $390), silk and cashmere turtleneck. Jacket and pants at Bloomingdale's; Dayton's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Chicago. This page: Adding shine to hair—Dep's L.A. Looks Styling Spray. These eight pages: hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Andrea Paoletti. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Grace Coddington
Photographer:
Patrick Demarchelier

BLUESTOCKING
"Navy is new for young women who've grown up in black," says Michael Kors. Opposite: His sleeveless wool dress (about $1,300), cotton shirt (about $180). Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; The Gazebo, Dallas. This page: Even the classic black tuxedo dress gets reinterpreted—in navy. By Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. About $1,700. Bergdorf Goodman; Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Manhasset NY, Washington DC. Details, more stores, last pages.

LATE-NIGHT BLUES
Diana Vreeland once called pink the navy blue of India; today, Bill Blass calls navy blue the black of America. Here, his silk crepe dress. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Jacobson's; I. Magnin. To tame curls: Vidal Sassoon's Ultimate Hold Spritz. Details, last pages.

NAVY RESERVE
"Navy implies the strictness, the neatness, the discipline of a military uniform," says Geoffrey Beene. Opposite: Beene's silk crepe jumpsuit. Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston; L.S. Ayres & Co. This page: A cotton poplin shirt (about $330), wool cardigan (about $490), wool crepe pants (about $330). By Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Bullock's. Keeping hair in top shape: Neutrogena's Conditioner. Details, more stores, last pages.

BEACH BLUES
The nineteenth-century sailor suit goes modern. By Chloe. Cotton shirt, about $550; wool crepe shorts, about $605. Both at Carol Rollo/ Riding High, NYC; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. These eight pages: hair and make up by [illegible]kner for l'Agence [illegible]

GRAPHIC IMPACT
Crisp white trim, big white buttons make an entrance. Opposite: Chanel's wool suit. Bloomingdale's; Garfinckels; I. Magnin. This page: Valentino's wool coat. Cashmere skirt, about $715. Valentino Boutique, NYC; Charles Sumner, Boston; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Details, last pages.

BLUEPRINT FOR EVENING

The color may be conservative, but the cut is not. This page: Silk mousseline top and viscose jersey skirt by Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Top, about $750; skirt, about $420. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. Opposite: A velvet jacket that slips on like a polo shirt. By Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. About $1,165. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Washington DC; Rich's. Balancing navy: Yves Saint Laurent Beauté's Toasted Cinnamon Lipstick #64, Wine Lip Pencil #1. Details, last pages.

C·A·R·L·T
INTER·CONTI

NAVY MANEUVERS

The practical—and whimsical—side of navy. Opposite: Geoffrey Beene's crepe jumpsuit and Ultrasuede jacket. Both, Vogue Pattern #2182. Jumpsuit fabric by American Silk. Jacket fabric by Springs Industries. This page: Gianfranco Ferre's sailor cap. Cotton turtleneck by The Gap, about $20. Levi Strauss & Co. jeans, about $35. Both at The Gap stores. Adding moisture and evening out skin color: Champagne Beige Moisture-Balanced Face Powder by Estée Lauder. Details, more stores, last pages.

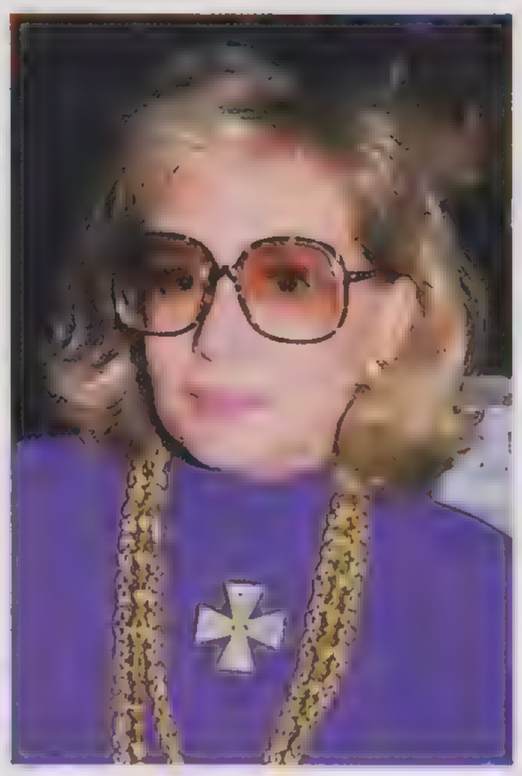
DKNY

Talking Fashion...

Editor: Gabé Doppelt

Cece Kieselstein-Cord

Barbara and Selma Weiser, owners of NYC's Charivari



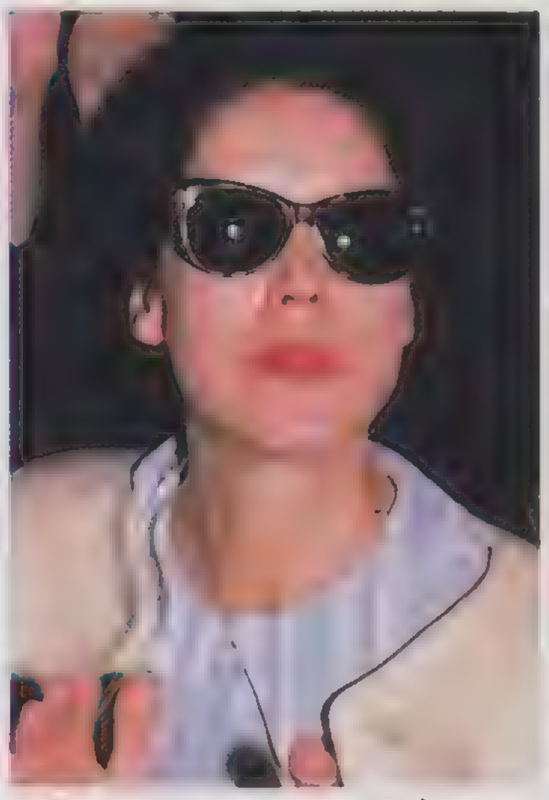
Barbara Walters

Interior designer Chessy Rayner

Ellin Saltzman of Saks

Designer Alistair Blair

Connie Darrow of Barneys



Vanity Fair's Marina Schiano

Shopper Nan Kempner

Interior designer Mica Ertegun

Glamour's Xanthipi Joannides

shady characters

Blinded by the lights'' is the excuse given by the fashion editors, retailers, and ladies-who-shop who showed up at the indoor spring collections wearing sunglasses. (''You can still see the clothes with them on,'' assures Mica Ertegun.) But fashion designers know better. Bob Mackie believes sunglasses let the audience ''keep their reactions to themselves. Or they might be asleep under those shades . . . or maybe the clothes are simply too dazzling.'' Geoffrey Beene is simply perplexed. ''It's rather illogical,'' he muses. ''What are they hiding? It's like black windows in a limo. Highly suspect.'' —LESLEY JANE NONKIN

ROXANNE LOWIT

(Talking. . . *continues, page 368*)

LUTZ

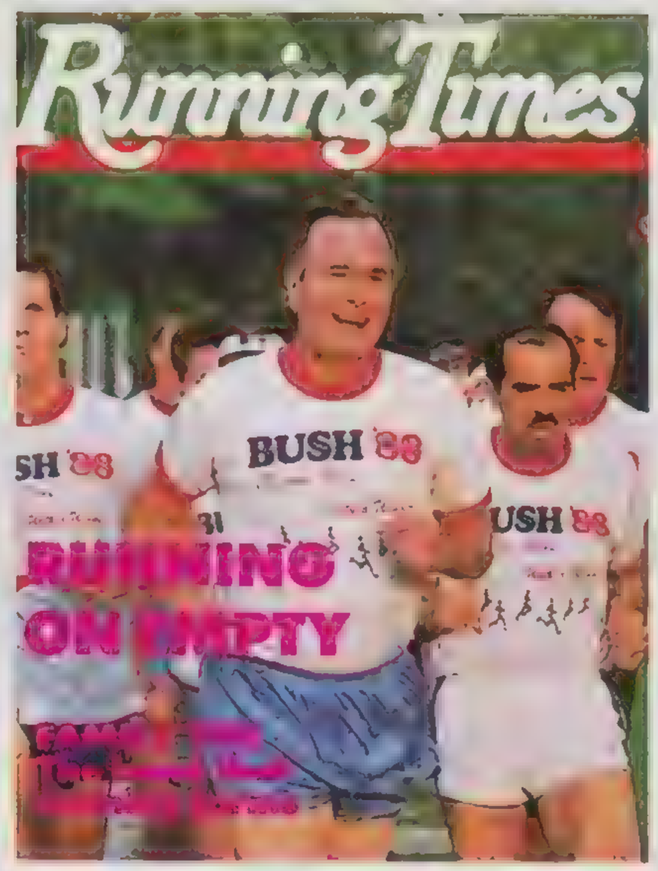
Chloé

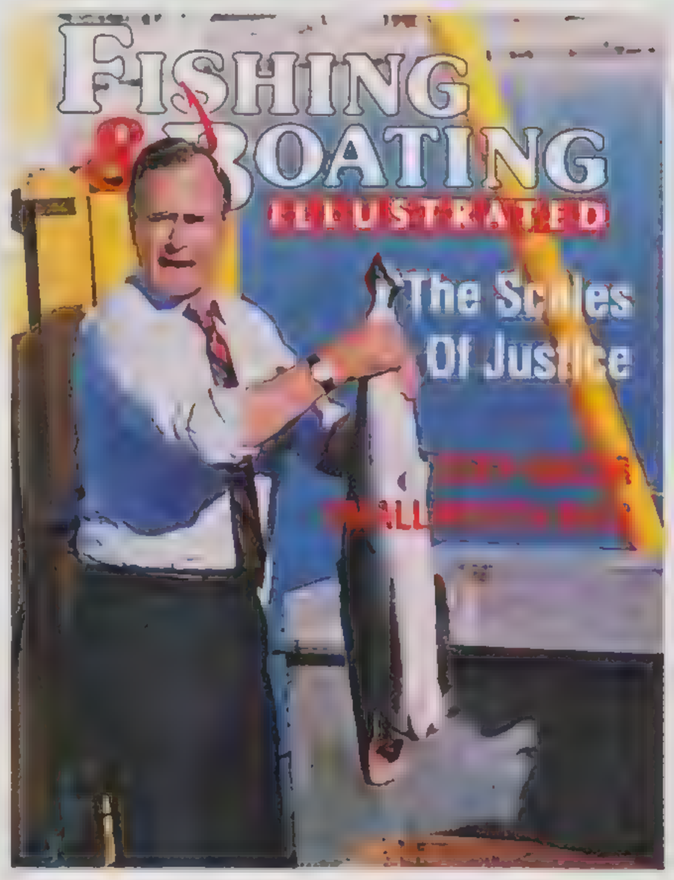
PATRICIA MORANGE **BEVERLY HILLS.** MARSHALL FIELD'S **CHICAGO.** LOU LATTIMORE **DALLAS.** PANACHE **MILLBURN.**
JANET BROWN **PORT WASHINGTON.** I. MAGNIN **SAN FRANCISCO.** WILKES BASHFORD **SAN FRANCISCO.**

ELIZABETH ARDEN **NEW YORK.** CAROL ROLLO/RIDING HIGH **NEW YORK.** SARA FREDERICKS **PALM BEACH.**
GARFINCKELS **WASHINGTON.** CREEDS **TORONTO.** DIAGHILEV **QUEBEC.**

the clique of recognition

Vogue dummies up this year's presidential coverage





TOP CENTER: H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS, BETTMAN NEWSPHOTOS; ALL OTHERS, WIDE WORLD/AP PHOTOS

DAVID SEIDNER

Bill Blass

fit to be tied

SUSAN ORLEAN on the history, trials, and tribulations of wrap-and-tie clothing

1. An encounter with the reinventor of the tie skirt that ends in tragedy

Every once in a while, Donna Karan will be walking down the street and she will see someone incorrectly wrapped. Perhaps this person is just wrapped too loosely, or maybe she hasn't given her wrap that critical extra twist or tug. Maybe her draping looks sort of undrapey. Maybe instead of wrapping she just, say, overlapped. Or superimposed. In any case, whatever the exact circumstances of the miswrapping are, the sight is a horrible one for Donna Karan, the grandmaster of wrap-and-tie clothing.

"Ugh," she was saying the other day as she sat in her office on Seventh Avenue. She wrinkled her nose and shuddered. "The *worst*. I can't stand looking at that. Oh, I can't *stand* that. When I see something like that, someone who is wrapped wrong or wrapped very loosely, I want . . . I want . . . I just want to *go* up to them and *grab* the fabric and wrap them again! Tightly! That is the *absolute* worst."

Four years ago, Karan introduced her classic tie skirt and thus resurrected the reputation of wrap clothing, which had its first moments of glory in about 400 B.C. with the toga, and since has, with the exception of the Lilly Pulitzer golf skirt, fallen largely into disrepute. Although its comfort and ability to flatter the figure are well known, all wrap clothing suffers from the same public-relations problems: it looks awful until you put it on, and no one thinks they can put it on right. For instance, when Karan's tie skirt is *(Continues, page 372)*

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spread out on a table, it looks like a butcher's apron or a rain hat that's been run over by a steamroller. Karan likes to describe this as "a lack of hanger appeal." She says it in the same sanguine tone that a stockbroker might use when describing the stock-market collapse as a "setback." She considers the I-don't-know-how-to-tie-the-damn-thing position as equally surmountable. An illustrated tag attached to each skirt (as well as the other pieces in Karan's collection that require wrapping and tying) instructs the wearer on the proper method of transforming this steamrollered rain hat into an elegant, soft-flowing skirt.

"Some of my best friends still call me up and ask me how to wrap"
—Donna Karan

"It's so easy, though," Karan went on. "I mean, can you step out of a shower and wrap a towel around you? Then you can wrap. Really. I mean, you could do this in your sleep. I can do it in my sleep." She reached for her waist and untied the bottom of her sweater, a black scoop-neck that, when wrapped and tied, looks like a form-fitting ballet top. When untied, it looks like a bird about to dive.

"Come on, anybody can do this," she said, grasping the ends of the sweater. "Look, take this side and pull it this way—see, do it evenly; then take this side, and it's really so easy, and, oh *shit*! My nails! My nails! Oh, damn, I just had them done and they were still a little sticky. Let me finish tying this. Oh, shit, there goes another nail! Oh, forget it! *[Into the telephone]* Hi, yes, it's me. *Please* send someone in to fix my nails right away. *[To me]* I have a manicurist come in every day for the whole staff. That's why it's great to work for a woman executive—I understand these things.

" Anyway, I did a lot of personal appearances when my line came out to explain how to wrap. I'm known for very detailed instructions. Wrapping is the *best*. It's comfortable, it's flattering, and it's sophisticated. On the hanger, it looks quite ugly. But I'm telling you, anyone can learn to do it. Okay, some people think the double knot I used the first few years was too hard. It's not. But this year, I did eliminate that double knot in some of the pieces and replaced it with just a simple tie. Once people see how easy it is, it's a revelation to them. They say, 'Oh my God! *That's* how you do it?' " She paused and stared at the ends of her sweater. "I do have to admit something," she said. "Now and then, some of my best friends still call me up and ask me how to wrap."

Karan pulled the ends of her sweater around her waist, cinched them, and tucked the ends under the top of her pants. She held her fingers rigid the entire time, to avoid nail-to-sweater contact.

"Boy," she said forlornly, looking at her hands, "I *really* wrecked my nails."

2. Antizipperism, or how to wrap the rich and famous

Later that day, Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, who has championed wrapping for twenty years and has recently enjoyed its resurgence, also declaimed his position on clothing deconstructionism.

"I hate zippers!" Sant'Angelo gasped. "Oh, I hate them! I hate the zipper! No matter who does them—I hate them!" He was sitting in his downtown Manhattan showroom and patting a pile of silk as he spoke. The fabric, a stretchy matte net, was Sant'Angelo's hallmark creation: it can be draped, wrapped, tied, rewrapped, and still look sleek. Before it is wrapped, however, it looks like just a shapeless pile of mesh. Sant'Angelo makes everything out of it.

"Rags," he said, cheerily. "On the hanger, my clothes look like rags. Rags! On a hanger—oh my God! Folded, then they look nice. But otherwise, they look like rags."

While Karan sees wrapping as a way to make clothes more comfortable and sophisticated, Sant'Angelo suggests it can increase mental challenge as well. He has said that he loves women and loves to give them something to do. As he was talking, the door opened and an angular blond in cowboy boots, whom I recognized as a Famous Rock Wife, strode in. The FRW kissed Sant'Angelo enthusiastically and then told him she wanted to buy the same dress that a certain Famous Rock Ex-Wife—let's call her Bianca—had bought a few days earlier. Sant'Angelo smiled, disappeared into the back of the room, and reemerged holding a mesh tube with streamers. The FRW pulled the tube on and stood in front of the mirror holding the streamers.

"Giorgio, heeeelp," she moaned. Sant'Angelo, who is a trim elfin man, stretched up, grabbed the streamers, and pulled them tight. He crossed them over one FRW shoulder and formed a toga. She frowned. He unwrapped it and crossed both streamers around her chest. She fluffed her hair and looked bored. He unwrapped her.

"Wrapping is psychological," he went on. "Women should learn about their bodies. This is a way to do it. When I started, I don't think American women knew how to tie a bow. Now, with my clothes, they learn about how to do anything with a piece of fabric."

The FRW stamped her foot.

"You can wear this upside down or inside out," Sant'Angelo said to her.

"I still want the one that Bianca bought," she said.

"What shoes are you going to wear?" he asked her.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "Oh, I have some wonderful sort of retro shoes with straps and stuff."

"I *hate* retro," he said.

He unwrapped her, crossed the streamers around her chest and then around her neck. "Oh, yes!" she said.

"See, wrapping is the best, isn't it?" Sant'Angelo

(*continues, page 378*)

FILENE'S

chestnut hill

ESCADA

BY MARGARETHA EY

L.L. BERGER
buffalo

Pure new wool

JULEE CASE

JULEE
JULEE
westport, ct

BY MARGARETHA

CALLEY

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NEIMAN MARCUS

Jacqueline Bissett's photograph by Patrick Demarchelier

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Talking Fashion...

said, beaming at her. "When I see this style done with zippers by couturiers, I feel sick to my stomach. I told my students at the Fashion Institute that if they put zippers in their clothes, I will quit the fashion world and become a carpenter. Predraped and sewn up for me would be impossible. Emotionally impossible."

"Giorgio, you're so funny," FRW said.

"Being funny, I don't know. Wrapping, I do know," Sant'Angelo said. "I have to be careful to instruct the stores on how to show my clothes. Last week, I got a call from one of the stores because they couldn't remember how to put on one of my dresses."

"I've been at parties when I've pulled him into the bathroom to fix me," FRW said to Sant'Angelo's assistant, who had come into the room with another pile of mesh.

"Oh, I know someone who owns this dress who loves to go into the bathroom and totally change the style during the middle of the party," Sant'Angelo said.

The FRW looked panicked. She turned away from the mirror and stared Sant'Angelo down. "Who does that?" she said. "Who changes her dress all the time?"

"Oh, just someone . . . you know . . . Elizabeth," he said. "Now, please, remember, when you are wrapping this, you have to start with the fabric here"—he poked her left hipbone—"*always* here. That is the only way to do it."

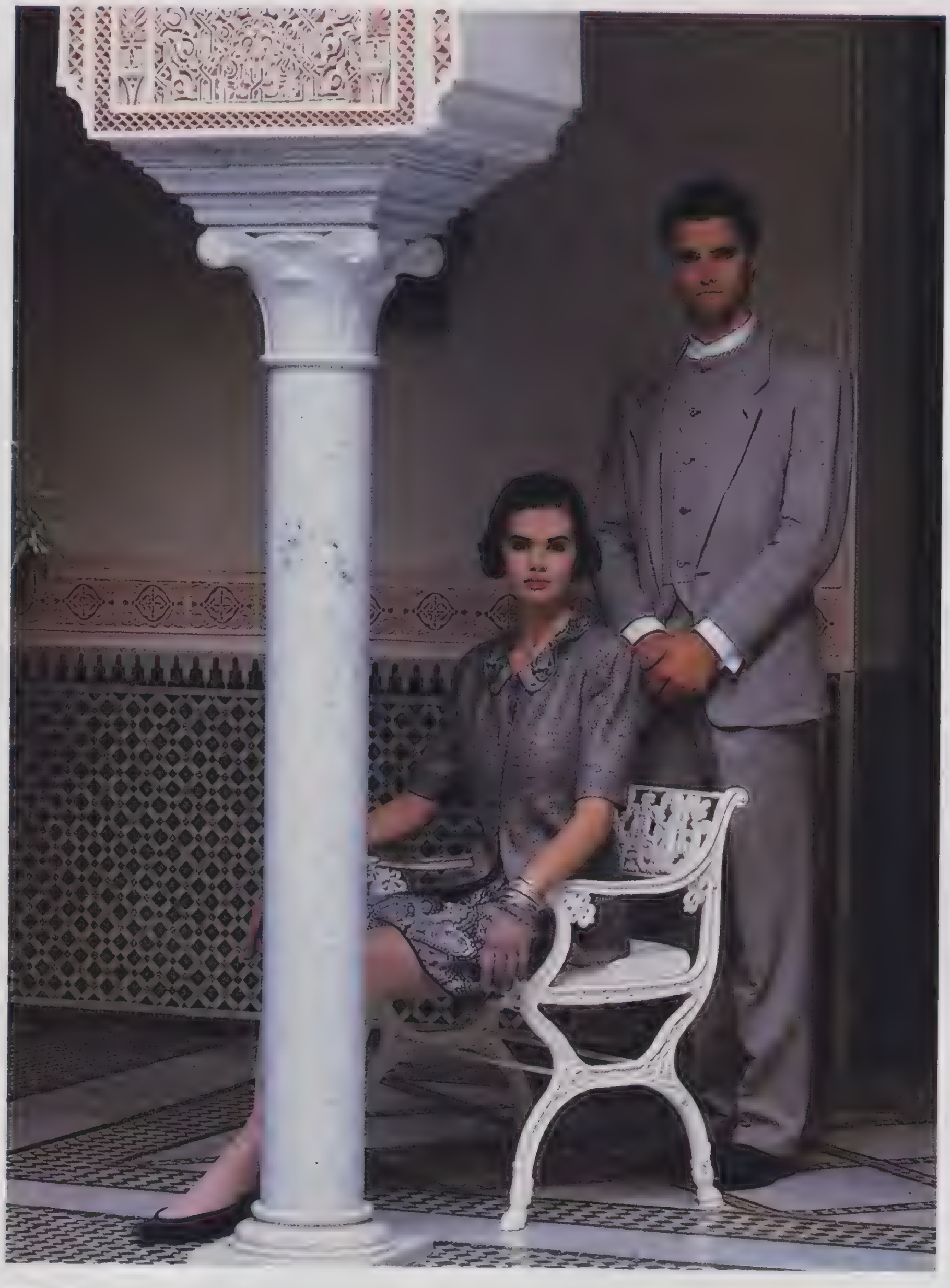
The FRW picked up the new piece of mesh—a semicircle edged with beads. Sant'Angelo wrapped it around her as a skirt, then a cape, then a tent dress, and finally a semitoga.

"See?" Sant'Angelo said. "Wrapping is the most wonderful thing of all. If you teach someone, she can travel around the entire world with one piece of fabric."

The FRW examined herself in the mirror. "Giorgio, it's wonderful. I love it," she said. Then she smiled at him winningly and said, "But I *still* want the one that Bianca bought." ▽

(Talking . . . *continues, page 380)*

PHOTO BOB KRIEGER - ART DIRECTION EMENDA MARINELLI



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Talking parties...

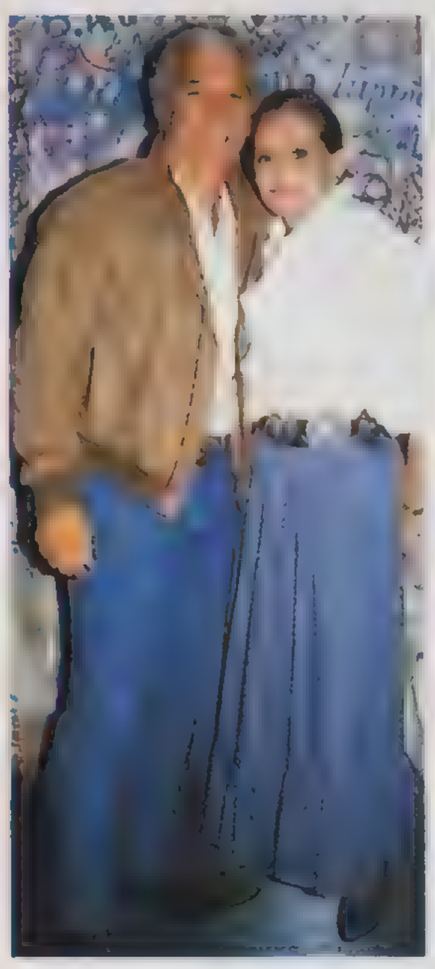
Old stogies: Saul Steinberg; Milton Petrie

Maurice Templesman; Jacqueline Onassis

The Countess of Romanones; Jerry Zipkin

Bob, Georgette Mosbacher; Roehm on the range; Blaine Trump

Brooke Astor; Warner LeRoy; Mercedes Kellogg



Merv Adelson; Barbara Walters

Tenderfeet: Ivana and Donald Trump

Holy Mole

Bob and Georgette Mosbacher corralled New York Republicans at the Cadillac Bar to celebrate George Bush's victory. The party, planned months in advance, went off without a hitch: Bush conveniently won. Urban cowboys had tacos and tequila before riding off into the sunset in a line of limos.

Nin Ryan; Rosamond Bernier

Titled Guests

New York's glitterary set turned out for one of the year's most social charity galas when the New York Public Library inducted twenty-six new "Literary Lions." Fifteen thousand dollars bought each of twenty patrons a table for their handpicked guests. Honorees such as Art Buchwald and Gwendolyne Brooks were distributed amongst the tables like so many door prizes.

MARY HILLIARD

(Talking *continues, page 382*)

CAROLYNE ROEHM

Photographed by Skrebneski

Spring 1989 Series Two

Talking parties...

Gayfryd Steinberg

Laura Tisch

Anne Bass

Carter and Susan Burden

Ford's Ashley Richardson

Nina Griscom and Dr. Daniel Baker

Hustle Bustle

A Metropolitan Museum of Art Costume Institute Benefit always draws a thematic crowd. This year, for a tribute to Victorian England, the look was definitely retro-active. Although several ladies donned bustles, more modern were long, slim shapes on Anne Bass and chairman Pat Buckley.

Steve Weiss and Donna Karan

Keith Haring in Nikes

Daniela Morera in Ferre

Corice and Philippe Arman

Artist Arman celebrates sixty.

Great Performances

Corice Canton-Arman's black-tie birthday party for her husband, sculptor Arman, attracted the art world from here and abroad. The musical evening began with violin pieces by Vivaldi on a Stradivarius and wound down after dinner with a jazz concert.

MARY HILLIARD, ROXANNE LOWIT

(Talking *continues, page 400*)

Ph. HERB RITTS
GIANFRANCO
FERRE

GIANFRANCO
FERRE

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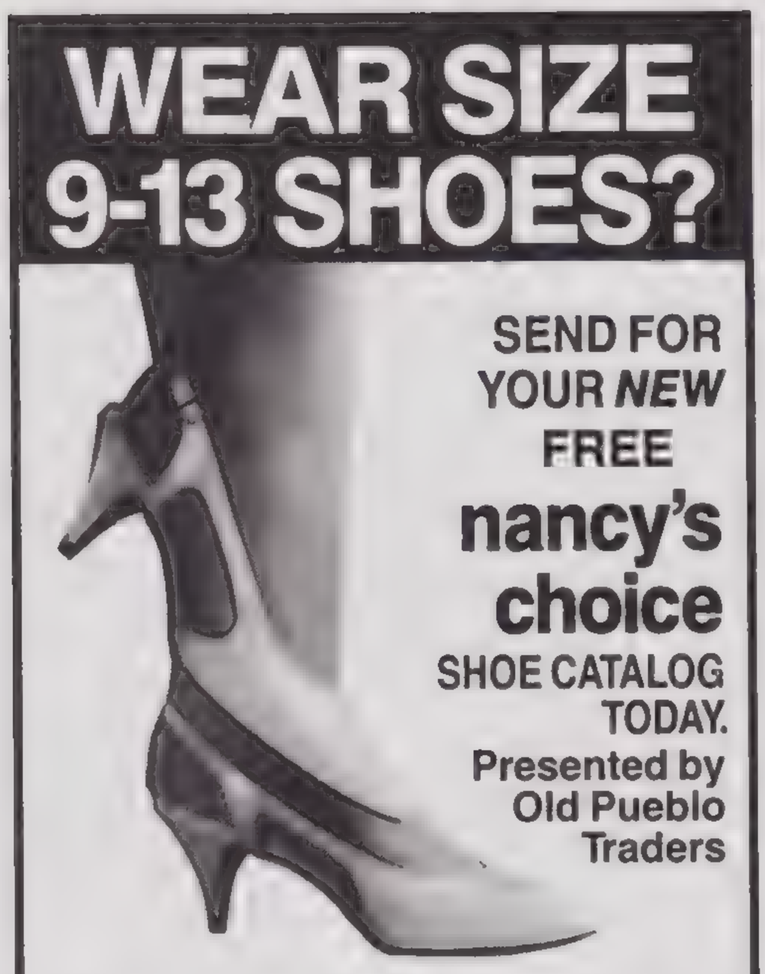

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Horoscope

By Michael Lutin

Dear Readers: February is electric. With the new moon touching Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Pluto, it's a great time for hot soap operas, creative explosions, and storms of all kinds. Even the stuffiest Republicans can be seen eating with their fingers. Pluto goes retro on the 15th, so all Scorpios will be off in a corner sulking. If you know any, keep them away from sharp objects and open windows. Finally, here comes a lunar eclipse on the 20th. Projects begun last summer will either blossom or blow away. If you are not totally shipwrecked, expect to be at least miffed at your nearest and dearest. Bad time for emotions; call it worldwide PMS.

AQUARIUS
January 20-February 18

Venus is in your sign for most of the month, so you're lucky you haven't taken your final vows yet. So what if the eclipse on the 20th reminds you to renew your oath of celibacy? Till then, prepare to be the apex of an amusing triangle, maybe between an aging executive and an earthy blue-collar type. To keep things in perspective though, rent a video of *Fatal Attraction* on the 15th.

PISCES
February 19-March 20

The 7th and 8th could be your best days all month, when the moon favorably aligns with the planets from your sign. So before Lent starts on the 8th, make sure you ask for everything you want while tightwads are in a good mood. If you've been playing married, expect a cold shower of reality at the eclipse. When gods reveal clay feet, critics are too harsh, or your therapist up and disappears, take heart. February is always your peak month for panic and confusion.

ARIES
March 21-April 19

When you're hot, no living creature has you beat for enthusiasm and warmth. And at the moment, you're cooking on all four burners. Although you couldn't hurry the universe along during last month's Mercury retrograde, big deals are now in the works. Even wrapped in a blanket with a thermometer jammed in your mouth, you're so manic that it would take the SEC, the IRS, *and* your mother to bring you down. So try not to go shopping after consuming vast amounts of sugar.

TAURUS
April 20-May 20

The more you feel someone pulling away, the hungrier you get. Yet you're often drawn to exotic, unreachable magicians who won't reveal their tricks, and that makes you vulnerable—but you're not defenseless. While you detest even a hint that you would use money as a weapon, use the financial artillery you have when you sense withdrawal or manipulation. Either be Zen this month or read Jean Harris's autobiography.

GEMINI
May 21-June 21

Behind this present crisis are worlds for you to discover, so devour the travel section of the Sunday paper, even if plans were put on hold last month. Suppose Columbus had just given up; there might be no Florida today, no place for people to go when they retire, or worse, no Walt Disney World. So when some know-it-all tells you this looks like the end of the road, just laugh.

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Horoscope

CANCER
June 22-July 22

The 7th, 8th, 21st, and 25th should be good days—no flowerpots falling out of windows, no rusty hooks in the ice. It's a break from the craziness you are usually subjected to. In your next life, consider coming back as a nurse in a mental hospital. At least then you'll be earning money for what you give away now. P.S. Bathrobe days: 19th, 20th, and 23rd.

LEO
July 23-August 22

Pity you can't have your gorgeous self cloned on the 11th, when you could have the thrill of being in three places at once. Moneywise, maybe it's not the moment to buy drinks for everybody around the pool at Tahoe. Family rifts may widen, but who knows—when all secrets are revealed, you may turn out to be a Rockefeller. Till then, it's strictly working class.

VIRGO
August 23-September 22

Beat yourself with a birch twig, boil yourself in hot sesame oil. You've committed the ultimate Virgo sin: you've made a mistake. Sometimes it's important to make as much of a fool of yourself as all the people you give advice to. So please, relax. Everyone still loves you, although at this point you probably don't think that speaks much for their taste.

LIBRA
September 23-October 22

Pheromones are flying and passion is in the air, so you could get offered the Big One this month. Entertain like mad. Have people in, and don't freak if, God forbid, somebody forgets to use a coaster. If you're out dancing you may feel like Cinderella at midnight. Stable domestic scenes get all shook up when you add Technicolor to a black-and-white life.

SCORPIO
October 23-November 21

Ironic, isn't it? The whole world is signing you up for the next five years, and you're trying to make it through the next five minutes. Call it the winter blahs, but when Pluto retrogrades in Scorpio, caterpillars do their cocoon thing, and human beings devour entire cheesecakes. So if your libido thermometer plunges toward absolute zero, don't rush to the hormone doctor, you're just CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS.

SAGITTARIUS
November 22-December 21

If you spend all your time worrying about the price of apples, what will happen to your mad curiosity for everything from belly dancing to Buddhism? Try to come up with diversions so you won't think about what everything costs. As for Pluto's retrograde, don't be spooked. Just try not to spill salt, break chain letters, or stick your tongue out at astrologers.

CAPRICORN
December 22-January 19

You have been a little grim these days, and rightly so. With Saturn approaching Neptune, it's all you can do just to stay dry. But this month I see gaming tables, a gala bash, revelry, and romance. If you weren't so pressured, this could be an orgasmic moment. You may be getting older, but remember, you still have glands—even if you are a Capricorn. ▽

Note: Dates of astrological signs may vary according to your time and year of birth. Check with your astrologer.

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DEALER'S CHOICE

(Continues from page 343)

more than to what they're making. Which is absolutely necessary, because the art changes quite a bit over the years. David Salle was one of the people who just fascinated me. He was so intense and mesmerizing, and very, very smart. It was a surprise, after talking to this intense young intellectual, to go to his studio and see he was painting pictures of naked girls! I didn't understand at first.

"So much of what I am and what I think and what I see in the world has been influenced by the art and artists that I've shown. Their work is personal, autobiographical, intimate. In David Salle's paintings, even the nudity is a metaphor for a kind of intimacy, confrontation, but also distancing."

She uses the Freudian term "separation anxiety" to define some of her feelings, some of her artists' works. I question it, loathing Freudian terms. But we come again and again to the notion of the void, of precipice, of chaos, and of death. She used to wake up, she says, "with a cannonball-shaped hole in my stomach. Sometimes the only way to cure it is to confront it head-on."

In 1980 she met Michael Werner, an art dealer from Cologne. The person who introduced them said, as these emissaries often do, "He's the last thing you need in your life because he's married." "I remained at a distance, but I couldn't help myself from looking. And then, slowly, we got together." They have been living together since 1982 and married three years ago. Max was born seventeen months ago. Michael spends half of each month in Cologne and half in New York City.

David Salle's *Cut Out the Beggar* hangs above a 19th-century chair.

She likes the arrangement. "I see these couples who develop one life between two of them, and it's impossible. Michael and I share a lot, we do business together as well as have a family. I wanted a relationship of equals, not a consort—you often see a strong woman with a handsome man who escorts her and keeps his mouth shut. Michael and I are extremely different. My way is high-energy, fast. His is circular and slow. He'll get a point across by telling a related but disparate story; I'll do it in one sentence, Bang! I admire the way he does things. He had his gallery for fifteen years before he sold one painting. He slept on packing materials in the gallery." Her admiration for Werner's single-mindedness is obvious; he is also, let it be said, tall, handsome, and gentle.

Mary Boone's main source of pride comes back to her obsessive, methodical approach. "The gallery," she says, "is really an information system. We have archives on every painting ever exhibited, complete with a reproductive history, a written history as well as an exhibition history. That's detail, librarianlike work. I think that the gallery's function is that of being record keeper and organizer, whereas twenty years ago a gallery's function was merely to sell the work. Now, the paintings sell themselves."

I suggest that the gallery fulfills a pedagogic function. "I'm not that didactic," she says, "but it is about information. I used to think there was a total of about fifty collectors. Now, it feels as if there were five hundred. Time is so collapsed that it doesn't allow for development the way it used to. Eighteen years ago, an artist would find a gallery and be in a group exhibit, and over the years get to know different dealers, and maybe after five years would have a solo show. And then they would go to the gallery and stay there. Now, you almost never see group shows.

"If an artist is going to do something forceful enough to change the way we look at things, it's often not going to be something we recognize initially. There has been, I don't want to say conspiracy, but perhaps a negative collaborative effort, in the way many new collectors treat collecting. Many young artists allow themselves to be used, not only by collectors, but by dealers and the media. Maybe they don't even recognize they're being used. And a whole system of creative impulses has collapsed. What artists need in order to develop is, first and foremost, time. Today, artists are *judged* by their first shows. My gallery shows weren't even reviewed until four years after it opened."

Success struck in 1982. "There was this tidal wave. Certainly, David Salle and Julian Schnabel and I were in it together, but I don't think we caused it. We were just symptomatic of a tendency. Suddenly artists were interesting to the mass media. There were stories on the artists, but not on their painting anymore. It was about them, their *lifestyles*. That attracted a lot of new money, people who wanted to be culturally solvent, and they bought art. And what they did with it, of course, was sell it within five years." The dark eyes, which can be penetrating or questioning, as in "am I doing all right?" are suddenly furious. "The newspapers encouraged this, the auction houses fostered it. Whereas the average time for a painting to come back into circulation had been twenty years, suddenly it was five.

"When I began, I thought, 'This is going to be a long haul. Maybe in twenty-five years if I can look back, what I want is to have added to culture.' That's the most important thing a gallery can do, affect culture. Now that I've been doing it eleven years, I think twenty-five is a fairly realistic timetable.

"Success is the most overrated thing that can happen to a person. It forced me to confront what it was I wanted. Everything that has happened to me has been the result of other people. The artists, the collectors, who supported the gallery. I'm not being humble: there's nothing to be arrogant about."

Pleasure, she says "has never been easy for me."

How do you define it?

"Feeling good. Being contented. There must be an opposite side of me that's extremely lazy, because I feel that if I got too contented, I would just fade away and die."

Walking through the austere and definite apartment, she reluctantly opens the linen cupboard—everything is snow-white—shows me the kitchen, where four garbage bins are lined up like space capsules. "A person makes choices," she says. "Whether they even know they are visually conscious, they make them. One brand of detergent over another, one couch over another. You can learn about yourself from the choices you've made."

We are at the closet in the bedroom. The shoes are a sore point with Mary Boone: the despot image, the overkill in the old clippings. "I keep my shoes for years," she says, unwilling to open the closet door. "I only wear four pairs at a time."

She opens the door. Floor to ceiling boxes, next to the fourteen suits, lined up, all from Susan Bennis Warren Edwards.

"Wait a minute," I say, reading the names scrawled on the boxes. "How can you tell which is which?"

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MIZRAHI

(Continued from page 298)

Designers of America last year, he went bankrupt. Supernova Stephen Sprouse also burned out recently, and Marc Jacobs has been saved from Seventh Avenue Siberia by taking on Patricia Pastor's role as head designer for Perry Ellis women's wear. "There was way too much pressure on them to perform," Mizrahi says of his peers. "All of their failures have made me so paranoid." Still, he says, "I don't think about those things. I wanna be in this business *forevah*!" He attributes rapid rise and failure to "being greedy. If you just want to do beautiful clothes, fine. It's these other people who want to be stars and own the world. I don't want that." Success, he says, "is as much, if not more, of a crisis than failure."

Financially, Mizrahi and partner Sarah Cheney, a childhood friend, seem to be on terra firma. His mother says he's breaking even. But fashion is notoriously fickle. Will Mizrahi be another Stephen Burrows? His fans think not. He is organized and experienced, they say, with a solid background in retailing. He is also disciplined and not given to self-destructive behavior.

An enviable Mizrahi trait is his editing. The spring line consisted of a tight seventy-three items with very few clunkers. "The whole editing part is something that's difficult for me to do. You're trying to create things, but then you're taking out things you really don't believe in or really don't feel are *wunnderful*. You know what I mean? I work *du jourly*."

He takes a videotape of his spring show, walks over to the television set in another corner. "It's kinda long. It's like twenty minutes." Rock music blares, and lithe models glide down the runway. "I love short, fast shows," he says, giving a running commentary. "This is the slicker, and it's lined in a tiny polka dot that you can barely see. Those are kinda overalls; there's something so *wunnderful* about a jumpsuit and feeling like you're wearing nothing. And it's slim. A controlled shift shape."

The models beam, twirl, laughing to themselves. Mizrahi gasps, eyes widening. "The girls were *screaming*! I was worried people would hear them out front. I said, 'Girls, would you please *shut up*!'" One after another they strut to the Mizrahi beat. Yasmin, Dalma, Cindy Crawford, wearing little slippers and understated jewelry, no shoulder pads, few belts: it's Mary Quant meets Matisse. "Look at the shape," he says, pointing to a series of ankle-length, saronglike skirts cinched at the waist. "It's really slim, but she can really walk in that shape, you know what I mean? She's running down the runway! The way women run to their office!" (It seems a shame to tell him that most women don't wear see-through chiffon blouses or white crepe priestess dresses to work.)

The tape has ended; he gets his coat and heads out the door and down the hall to the elevator, where he meets a model friend, Lise Ryall, who knew him from his Perry Ellis days. "He used to come in with these burlap pants on, and we'd say, 'Oh God, Isaac's got some more of his new pants on,'" she laughs. "They were sacks." He'd whip them up over the weekend on his sewing machine. Outside the building, he crosses rain-soaked Spring Street heading for a lunch place, Jerry's. "I love sacks," he says. "It's not everybody who will understand that a sack is chic."

The name Mizrahi is Hebrew. It means "Man from the East." Many of his ancestors changed their name to Eastman, but Isaac, a second-generation American, is proud of his Middle-Eastern heritage. His father, Zeke, was a children's wear manufacturer who died several years ago. Growing up, Isaac—the baby in a family with two older sisters—showed a talent for performing. He played piano by ear, sketched, and held puppet shows in the garage. His father proudly peddled his fashion sketches around the industry. He credits his mother with his early interest in clothes: "She loved to exalt life with clothes." Little Isaac would accompany Sarah on her outings to Saks and Bergdorf's. "She never really *went* shopping. She was *always* shopping."

As for Isaac, he hated shopping for himself, his mother says, because he was forced to go to the chubby-size department. But he was always independent, says his mother. Taking the subway all alone from Brooklyn to Manhattan at thirteen. *Oy vey*.

He is asked about being fat. "It sort of separates you," he says quietly, settling into a booth in the back of Jerry's and lighting another Camel. "I developed this dependency on myself and the joy I got out of creation. That was the focus of my life. I didn't rely on other people to bring me joy and happiness. What I got the most pleasure out of was sewing and sketching and making things with my hands. That is how I gained my self-esteem." A childhood bout with spinal meningitis also left him with psychic scars. "I convalesced in a hospital forever. I nearly died." He was bowlegged, too. "I was a plagued child." He became overweight, he says, because of depression, and later because of "fear. It was like, 'Aach! If I'm thin, then I have to start *dating*.'" His father was also overweight. Once, he and his father went to St. Louis to pick up one of Isaac's awards and pigged out on waffles and other forbidden foods; his father instructed young Isaac not to tell his mother.

After yeshiva, he attended New York's High School for the Performing Arts, made famous by the movie *Fame*. There, he lost seventy pounds. He was ecstatic. "I was understood. I was allowed to do what I was ultimately supposed to do."

"He wanted to be a leading man," his mother says. He landed a small part in *Fame*, then went to Parsons. The late designer Perry Ellis hired Mizrahi before he graduated. He worked there for two years before joining Jeffrey Banks, then Calvin Klein.

He attributes rapid rise and failure to being greedy. If you just want to do beautiful clothes, fine. Other people want to be stars and own the world. I don't

"That's an image I want to get away from: 'The Assistant Who Makes Good.' It makes me vomit. Perry inspired me because he was very strong, and yet it's such an unimportant thing. I think the major mistake of teachers in this world is that they don't expect their students to be better than them. The teacher should learn more from the student." He also learned that designers not only create clothes, they create lifestyles. "Ralph Lauren's home furnishings are twenty times more fabulous than his collection."

It's not likely that Mizrahi will want to market his lifestyle any time soon. "My days are so mad and when I go home it's like *dead*." He lives alone in a one-bedroom apartment on West Twenty-third Street and goes twice a week to a gym to work out. "Otherwise, it's so sedentary. The blood goes right to my ass." He hangs out at Raoul's with model friends like Melanie Landestoy. Among the fashion crowd, Mizrahi is said to be well-liked, down-to-earth, sensitive. "I think because he was fat," says his mother, "he's extra-sensitive to people who are snotty."

You walk him back to his office. You hold the elevator as he takes mail from his box. You wait and wait and come back and find him standing in front of the box, letters on the floor, a stranger helping him.

For now, business seems good, knock wood. He's started to talk about overseas licensing, but his instinct tells him to go slowly. He would love to do couture. Perfume! ("It's an easy thing. It's just created once.") Home furnishings! Sheets! Furs!

Says his mother: "I think he wants to go on the screen eventually." *Mizrahi. The Movie*.

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INDISPENSABLE ANDY

(Continued from page 322)

generation of kids who grew up with television as their first language and Andy Warhol as an artist. Eighteen years later, I met Kenny Scharf, who had seen my text reprinted and told me he'd said at the time, Hey, that's me. And even the cultural intelligentsia must have been surprised when their German artist-hero Anselm Kiefer told *The New York Times Magazine* that Warhol was his favorite artist.

The massive retrospective that Kynaston McShine, long a champion of Warhol's work, has organized features roughly 250 paintings and will travel to Chicago and, most appropriately, to London, Cologne, Milan, and Paris. Warhol's vital and powerful work will now be seen under the official auspices of the Museum of Modern Art. And, as it turns out, the Modern needs Andy at least as much as he needed it—perhaps more. ▽

KITSCH IN SYNC

(Continued from page 326)

pages of *Partisan Review*, is "the love of the exaggerated, the 'off,' of things-being-what-they-are-not." She went on to list examples, which included much of the stuff (Aubrey Beardsley prints, Busby Berkeley movies) that, in one form or another, ended up in head shops a few years later.

High was drawing on low—and vice versa. In Ultra Violet's recent memoir of the Warhol days, *Famous for 15 Minutes*, Maria Callas's bel canto arias (in their own right an example of a despised art form given new high-art life) blare in Warhol's tinfoil-lined Factory. And anyone whose memory goes back that far will recall Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev getting busted at a pot party in San Francisco's Haight Ashbury; Jean-Luc Godard putting "the Children of Marx and Coca-Cola" on the screen; and acidheads covering the walls of their crash pads with rock posters inspired by a forgotten style called Art Nouveau.

There was real gold—and fool's gold—uncovered during those cataclysmic shifts in the geology of culture. People wanted to see the marginal, the subversive, and the crazily off-center take center stage. "If we've grown up at the movies," Kael argued, "we know that good work is continuous not with the academic, respectable tradition but with the glimpses of something good in trash, but we want the subversive gesture carried to the domain of discovery." "Subversive" was a key word, making the connection to the political upheavals of the decade. There was a curiosity about what official culture had left out. It was during the sixties that Modernism began to tumble down.

Maybe it's those inklings of the Postmodern within the sixties mood that make the pull of that decade so strong right now. But there's also a danger in retro-Pop, which Kael pointed to several years ago. "In the sixties," she wrote, "the recycling of pop culture—turning it into Pop Art and camp—had its own satirical zest. Now we're into a different kind of recycling. Moviemakers give movies of the past an authority that those movies didn't have. . . . They use them not as larger-than-life jokes but as altars."

Right now the question is whether camp and trash can be rescued from academicism

At this winter's big contemporary art show, Pittsburgh's Carnegie International, Jeff Koons offered an oversized polychrome knickknack called *Ushering in Banality*. And even seasoned art-world types were thrown a bit off-balance, wondering what to make of the sight of two flaxen-haired angels escorting a giant pig decked out in the bright green ribbon of some old-fashioned county fair. Mass-culture fun might just be getting too steeped in high-culture ironies. Blame it on the Deconstructionists and the Poststructuralists, who've taken pop culture so seriously that they've taken all the fizz out of the jokes.

The months since Warhol's death—with the Sotheby's auctions, the film retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art, and now the Museum of Modern Art's massive show—have seen the solemnizing of much that was begun in a spirit of weirdness, effrontery, naked ambition, and shameless fun. The Modern is even planning a major survey—High and Low: Modern Art and Popular Culture—for the fall of 1990. Right now, the question is whether camp and trash can be rescued from academicism—and if what's best in Postmodernism can be prevented from mimicking the dead letter that Modernism has become.

Still, our love affair with kitsch carries on. Looking around today, you'll find yourself caught up in—to name things of very different orders—the Technicolor passion plays of photographer David LaChapelle, the downtown gossip columns of *Village Voice* writer Michael Musto, the erotic escapades of Spanish film director Pedro Almodóvar, and the Roland Barthes dances of choreographer Mark Morris. What we see here are far-flung artists, each drawing on pop culture's greatest strength—its freedom from academic rules. When pop really goes Pop, it can show us how to feel giddily unself-conscious, or how to experience our self-consciousness in new, unexpected ways. ▽

FRESH FROM THE FACTORY

(Continued from page 325)

described to me. In a letter to my mother I repeated what he told me: "Some of Andy's recent movies are *Empire* (an eight-hour study of the Empire State Building, with the camera never moving), *Eating* (two hours of a woman gobbling bananas), and *Sleep* (four hours of a boy actually asleep). These films are to be projected on a wall and regarded as 'living' paintings or murals, to create a mood, an ambience, to be glanced at occasionally, but not to be peered at or concentrated on, like ordinary movies."

By 1965, Andy had grown bored with these and had graduated to movies complete with story lines and sound tracks. I performed in several of these productions, usually in comic roles. Andy often referred to me as "the Charlie Chaplin of underground movies." There was a very relaxed and informal feeling on the set (i.e., the Factory), and we were often encouraged to improvise, using Ronnie Tavel's scripts as guides. When directing *Restaurant*, Andy told five of us to pick at our food and gossip among ourselves in any way we wanted. Since wine was provided, the conversation became animated and at times uproarious. It was a strange experience, going down to the Cinémathèque on Lafayette Place a couple of weeks later and seeing myself on the screen. The audience and the critics thought they were seeing actors delivering lines and were impressed with the realism.

"I have a social disease," Andy used to say, meaning that he loved parties. He received countless invitations, and very few were ignored or turned down. But the host or hostess was often more alarmed than delighted when Andy arrived, for he always brought a large entourage. I remember Huntington Hartford almost speechless with anxiety when our discordant and dishevelled gang came to a lavish black-tie affair at his Beekman Place apartment. Andy occasionally gave parties of his own, but they were by no means lavish—a couple of kegs of beer, a few bottles of cheap vodka, some paper cups, no ice, no mixers. For one especially important party, I suggested to Andy that he might provide some food. His solution was brilliant. He went to a nearby street corner and paid a hot-dog vendor to bring his cart, complete with umbrella, right up to the Factory. I enjoyed the sight of Rudolf Nureyev, Tennessee Williams, and Judy Garland standing around the hot-dog cart, dribbling mustard. ▽

In this issue...

Details, prices, more stores, more...on this month's looks

The long stretch of a Palm Beach evening: tuxedo jacket and skirt of silk crepe, by Ralph Lauren, page 291.

Page 77: 1) Linen dress (without daisies), $800; Bergdorf Goodman. Daisies by Patrick Kelly. 2) Viscose and cufro with Lurex sheer top, $1,135. Silk mousseline skirt, $1,600. Both by Marc Bohan for Christian Dior. At Grace Jones, Salado TX. 3) Marc Bohan for Christian Dior silk mousseline dress, $1,400, and scarf. Martha. 4) Wool jacket, $1,390; viscose and silk dress, $1,960. Both by Ungaro Parallele. Dress at Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, NYC. Jacket at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, Dallas, Beverly Hills. 5) Sonia Rykiel linen dress, $1,025. Sonia Rykiel Boutique, NYC. **78:** 1) Ebel USA Inc. watch, $2,910. Oro De Sol, Southampton NY. 2) Wool jacket, $570; silk shirt, $270; wool gabardine pants, $280. All by Ralph Lauren Classics. Jacket and shirt at Bonwit Teller. 3) Jean Paul Gaultier suspenders, $265; polyester and silk with Lycra shirt, $730; acetate and cotton, with polyester pants, $520; jacket, $995. All at Bergdorf Goodman. 4) Ronaldus Shamask silk and linen jacket, $440; lambsuede pants, $840. Barneys New York. **79:** 5) Shirt (with satin cuffs), $410. Ascot, $325. Carolyne Roehm wool crepe gabardine pants, $575. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelets, Leslie Block. Bonwit Teller. Belt, Jose & Maria Barrera. Martha. 6) Silk tie, $45. DKNY rayon cardigan, $295; washed silk bodysuit, $140; silk and cotton shorts, $110. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. 7) Dolce & Gabbana rayon and linen jacket, $665; cotton shirt, $285; rayon and linen waistcoat, $220; cap, $80. All at Carol Rollo/Riding High, NYC. 8) Silk tie, $75. Paul Smith, NYC. 9) Norma Kamali silk crepe jacket, $520, and silk crepe shirt, $518. Both at OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Ring, Kazuko Mitsushima. Artwear, NYC. 10) Donna Karan New York wool gauze jumpsuit, $720. Saks Fifth Avenue. **84:** All Marc Jacobs: 1) Cotton sweater, $375. 2) Rayon stretch jersey shirt, $150; T-shirt, $100; pants, $385; dotted scarf. 3) Cotton ottoman romper, $682; cotton robe, $655. 4) Wool gabardine jacket, $615; shirt, $600; shorts, $555. **85:** 5) Rayon georgette dress, $1,070. 6) Cotton and nylon ottoman coat, $780; cotton tank, $598. Bag, Carlos Falchi for Marc Jacobs. 8) Tank dress, $3,960. All outfits at Charivari, NYC. **100:** Marc Jacobs wool sweater, $120; cotton and nylon pants, $345. Charivari, NYC. **134:** 1) Hat at the Anne Moore Boutique, NYC. 2) Top, $485; cashmere sweaters, $1,400 each; silk crepe pants, $1,280. All by Chanel. Chanel Boutique, NYC. Gold belt with white bag, $555 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Other chains, $1,020; bags, $555. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Watch, $650. Bloomingdale's. 3) Bag, $225. Maud Frizon, NYC. 6) Minitotes, $16. For info., call toll free 1-800-221-4221. 7) Left: Charm bracelets by Van Der Straeten, $380 each. Bergdorf Goodman. Right: Bracelets, $1,250 and $1,450. Bag, $210. Bergdorf Goodman. 8) Belt, $2,050. **160:** Giorgio Armani silk blouse, $5,125; silk skirt, $1,153. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. **166:** Geoffrey Beene jumpsuit. For stores, see page 354. Cuffs at Bergdorf Goodman. Bag at Mark Cross, NYC. **180:** Antron and Lycra unitard, $42. Furniture by Classic Age. **186:** Antron and Lycra top. Leggings, $23, at Bloomingdale's. Socks, Hue. Sneakers, L.A. Gear. For info., call toll-free 1-800-2LA-GEAR. **268:** David Johnson's wavy-leg table in flame-cut steel and marble, from Archetype Gallery, NYC, $1,300. Bottle-cork sculptures by Boris Bally, at Archetype, NYC, from $150. Wiggle lamp by David Johnson, also at Archetype, NYC, $450. Concrete and metal candle sculptures by Boris Bally at Archetype, NYC, from $150. Refractor mirror by Godley-Schwan, from $750 at Rogers-Tropea, Inc.; Clodagh, Ross & Williams; Uzzolo, NYC. Photos courtesy of Robert Gaul Architectural Design, NYC.

The Palm Beach story

274: Jacket also at Perkins Shearer, Denver; Bullock's. Glasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Necklace, Victoria Varga. Barneys New York; Nordstrom, San Francisco. **275:** Stan Gelberg. Inset: Cotton terry robe. Glasses, Jean Paul Gaultier by Optical Affairs. See info. page 282 for stores. **276:** Top left; left, second from top; bottom left: Laura Boccaletti. Right, second from top: Historical Society of Palm Beach County: Inset above: Geoffrey Beene's silk taffeta dress. See page 288-289 for stores. Inset below: Giorgio di Sant'Angelo

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Bali Something Else and Pretty Bali smoothing panties available in tailored and pretty styles designed for all-day comfort. New panty style 8706 with bra style 2802 (left) and panty style 8402 with bra style 2402 are available in white, moonlight, cameo blush and black. ©1989 Bali Company.

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nylon and silk dress. Also at Martha, Bal Harbour FL. **277:** Polyester and nylon top also at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; I. Magnin. **278:** Dress also at Martha, Bal Harbour FL. Carolina Herrera linen coat, $2,825. For stores, see page 278. Glasses, Morgenthal-Frederics. L.A. Eyeworks, Los Angeles. Gloves, Paloma Picasso. Gold bag, Carlos Falchi. Macy's Herald Square. Navy bag, Susan Bennis Warren Edwards for Carolina Herrera. Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC. **279:** Dress and jacket also at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Glasses, Christian Roth for Optical Affairs. Eye Gear, Sherman Oaks CA. Gloves, Geoffrey Beene. **280:** Giorgio di Sant'Angelo also at Martha, Bal Harbour FL. **281:** Historical Society of Palm Beach County. Glasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Saks Fifth Avenue. **282:** Polyester and nylon top. Top and pants also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas; I. Magnin. Cotton terry robe. Glasses, Jean Paul Gaultier by Optical Affairs. Saks Fifth Avenue; Optica, Houston; Optometrix, Westwood Village CA. Richard Kerr earrings. Marianne, San Rafael CA; Champagne Taste, Sonoma CA. Bag, Rafael Sanchez. Kate Clarke Collectibles, Louisville KY. Calvin Klein Collection Footwear. Bergdorf Goodman; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas. **284-285:** Left: Cotton robe. Giorgio di Sant'Angelo bodysuit, $200. See stores on pages 284-285. Leggings also at Martha, Bal Harbour FL. Glasses, Christian Roth for Optical Affairs. Sheeroptics, NYC; Focal Point, Berkeley CA; Optical Designs, Santa Monica CA. Scarves, Echo. Shoes, Maud Frizon. Maud Frizon Boutiques, NYC, Boston, Beverly Hills. Right: Cotton robe also at Bullock's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Costa Mesa and San Francisco CA. Glasses, Yorke & Cole. Bagutta, NYC; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. **286:** Jacket and skirt (sold with blouse not shown), $3,790. Also at Gidding-Jenny, Indianapolis IN. Oscar de la Renta Footwear. Walter Steiger Boutique, NYC. **287:** Outfit, $3,800. Also at Martha, Bal Harbour FL; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati, Indianapolis. Necklaces worn as belts, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Watch, Tiffany & Co. Purse, Frances Patiky Stein. Bergdorf Goodman. **288-289:** Geoffrey Beene dress, $3,995. Also at Kaufmann's; Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Charles Sumner, Boston and Chestnut Hill MA; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL; Younkers, Omaha NE; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. **290:** Dress, $2,200. Also at L'Animale, Englewood NJ; Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Towel, Marc Jacobs. **291:** Suit, $2,600. Earrings, Richard Kerr. Whatchamacallit, Dallas; Champagne Taste, Sonoma CA; Marianne, San Raphael CA. **292:** Inset above: Sequins on silk chiffon jacket and silk pants. Donna Karan Footwear. Inset below: Silk outfit also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia. Inset above right: Silk crepe outfit. Belt, Ruza Creations. Charivari, NYC; Accessories Plus, Ridgefield CT. **293:** Norma Kamali dresses. For stores, see page 292.

Nobody beats the Miz

294-295: Outfit also at Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Linda Dresner, Birmingham MI. **296:** Isaac Mizrahi outfit also at Charles Sumner, Boston and Chestnut Hill MA; Molly Moses, Pittsburgh; Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Dayton's; I. Magnin. **298:** Silk and polyester top. Outfit also at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; The Gazebo, Dallas. Coat and top at Marshall Field's. **299:** Silk and polyester top. Outfit also at Jamie, Nashville TN; Sakowitz.

Born in the U.S.A.

300-301: Cashmere top. Outfit also at Adele Kauff, Great Neck NY; Harry B's, Nashville TN; Aversa, Milwaukee WI; Eleanore Keeshan, Los Angeles. Shoes and socks, see info. page 304. **303:** Cotton jeans. Rayon sweater also at Lazarus, Columbus OH; Macy's California. DKNY silk tie (used as belt). See stores page 303. Socks, Ralph Lauren Footwear. Shoes, The Timberland Company. Dayton's; Hudson's. **304:** Silk and wool jacket; silk pants. Rings, Sentimento. Bag, Body Bag, NYC. Socks and Shoes, Ralph Lauren Footwear. Shoes at Bloomingdale's; Bullock's. **305:** Cotton bodysuits also at Famous Barr, St. Louis MO. Rings, top to bottom: Sentimento.

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300-301

M + J Savitt. **306-307:** Dress also at Miss Baker, Providence RI; Tootsies, Houston; Auer's, Denver; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Glasses, Cutler & Gross. D.F. Sanders, NYC; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA; American Rag Cie, Los Angeles. **308:** Outfit also at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia, Ardmore PA; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH; Marshall Field's; Balliet's; The Gazebo, Dallas. Shirt at Dayton's. Glasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. Bag, Hermès. See info. page 309 for stores. Monet earrings. Fortunoff necklace. **309:** John Smed-

ley for John Mendez Sea Island cotton shirt, $95. F.R. Tripler, NYC; Fred Segal, Melrose, Los Angeles CA. DKNY sweater, see page 303 for stores. Monet earrings. Fortunoff necklaces. Gold ring, Sentimento. Ring with stone, M + J Savitt. Hermès bag. Hermès, NYC, Boston, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Dallas, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. Seat stick, Miller's Harness Co., NYC. **310:** Rings (left hand): Sentimento. M + J Savitt. Rings (right hand): Sentimento. **311:** Silk crepe dress also at Nan Duskin, Baltimore; Kane's, Chicago; Garfinckels. Earrings, Monet. Bag, Prada. Barneys New York. **321:** Private Collection, © 1988 The Museum of Modern Art. Photo: Jim Strong Inc. **322:** Collection Museum Ludwig, Cologne, © 1988 The Museum of Modern Art. **326:** Kobal collection. **327:** Courtesy Trabia-MacAfee Gallery.

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Basic blue

348: Suit also at Higbee's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Beverly Hills. Scarf, Ruza Creations. **349:** Nylon and silk dress also at Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY. **350:** Outfit also at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; Perlie, Hubbard Woods IL; Adaria, Birmingham MI; Dayton's; Aversa, Milwaukee WI. Scarf, Paloma Picasso. Calvin Klein Collection Footwear. **351:** Acetate and viscose dress also at Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Chevy Chase MD. Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL. I. Magnin. Donna Karan Hosiery. **352-353:** Dress (sold with jacket and pin), $5,700. Also at Rich's. Couch courtesy of Furniture of the Twentieth Century. **354:** Geoffrey Beene jumpsuit, $3,295. Also at Charles Sumner, Chestnut Hill MA; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; The Twenty-Four Collection, Bal Harbour FL; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL; Rich's. Shoes, Beene Bag for Diego Della Valle. Diego Della Valle, NYC; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia and Ardmore PA; Posh, Chicago. Chair courtesy of Classic Age, NYC. **355:** Outfit also at I. Magnin. Cardigan and shirt at Jordan Marsh, Boston. Belt, Anne Klein for Swank. **356-357:** Cotton piqué shirt and shorts also at Carol Rollo/Riding High, North Miami FL; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Patricia Morange, Beverly Hills CA. Jewelry, Chloé. Glasses, Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb. **358:** Chanel suit, $2,415. Accessories and shoes, Chanel. **359:** Valentino coat, $2,360. Coat and skirt also at Valentino Boutiques, Manhasset NY, Chevy Chase MD, Washington DC, Ontario and Quebec, Canada; Panache, Millburn NJ; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Coat at Neiman Marcus. The Gap cotton shirt, $10. At all Gap stores. Glasses, earrings, and gloves, Valentino. Valentino Boutique, NYC; Jacobson's. Bag, Frances Patiky Stein. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Shoes, Valentino Garavani. Valentino Boutique, NYC. **360:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Chevy Chase MD, Washington DC. **361:** Cotton and cufro jacket also at Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Boston, Chevy Chase MD. Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche gabardine pants, $485. See stores on page 361. Glasses, Christian Roth for Optical Affairs. For stores, see info. pages 284-285. Jewelry, Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. **362:** Acetate and rayon jumpsuit fabric at American Silk, NYC. Polyester and polyurethane jacket fabric at B & J Fabrics, NYC; G. Street Fabrics, Rockville MD; Vogue Fabrics, Chicago and Evanston IL. Scarf, Frances Patiky Stein. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. Glasses, Christian Roth for Optical Affairs. See info. page 286 for stores. Earrings, Frederic Jean Ducio for AG Artwear. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC, Boston, Beverly Hills. **363:** Cotton jeans.
ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardages, details, page 362.

Page 362. Jumpsuit: Vogue Pattern #2182. Sizes 6-16. Size 10: 3⅞ yards 45" fabric. $12.50. Canada, $16.50. Fabric: satin-back crepe from American Silk. **Jacket:** Vogue Pattern #2182. Sizes 6-16. Size 10: 2 yards 45" fabric. $12.50. Canada, $16.50. Fabric: Ultrasuede from Springs Industries.

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class notes

NELL SCOVELL shares spring secrets from Ivana, Nan, and Kathleen

NAN KEMPNER

Some women take their fashion shows very seriously. "A few girls will say, 'Don't sit me next to so-and-so, she likes to talk during the collection,' " says Mazor.

Nan Kempner (5) admits to being a "so-and-so." She says, "I talk constantly through the show."

Kempner notes her approval with checkmarks. "As I become enthusiastic, I give more checks." Margin notes also highlight accessories such as the green lizard bag that Kempner "hopes to get through Carolina Herrera."

Next to Calvin Klein's daring swimsuit (7), Kempner scribbled:

(sexy - am I too old.!!!)

(As she gets older, does she add more question marks?) Tall and thin, Kempner slides into most samples. "I do better buying the outfit made for the girl shaped like me," she says. "Dalma (6) fits me best."

Buying clothes the models wear in the shows saves money, Kempner points out, offering another cost-cutting hint: "I very rarely buy anything with beading on it because that gets to be too expensive."

IVANA TRUMP

Ivana Trump's shorthand is simple: circle the number, buy the outfit. A perfect size six, Trump (3) doesn't even try on the clothes: "Some people spend hours in the showroom to pick out their clothes. I'm done in fifteen minutes."

As president of the Plaza Hotel—one of her husband's 1988 acquisitions—Trump receives a salary of $1 a year and all the dresses she wants. She bought twenty from Oscar de la Renta alone. "She brought her notes to me and we ordered everything she wrote," Mazor says. "Some dresses she was not sure of, but Donald liked them so she got them for him."

A double exclamation mark proves Trump can still get excited over a great outfit, such as Carolina Herrera's silk gazaar jumpsuit in jade (1). The deal was clinched in the margin:

!! (43.) DST did like this on

The $5,200 ensemble will do double-duty. "It's a very beautiful hostess outfit and it will be nice for Palm Beach for the whole winter season then for the summer on the boat," says Trump. Never a selfish shopper, Trump scribbled:

let Elizabeth see for her wedding

next to Herrera's white silk organza (4) finale. Elizabeth Trump, Donald's sister, is getting married this Easter.

Trump downplays her shopping: "We are out all the time so I do need the clothes, but I don't go overboard." At least not while wearing Herrera's $2,600 sequined yellow and blue nautical flag jacket (2) which Trump marked as just right:

for Trump Princes

KATHLEEN SULLIVAN

Coanchor of *CBS This Morning*, Kathleen Sullivan (8) takes notes like a journalist. "I look to detail," she says. "I watch Donna Karan's shoes and Oscar de la Renta's accessories. The look is more than the dress so I take notes on that." At the Calvin Klein show, she jotted down:

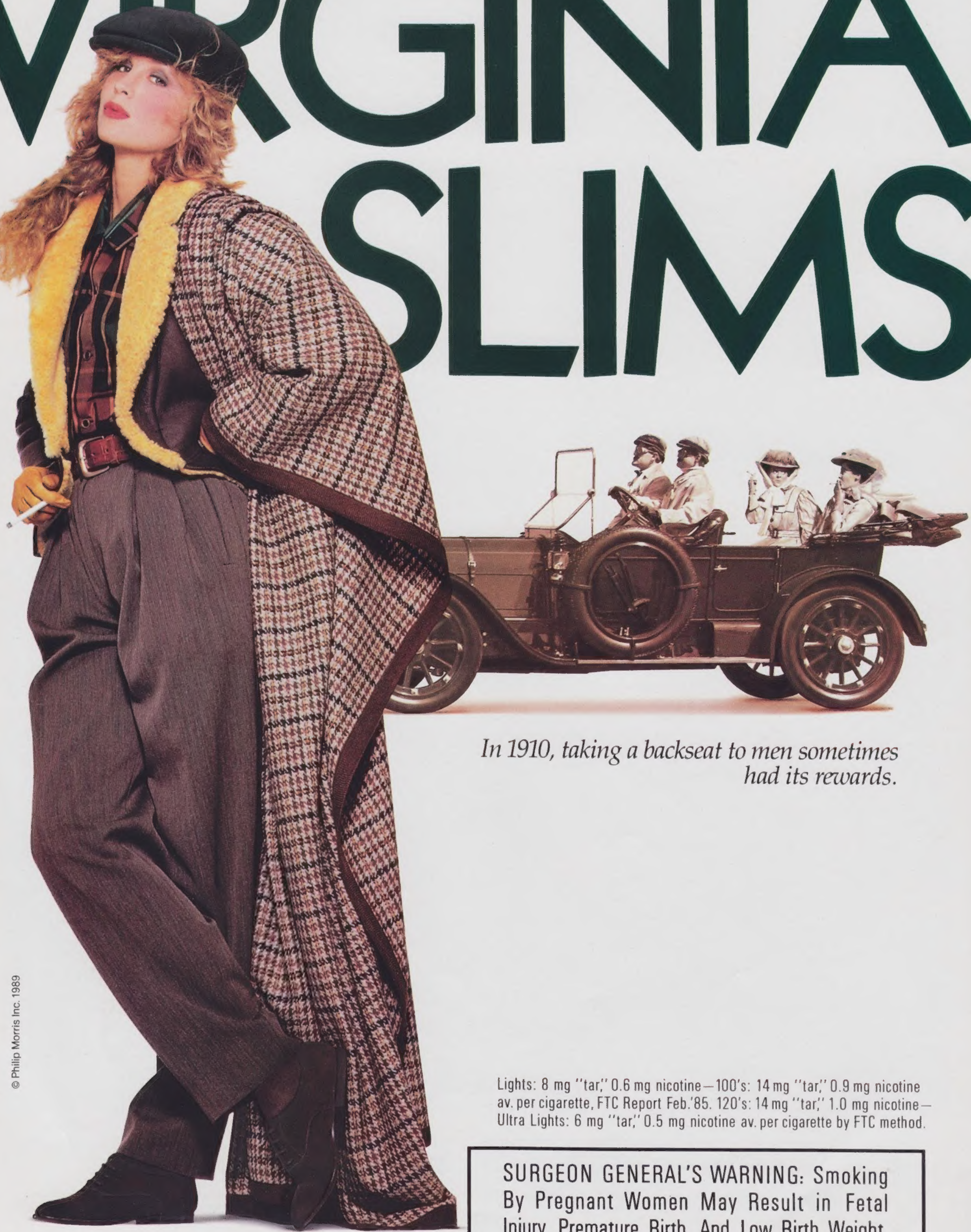
fabulous TV color (9,11) and needs more than chambrasandals (10)

A circle indicates a definite buy. "I mark a piece for immediate impact. I see it and say, 'That's me.' "

Sullivan, like Trump, is a perfect size six. Unlike Trump, however, her salary does not include unlimited clothes. In fact, she receives no clothing allowance from CBS. Still, "Every season I get one beaded jacket that's rather expensive," she says. Mrs. Kempner, please take note.

Kempner, Sullivan photos: MARY HILLIARD; Trump photo: ROXANNE LOWIT; runway photos: PIERRE SCHERMAN.

VIRGINIA SLIMS



In 1910, taking a backseat to men sometimes had its rewards.

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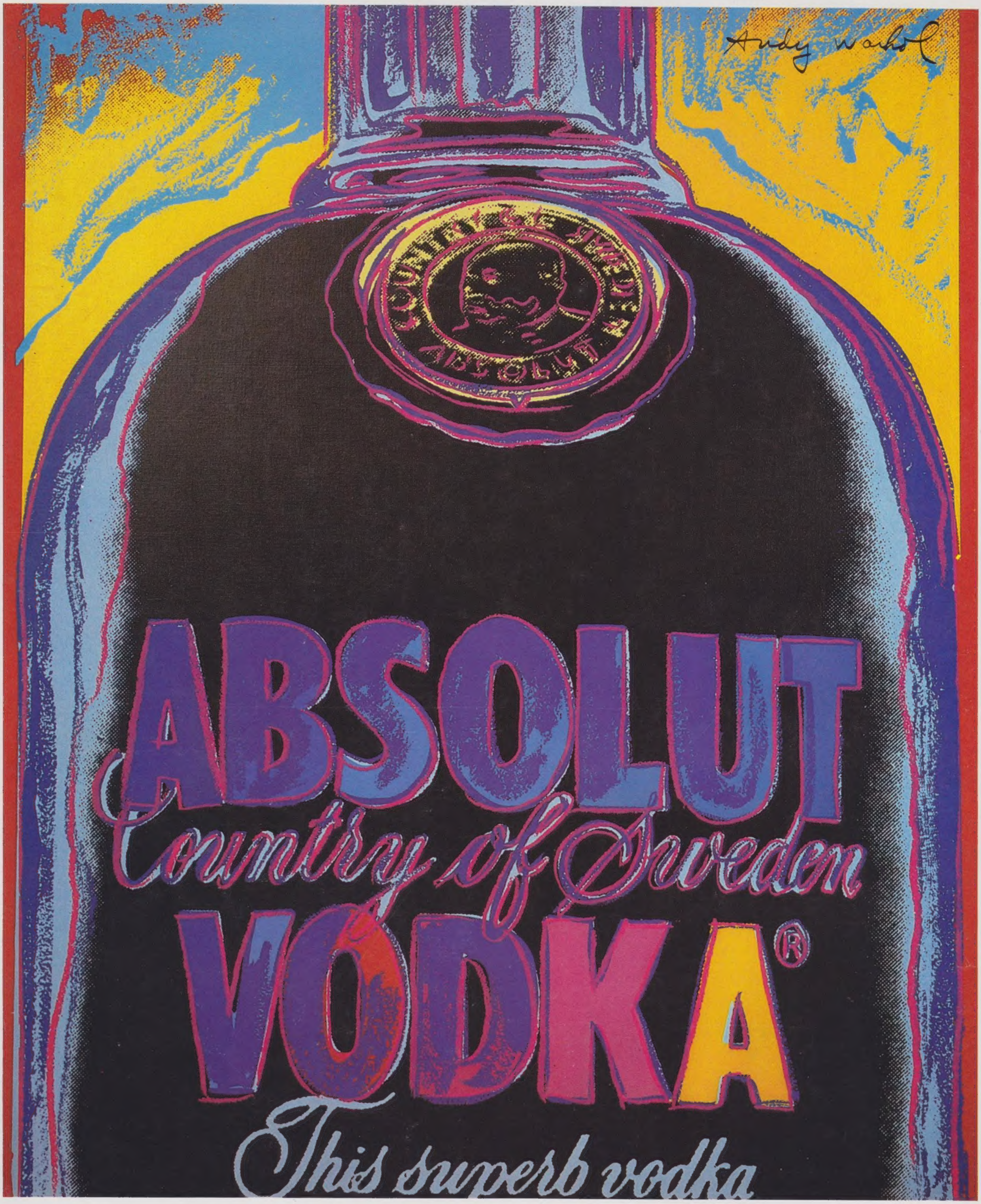

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